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CASPAR W. WHITNEY'S CHARGES ABOUT HARVARD AMBUSH—FOUR VARIETY BALL PLAYERS HAVE RIGHT TO PLAY WITH NEWTON A. A.—INDIGNATION AT THE TERM "HIRELING," USED BY SEVERE CRITIC.

There is consternation and indignation among Harvard graduates and undergraduates, just now, over the charge that four members of the nine have become professional ball players. The report originates in the assertion made by Caspar W. Whitney in the last issue of Harper's Weekly.

He says: "Paine, Haughton, Chandler and Scannell of the Harvard nine, I am told, are playing on the Newton Athletic Club Team, directly contrary to the expressed wish of their captain, Dean. This Newton club last year and the first of this year paid its pitcher, and the natural inference is that Paine is being paid also. One is judged by one's company. If a college athlete joins a team that pays its men, there is all justice in calling him a hireling. We regret the departure from amateur baseball of such men as Paine and Haughton. Harvard cannot play these men next year and retain our confidence in her intention to keep her nine free of all taint."

When manager Herbert B. Waters of the Newton Athletic Club nine was seen Monday in regard to the matter, he admitted that all four men had played with the N. A. A. nine.

"Haughton," he said, "played only one game. It was the one with the Mt. Washingtons, at Everett, on the morning of July 4. Chandler played with us twice, against the Newports on July 18, and against the Newports on July 23. Paine pitched only one game, that with the Mt. Washingtons on the morning of July 4. Scannell has played more than the others. He caught in the Mt. Washington game and in the game against the South Boston on the afternoon of July 4, and in the game we had with the Newports on July 18. That, I think, is the extent to which the men have played with us."

"Did they receive any compensation whatever for playing with your nine on any of these occasions?"

"No, sir, not one man received a cent. In fact, no Harvard man who has ever played on the Newton nine has been a 'hireling.' Haughton, Scannell, Chandler and Paine are all members of the Newton Athletic Association, and being such, they played for enjoyment and for honest honorable sport on these several occasions."

"Is the Newton club a professional nine?" was the next question asked of Manager Waters.

"No, it is not," he said, with great emphasis. "We are an amateur team, in good and regular standing. It is true that we have had a man for pitcher who was paid to pitch, but under the latest rules an amateur club is allowed to have a paid battery. It is rather a long inference for Caspar Whitney to class Paine as a professional, simply because an amateur team is allowed to have a professional pitcher, or because it has had a professional pitcher."

"A team such as ours could not keep together if it were not allowed to have a professional pitcher. We are business men, most of us, and many of the nine are old college players. None of us have time to keep in training, so as to be able to pitch, so that we must depend upon some man who gives his time to it."

"As for myself I think the attack which Caspar Whitney has made is entirely unwarranted. We are, according to the rules, an amateur nine, and we are dependent to a large extent upon the Harvard graduates and undergraduates, who are members of our association, and so entitled to play on our nine. To call Haughton, Scannell, Paine or Chandler professionals because they have played with our club is certainly without reason or precedent. We are not a closely organized nine; no players on it are 'hirelings,' and we shift our men because we must depend upon the Harvard men, and are purely amateur within the reading as well as within the spirit of the law. This is the way every man of the four understood the situation."

THEY RUN NO RISK.

Lawrence Haughton, a brother of Percy Haughton, himself much interested in amateur sport, was seen about the matter. He said that his brother had had numerous offers to play on summer nines, but had refused them all, as he intended to run no risk of losing his amateur standing. Being a member of the N. A. A., he played in that one game just for the fun of it, and got no compensation whatever for his play.

He thought it was certainly stretching the spirit of amateur sport beyond recognition when a man cannot play on the amateur team of an athletic association of which he is a member.

Percy Haughton is the freshman who made such a wonderful showing towards the end of the season on first base. He was at the head of the batting list, and is perhaps the best all-around man on the Harvard nine, having played in the field as well as on first, and being a first substitute pitcher. If he were ruled out of all athletics, he would be greatly missed in football as well, having had the experience of one season on the varsity eleven, although he did not play in the final game.

WHAT DR. BROOKS SAYS.

Luckily for the Harvard men, however, the matter of the standing of the four men will not rest with Caspar Whitney. Their report will go before the Harvard Athletic committee at its next regular meeting, and then the question will be thoroughly discussed. What action the committee will take is, of course, uncertain now. The chairman of the committee is away for the summer so that his opinion could not be obtained.

Dr. W. A. Brooks, Jr., was the only member of the committee who could be found. He said that he had not looked into the matter enough to express an opinion, but was inclined to think that there was no agreement between Harvard and any other college about not letting players join teams similar to the Newton nine. There was perhaps an understanding that men should not play on "summer resort" nines, but nothing more.

Dr. Brooks said that there would in all probability be no meeting of the athletic committee until next fall, when the question would be thoroughly discussed and fairly settled.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle at J. G. Kilburn's drug store, Nonantum, and Bernard Billings, Newton Upper Falls.

A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the forty-fifth year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep the scalp healthy and prevent baldness.

A LYRIC OF LOVE.

Ah, dearest, when I'm sick at heart
And all my world goes ill,
One swift thought charms the mood away—
Dear heart, you love me still!

You know not what sweet faith it brings,
When days are sad and drear,
To think that God hath given me you
To love and live for, dear.

For what if skies be gray and cold,
And clouds shut out the blue,
And toil seems wrought in vain, sweet one,
And loyal hearts be few?

The sunlight warms, the air is soft
As spring, when you are near,
There's such a joy in living, for
I know you love me, dear.

And, love of mine, your pure eyes' shine
Shall light me on the way,
Your shy, sweet kisses, dear, shall breathe
A blessing o'er my day.

O'er paths that lead through flow'rs and thorn,
As changing seasons fleet,
One tender thought shall guide my life—
'Tis that you love me, sweet!

—Boston Transcript.

BREAKING A RECORD.

The manager of the London and Glasgow air line railway, Mr. Swipes, sent me an invitation marked "private," saying that he was bound to beat the record made by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad now that they had come out into print about it.

He added that when the New York Central broke the English record they did so with their Empire State express, which any one could have traveled on who had the money to pay his fare. This, he claimed, was the right way of breaking a record if you are going to write about it afterward.

Nevertheless he was going to follow the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern fashion, just to see what his railroad could do, and he invited me, as a person owning an American watch, to come upon the trip, but begged me to say nothing whatever about it. For, he said, instead of breaking the record we might perhaps break our necks.

I was to meet him at the London terminus of the London and Glasgow air line at exactly 12 midnight, three weeks ago. There was some little risk in going out at that hour, for it is well known that one of the most obstinate and oppressive laws, made by King Edward himself, is that every man in London must be in his own house at 8:40 o'clock and have lights out and be in bed at 9.

Any one out after that hour is liable to arrest, so I stole up and down through the streets and dodged the policemen until I came to the terminus. Here I was amazed to find an immense locomotive and one flat car, with two camp stools on it.

"What's this for?" I said to Swipes.

"We're going to break the record with this train," he replied. "I want to have it as light as possible, for any ordinary carriage meets with such resistance in passing so quickly through the atmosphere that I concluded to take a freight car, and if we have a smash up it won't be so expensive."

"But you don't expect me to sit on one of those stools in the open air from here to Glasgow?" I cried agast.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "The stools are fastened to the floor of the car, and I have shawl straps with which you can fasten yourself to the stool. There won't be any trouble on that score."

"Where are the other fellows?" I asked.

"Where are they?" he answered. "When you are going to break a record, the fewer you have on board the better. Watches differ, and it would be bad if there was a quarrel about time. Your watch shall be the only official timepiece in the company. Mine, as I think I told you in the letter, generally loses 2 hours out of the 24, so I think we had better not trust to it."

I strapped myself to one stool and Swipes strapped himself to the other. At 12:15 we pulled out of Marylebone terminus. It was agreed that we were not to begin the record until we passed Highgate, and were thus safely out of the influence of London.

The distance from London to Glasgow is 401.5 miles. We had for engineer Peter McGump, who was a Scotchman, and therefore knew the road to Glasgow well, and Billy Jones of Whitechapel did the firing.

We had no brakeman, because, as Swipes said, it was not on the brakes we were going to depend for breaking the record.

The engine was known as the Mary Jane and familiar to all the operators on the road as "Her Golden Hair Is Hangin' Down 'er Back." She gets this nickname from her great speed and from the fact that the smoke with sparks in it trails out behind like a great banner.

After leaving Highgate Peter gave her more steam, and the speed began to be something appalling.

"Oh, it's nothing to what we'll have by and by," said Swipes, as he watched me making an ineffectual grab at my hat, which disappeared in the darkness.

Swipes counted the mileposts while I ticked off the seconds on my watch, and before long we were going 70 miles an hour. We had the advantage over the American road in the fact that there are rarely any grade crossings in England and that one railroad is never allowed to cross another on the level.

By the time we passed Toad-in-the-Hole we were doing 80 miles an hour, but as the Lake Shore train had attained a speed of 92.3, Swipes yelled to Peter as well as he could to give her more speed, because if she didn't put in her best legs now, what could we expect when we came to the high grounds and the stiff grades of the midlands?

This shouting of Swipes, however, had no effect, because we were going so fast that his words never reached Peter, who stood with his hand on the lever, watching grimly the track in front. As Swipes continued to shout out the mile posts I cried:

"Hold on! It's the telegraph poles you are counting."

"No, it isn't," he replied. "It's the mileposts."

"Nonsense," I cried. "In that way we are going at the rate of 108 miles an hour." "A hundred and eight it is, then," he said. "Stoke her up, Peter."

I then called the general manager's attention to the fact that it was not etiquette to tell an engine driver to "stoke up," as that duty was performed by Billy Jones. He apparently learned for the first time that engineers do not do their own stoking, and he thanked me for the information.

At last the mileposts passed so rapidly that Swipes could not keep track of them; so we abandoned the attempt to count them and took only the stations, as we had a record of the distance between them.

I saw now by making a calculation between two stations that we were going at the rate of 100.45 an hour, and my hat would have stood on an end were it not for the fact that it was standing straight out behind.

By this time the stations passed us in one continuous streak, as if we were run-

ning through the suburbs of a big city, and I was wondering all the time when we would come to the town, but finally I realized that it was impossible to keep time with my excellent watch, and so we would have to jump the thing by calculating how long it took us to come from London to Glasgow.

The lid of my watch, which I now inadvertently exposed to the breeze, snapped and blew away, and I saw that the gold of the hunting case was beginning to flake off, so I put it in my pocket to save the rest of it.

I knew it was not yet two hours since we left London, and to my astonishment I spied the spires of Glasgow. I recognized the place because I was born there.

"That can't be Glasgow," I shouted to Swipes. "If it is, we have traveled something like 200 miles an hour, and the Lord only knows what speed we attained in making up for the time when we were crawling on at 70 and 80."

"That's Glasgow all right enough," said Swipes. Then he yelled to Peter, "For heaven's sake, shut off steam. Don't you see where we are?"

But Peter was struggling with his engine, and all at once he yelled back at us: "I can't stop her, sir!"

"Heavens and earth!" said I. "What is to be done?"

"I don't know," said Swipes. "It's my own fault. I told Peter in the hearing of the engine, and she is one of the cutest engines on the road, that we were bound to break the American record, which is 110 miles. You see, it's only 401.5 miles to Glasgow, and I'll bet you that brute is bound to do the other 109 miles tonight, even if she has to do it on the highway. The railway stops at Glasgow, and I don't know what's going to happen."

As he concluded the sentence there was a crash and a bang, and the next moment we were in the principal street of Glasgow tearing along the rails of the street car line. Luckily, the same law being in force as was in London, nobody was out on the streets, and so we went at the rate of 84.75 miles an hour up the main thoroughfare of Glasgow and finally struck the north road for the Highlands.

When we got about 50 miles on the main road from Glasgow, sometimes slowing down to 63 miles an hour, on the hills, Peter, with a white face, turned to us and shouted:

"My God, sir, we're on the Craigenputtock Loch road, and the Craigenputtock loch is at the end of it, about 50 miles ahead."

"How far is it from London?" yelled Swipes, putting his hands beside his mouth to make the sound carry.

"The middle of Craigenputtock loch is just 510 miles from London and it is over 1,000 feet deep in the middle," shouted Peter.

"That's where she's making for!" cried Swipes, unbuckling the straps and clinging to the stool.

"Jump, Peter, jump," cried Swipes as he threw off the straps.

Peter did so, and I cut the strap that held me. Instantly we were all—Peter, the stoker, Swipes and myself—lying on the hillside on the heather. The doomed train plunged right into the center of the loch. It had completed its 510 mile race and used up its fraction by sinking 1,000 feet to the bottom.

Luckily none of us was hurt in the slightest, with the exception that Swipes sustained a compound fracture of the thigh. Peter had both arms broken, Jones had all his ribs and one ankle smashed, while I had my very city sprained so badly that no one has ever been able to believe a word I have uttered since.—Detroit Free Press.

A RAT WITH EVERY HAIR OUT.

It is not often that rats are permitted in a barber shop conducted under union sanction. Yet there is such a shop on State street. The rats are white rats, and they are put to a most fanciful use by the enterprising tonsorial artist who conducts the establishment.

"One white rat given away with every child's hair cut," is the enticing sign swung where it can be easily read. Not only is the sign literally true, but the barber gives a pair of white rats to every youngster who brings him seven customers.

"I give only one rat in each family," the barber explained, "and I have to keep books so's they won't double up on me."

"You don't often give away pairs, do you?" was asked. "You promised that youngster a couple awhile ago."

"Sometimes I give away a pair, but not often, as they seldom send me seven customers."

I suggested that if he gave away many pairs the neighborhood would soon be overstocked, and that his white rats would cease to be a drawing card. The barber smiled sentimentally.

"Perhaps so," he replied, "but you see I used to play poker, and I still remember that two of a kind make a pair."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Telephone Idiocy.

He was one among a number of clerks in a busy office. He was at work adding up a long row of figures. Just in the midst of it he was wakened up on the telephone. With an ugly scowl on his face and muttering quaint saws, he went to the telephone and yelled savagely, "Well!"

As if by magic the scowl passed away and a happy smile took its place. After a long pause he said in a gentle voice, "Yes."

Another long pause and another "Yes." Then, after a long wait, he said, "All right, I'll be with you in a moment."

What is it, dear reader, that will thus so suddenly change a man? We know not.—London Answers.

Imagination and Judgment.

Dr. Eaton, president of Madison university 40 years ago, was beloved by the students and his good opinion counted above all things. One commencement day the student who had delivered the valedictory approached the doctor and timidly asked him what he thought of the effort. The doctor looked at him a moment and then said slowly, "Edward, if you would pluck a few of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better speeches."

Power Minus Knowledge.

"Not nonsense growed up people talk," ruminated little Willie. "Pa told me 'tother day that knowledge is power. It may be so 'en you're growed up, but it don't work with us fellers. Why, only the other day Raggy, the bootblack, came to our school for the first time in his life, an he hadn't been there two hours 'fore he'd licked every boy in school."—West Medford Windmill.

Three Kinds.

There are three kinds of good—the kind that feels good, the kind that looks good and the kind that opposes evil. And the first two are good for nothing.—Rams Horn.

ALASKA'S BELL SHAPED MOUNT.

From One Point of View It Looks as Though Fashioned by Man.

When the Alaska steamers are getting toward Sitka, they go through a passage-way known as Finlanson's canal, and if they happen to pass a certain point in the daytime a most unusual looking mountain can be seen. It has been named the "bell shaped mountain," and a mere appropriate cognomen could not be found.

This peak, which has always been one of the sights for tourists, occupies a most unusual position. It is directly in the center of the channel and when the steamer is going northward seems to block further progress. For several miles before the mountain is reached the passageway is not any too wide, and steep mountains come close to the water's edge on both sides. They seem to join the lower portion of the bell shaped mountain and form an impassable barrier across the roadway.

As the steamer is heading directly for the mountain it shows to the best advantage. Rising abruptly from the mirrorlike surface of the water, it rears its head about 1,000 feet toward the sky and reveals the most perfect symmetry in its outline. The sides slope inward, and on the top there is a little knoll, the whole combination forming a perfect bell.

If this mountain is seen in the early morning, when the steamer is about five miles away, it will appear silhouetted against the sky. The edges look clean and sharp cut, and it is hard to believe that it is not the work of human hands. It really looks like a monster bell placed in the channel.

The sides of this mountain are covered with a thick growth of pine trees, and as the steamer comes near, it loses some of its peculiar appearance. The vessel keeps head on as if to run it down, but when quite close makes a sharp turn to port and passes through a channel so narrow that it is possible to throw a stone on the mountain from the deck. The mountain is much longer than wide and does not look the least like a bell as soon as the steamer has passed so that it can be seen over the stern.

Navigators in that part of the world consider it a great accomplishment to be able to sail around this mountain. The wind and tides are variable, and many skippers often give up the attempt, after remaining in the same spot for days, and take the outside passage.—San Francisco Sun.

A SWISS MOUNTAIN STORM.

A Tourist Passed Through It on His Way to Lucerne Cathedral.

From Interlachen we went over the Brünig pass together to Lucerne. While crossing Lake Lucerne we were favored with a mountain storm. It came up suddenly. The sun was shining brightly when the storm burst upon us, the thunder crashing terrifically, the rain pouring down in torrents, the wind blowing furiously, the setting sun tingling the clouds with red, the rain looking like blood. I never saw anything more terribly beautiful. The storm passed over in a few minutes, the wind bundling up one great cloud and rolling it along the face of the Rigi like a huge ball.

I can speak of only one thing in Lucerne—the great organ in the cathedral. The sun was shining brightly when we went in. After waiting a few minutes the organist began. I do not know the name of the selection. I was not at first particularly impressed. I only just enjoyed the music. Very soon, however, the music changed. It was evidently representing a storm. We could hear the first sighing of the wind, then it would die away, and there was a patter of raindrops, then the wind rising and low murmurs of thunder. All at once a crash of thunder, the wind seemed to be driving everything before it, the rain poured down in torrents.

I looked out of the door to see whether or not a sudden storm had come up. The sun was shining brightly, the sun was shining brightly. Suddenly it seemed to me that a voice said: "Peace! Be still!" The storm died away. It seemed as though I could see the clouds breaking away, the sun coming out. A beautiful hymn of praise was sweetly chanted. I looked to see where the choir was. There was no choir, it was all the organ. It filled us all with a feeling of awe, and when the organ stopped we stood quietly, and even after we were in the open air we felt as though we hardly ought to speak aloud.—Treasure Trove.

Disraeli's Retirement.

In 1876 Mr. Disraeli was raised by the queen to the peerage under the title of Lord Beaconsfield, and he left the house of commons before the news of his elevation to the house of lords had been made public. His withdrawal from the stage was a matter of course, for he was then in a manner obviously devised to avoid any sort of ovation was in accordance with the dignity which characterized the remaining years of his life after the defeat of the Conservatives, when the general election of 1880, in consequence of the Midlothian campaign, had terminated his public career. No applicant for his opinions on any subject ever received a postal card from Lord Beaconsfield. No speech was ever made by him at railway stations.

He died in 1881 as he had lived—alone, a stranger amid a strange people. After his death his memory became to English Conservatives an object of almost sentimental affection; to English Radicals it remained an object of never failing animosity. But to Englishmen of all politics, to Conservatives and Liberals alike, his life continues to be a constant puzzle, an unsolved enigma.—Quarterly Review.

Rubies.

The finest rubies are still kept in Asia. The Great Mogul had 108 large rubies in his throne, and among them was one weighing 2½ ounces.

Of European rubies Charles the Bold, that luckless son of a fortunate father, had three rubies called the Three Brothers, of perfect color and worthy size. They passed into the possession of James I, who sent them to "Baby Charles." There is a large heart shaped balas ruby in the English crown. It has been neither cut nor polished, is only semitransparent and is of a dark red, like a morello cherry. Austria had, or has, an oriental ruby the size of a hen's egg, and Queen Elizabeth showed Sir James Melville one as big as a racket ball. James Singh had a large ruby with the names of many kings engraved on it. Among them was that of Aurangzeb. A king of Persia had one which he prized at the value of a city, or even a kingdom. It was a table cut balas ruby of a beautiful color, of at least a finger's breadth.—New York Dispatch.

Final Token.

"Poor Dick is gone. He was a devoted cyclist, wasn't he?"

"Yes, indeed. He left a will stating that he was to be cremated and used to help out on our new cinder path."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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THE SECRET.

"Was first her eyes that won his heart,
And next her airy wit
Caused him to grove when they must part—
So true love knots are knit.
Yet laughing eyes and dainty jest,
Though potent in their way,
Are not the means that serve her best
In holding to her way.
Love lingers now through years that make
A havoc sad with others.
For she can take a better cake
Than that better than his mother's."
—Washington Star.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

"I've brought your tea."
It was the voice of the dragon that
rouse me from my slumber as he stood by
my deck chair, tocup in hand, and whole-
some a specimen of young England (5 feet
11 in. in height) as you would meet any day
between Port Said and the gulf of Aden.
His face showed that he was brimming
over with a matter of weighty importance,
so I gathered myself together and prepared
to listen and advise thereon, for, being an
old stager, I was used to the confidences of
subalterns.

"Fact is, I've been hard hit," began the
dragon, sitting down on the deck.
"Miss Stanton?" I inquired sympathet-
ically, for that young woman, on her way
to marry a planter, had worked havoc
among the unappropriated masculine hearts.

"Miss Stanton! No. I mean the woman
who sits next you at table—the one with the
beautiful eyes."

"My cabin companion, Mrs. Trinder!
She is probably going out to join her hus-
band," I added warningly.

"Oh, no; she's a widow. Hunt of the
Fourth told me all about it. He has an
uncle who has a place close to old Trinder's,
and he—Hunt, I mean—knew them quite
well by sight. Old Trinder was old enough
to be my father. He made a pile in cotton
or something of the sort and died last
year."

"Well, you know more about her than I
do. Though she is my cabin companion
I haven't found her particularly so-
ciable."

"That's just it. One doesn't get any
'forarder' with her; she won't talk to any-
body."

"Well, I don't see how I can make her!"
"But if you were to ask her to tea or
something of the sort?"

"And ask you to meet her, of course? I
don't mind, so be here at 4 tomorrow."
And I proceeded to scribble a note to Hunt
of the Fourth in consideration of his uncle
having known old Trinder.

Somehow that tea was not a success, al-
though the cook surpassed himself in tea
cakes, and that subtle flavor of stewed
cockroaches that pervades all ship's tea
was reduced to a minimum.

Hunt of the Fourth contributed many
anecdotes of his uncle, who knew old
Trinder, but Mrs. Trinder would not be
drawn into conversation. She answered the
dragon's prattle with monosyllables,
her eyes fixed on the misty horizon, where
the mountain range of Sinai was dimly
visible.

The sound of the dressing bell broke up
the party, leaving the dragon baffled in
his object, but more in love than ever. He
was one of those men who take the com-
plaint seldom but badly, and Mrs. Trinder,
with her slim figure, big eyes, sweet smile
and monosyllables, was in his eyes the
perfection of womanhood. And Mrs. Trinder
was a lucky woman, for I had known the
dragon intimately for ten years and could
not have wished for a better husband my-
self.

"You'll come ashore?" said the dragon
four days later as we steamed slowly into
harbor at Aden, and a shoal of dusky in-
fants, surrounded the ship, chanting in
uplifted their chorus of "have a dive,"
while hundreds of woolly heads of coveys
of ostrich eggs, feathers and carved curios
from the interior prepared to squeeze their
victim.

I consented, for a cooling ship is not a
delectable place; but, in spite of all pervad-
ing dust, Mrs. Trinder could not be per-
suaded to accompany us, and we left her
surrounded by a swarm of native mer-
chants, who, with unerring instinct,
marked her as an easy prey.

The journey to the empty tanks was
jolly and dusty as ever. Having inspected
the few trees, we commenced our descent,
and in so doing came across the worst
tempered man. In the course of an event-
ful life it has been my misfortune to en-
counter many many bad tempered mortals,
but this one could give points to any two
other men of my acquaintance and beat
them, and that is saying a good deal, for
there's nothing like a residence in the east
for trying out the edges of one's temper,
even those of covenanted civilians.

He was an ill favored, unwholesome
looking individual, with puffy cheeks and
watery eyes, betokening a too great affinity
for the insinuating peg. His carriage had
come to grief on the road, and he was
standing among the debris, his face redolent
of the driver and his female relations to the
third generation in terms that caused my
companion's lip to curl with disgust.
From one or two expressions borne after
us upon the breeze we learned with sorrow
that he was to be a fellow passenger to
Bombay.

On our return to the ship a couple of
hours later I found Mrs. Trinder sitting in
her cabin among her purchases, wearing a
very frightened expression. She was a
timid little thing and about as fit to knock
about the world alone as an unfledged
canary, having evidently been kept in a
bandbox all her life.

"They've put a madman next door," she
began in a low voice. "He's dreadfully
violent. Listen!"

A string of Hindoostanee invectives,
mingled with blows falling on some dull
substance, and exclamations of "Sahib!
Sahib!" reached our ears through the open
grating that headed the partition walls of
the two cabins, and I recognized the ac-
cents of the worst tempered man.

"It's only temper," I said reassuringly.
"You'll get used to that sort of thing.
He's beating his servant, but you may be
sure the 'boy' is well paid or he wouldn't
stand it. If the man swears too loudly,
I'll speak to the captain."

"Beating his servant! How dreadful!
Let us go up on deck."

Outside we came upon the white robed
"boy" rubbing his shoulders, with a smile
of satisfaction on his face.

"Sticks!" I inquired sympathetically.
The "boy" grinned. "Sahib make
plenty bobbly," he replied.

That night, leaning over the prow of the
vessel, watching the glimmering, fantastic
lights in the phosphorescent waters, Mrs.
Trinder waxed confidential, and I learned
the reason of her journey. She was unused
to traveling, having never been 50 miles
from her home before. Ten years ago she
had loved and been loved, but the loved
one was ineligible, and her parents, fully
alive to the advantage of wool, had per-
suaded her to marry old Trinder. But now

that she was free and independent she was
on her way to India to seek out her early
love. They had always been faithful,
though they had not corresponded—that
would have been wrong—but she had fre-
quent news of him from a mutual friend.
That he still cared for her seemed certain,
for he had never married, although he had
attained a good position.

There was something touching in her
simplicity, and I felt a greater interest
than heretofore in the little woman and a
degree of respect in her childlike fidelity.
"You have written to say you are com-
ing," I inquired.

"Oh, no! I could not do that. It would
seem like asking him to marry me. But I
know he is in Bombay. I shall see him,
and then"—She broke off with a happy
smile; then, after a smile, continued:
"You must have thought me stupid and
unsocial, but every moment of the day I
am thinking about our meeting and look-
ing forward to it. If the days would only
pass quicker—they are so terribly long."

Later in the evening I reported our con-
versation to the dragon, and he took it
distinctly bad, for the little woman exer-
cised a strange fascination over him.

The worst tempered man was a source
of much annoyance to the passengers gen-
erally, and especially to my companion,
who fled from his presence. His language,
too, was not always confined to Hindoo-
stane, and although one could not help ad-
miring the breadth of his vocabulary, I
felt it my bounden duty to report him to
the captain, who removed him to the port
side of the ship, which caused further de-
terioration of his temper.

One morning we were awakened with
the glad tidings that Bombay was in sight.
It took Mrs. Trinder little time to dress
and collect her impedimenta. Before I
was up she was on deck, where I joined
her later. The passengers' luggage was
being hoisted up from the hold, and near
the saloon companion set the worst tem-
pered manservant upon two portman-
teaus, bruised but cheerful, counting ru-
pees into a small canvas bag. There was a
goodly number, the price of many beat-
ings.

"So we are really there at last," began
Mrs. Trinder. Then she suddenly stopped
and stared at something in front of her.
Following the direction of her eyes, I en-
countered a portmanteau and read the in-
scription in white letters, "Fentham B.
Davenant." Then I understood.

At that instant the worst tempered man
appeared. He looked at Mrs. Trinder, and
for the first time their eyes met. "Is it
possible?" he began.

Mrs. Trinder bowed.

"You have a time table," I interrupted
quickly. "Kindly tell me what time the
evening train starts for Poonah."

Before he had answered my question
Mrs. Trinder was half way down the com-
panion, and when I went into the cabin a
few minutes later she was sitting, forlorn,
on her cabin box, the picture of disappoint-
ed hopes.

The blow had been a hard one.

"Everything seems to have come to an
end," she said mournfully. "I don't know
what to do or where to go."

"But I do. You will come with me to
Poonah and stay till you have decided on
your future."

Then I returned to the deck, where I
found the dragon standing by my gun
case, his face gloomy and clouded.

"My leave isn't up for a week yet," he
remarked, "so I'm going up country for a
big shoot."

"You won't do anything of the sort,
Mrs. Trinder is coming to stay with me."
"And her friend too?"

I pointed to the deckhouse, where stood
the worst tempered man, peg glass in hand
and profanity on his lips.

"That is he," I said.

"The clouds cleared from the dragon's
face instantaneously. "Aashallah!" he
exclaimed.—St. Paul's.

Story of a Jack Pot.

Poker was much played in camp both
north and south during the intervals of
active warfare. When Colonel Len A. Har-
ris of Cincinnati was left by Buell in
charge of Fort McCook to cover the Union
retreat, he and his officers beguiled the
time by a game of draw. One day, just as
the deck for a fat jack pot had been finish-
ed, a Confederate shell came crashing into
the room. Out went the lights. Every
one dashed for the door. An aid who tells
the story captured the stakes and hastily
thrust them into his pocket. Harris got
the handful of men safely out. After a
hard ten days' march, during which no
one took off his clothes, Harris joined
Buell's army. "The first thing I did,"
said the aid, "was to hunt for a bath, and
I and Captain found one. As he un-
buttoned his coat for the first time in ten
days he thrust his hand into his inside
pocket and pulled out five cards. At the
same time I produced the stakes. 'I've got
an ace full,' he said, skinning out his
hand. 'Give me the pot.' I turned it over
to him. But I don't believe a jack pot was
ever won under such circumstances before
or since."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Nicknames For English Coins.

"I notice," said an Englishman who
passed through New Orleans, "that you of
the States have nicknames for your coins
as we have in England. You have your
nickels and dimes and quarters, or two bits,
as they are sometimes called, your eagles,
and so on. Listen and I will tell you the
nicknames we have for our money. A
farthing is called a 'fudge' and a penny a
'meg.' There is no particular name for a
penny. A sixpence is a 'tanner,' a shil-
ling a 'bob.' The half crown and crown
go by their right names. A pound is called
a 'quid' and a £5 note a 'pony.' Money is a
very dear commodity, and we all have our
pet names for it."—New Orleans Times-
Democrat.

Put as Strong as He Knew How.

"I am a little late this morning, brethren,
as he rose to begin the service, "on ac-
count of having overslept myself. I was
kept awake all of night before last by a
toothache, and I slept so soundly last night
that I could not have been awakened this
morning by a call from a city church with
a \$10,000 salary attached. We will sing
two stanzas of the hymn beginning:

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve
And press with vigor on!"
—Chicago Tribune.

The Dyspeptic's Wish.

"The trouble is," said the man with the
loud voice and the positive manner, "that
women read too many novels nowadays."
"Oh, I do," replied Mr. Meekton, as he
put his dyspeptic medicine in his vest
pocket. "Sometimes I kind of wish that
Maria 'ud take ter Ouida an' the Duchess
an' let the cookbook alone."—Washington
Star.

Peculiarity Not Peculiar.

It is a peculiarity of women that they
never appreciate happiness until they have
lost it. The same statement unfortunately
is true of men.—New York Recorder.

TRIED A WATER METER.

A Citizen Who Wanted to Pay For Just
What He Used.

A prominent citizen of Lansing recent-
ly became dissatisfied with his water rate
and decided to have a meter placed on his
premises, "so that he could pay for just
what water he used." The meter was
placed, and the citizen watched its work
with interest. He was somewhat distur-
bed, however, at the regularity with which
it registered 400 to 500 gallons per day,
and he soon began to almost sweat blood.
Every evening he looked into the placid
face of that meter with a feeling of sorrow,
which grew into anger.

One evening it informed the citizen it
required 720 gallons of H₂O to satisfy the
yearnings of himself and family for mois-
ture during that day. He did not curse, nor
did he saw the air with rage, but calmly
determined to counsel with the superin-
tendent of the waterworks on the morrow.

In the morning the sun rose, and so did
the prominent citizen. His first action was
to inspect again that water meter. Then
he ate his breakfast in thoughtful silence.
Then he went down for a farewell glance
at his meter and made the discovery that
it had required 37 gallons of water to pre-
pare his morning repast. While he was
rubbing his eyes in wonderment the meter
registered 20 gallons more.

Then the citizen was mad. He was real-
ly mad. This time he called down the wrath
of several heathen gods upon the water
commissioner. He explosively inquired of
his kitchen lady if she was aware that she
had got away with 37 gallons of water in
concocting a few poached eggs, a pot of
coffee and some mealy toast. The kitchen
lady was also surprised, and when the en-
raged citizen inquired what in—

"I had become of that other 20 gallons of wa-
ter she tendered her resignation on the
spot and denied having taken it. She ad-
mitted filling a half gallon jug for a
neighbor and allowing the water to run a
little "just to cool it off."

Then he wished to make sure that his
meter was working a bunko game on him.
He carefully noted the reading of the me-
ter, then looked at the quart pail 30 mes, and
again looked at the meter. It had regis-
tered just 15 gallons. It was correct. Then
the citizen retired to the cellar and figured
some more. His meter was correct, and he
had put himself in a position where he
must now pay for every gallon of water he
used, whereas before he paid a certain
amount per year for water, whether he
used 1 gallon or 10,000.

All the bitterness against the water
board faded slowly from his heart, and a
sad, sweet consciousness of his being some-
thing akin to a certain beast of burden
stole over him. He sprinkled his lawn no
more, neither doth he squirt water on the
highway. He buyeth ice now to cool the
water instead of letting it run a few min-
utes from the pipe, and in the anguish of
his soul he adviseth his enemy to put in a
water meter.—Lansing Republican.

Starting a Drug Store.

The pride of proprietorship beamed from
his countenance as he stood on the street
and gazed at the big sign which announced
to the world the advent of a new drug
store.

"It's the finest location for the business
in this part of the town," he exclaimed to
the junior partner, "and if we work things
at all right we ought to make money. I
see you have the soda fountain in."

"Yes, I attended to that first thing."

"Did you buy the biggest one you could
get for the money?"

"Yes. It's one of the most finely equip-
ped to be found in the market."

"And the cigars. We have a variety of
them, have we?"

"Every brand of any consequence can be
purchased at our stand. We have one of
the largest assortments in the city."

"I'll look it over. You mustn't feel hurt
if I give it my personal attention, but we
don't want to neglect any detail that may
affect the success of this enterprise, and
two heads are better than one. We have a
supply of fancy toilet articles, have we
not?"

"Plenty of them. All the latest styles
too."

"And we have some confectionery?"

"A good line of it."

"And all sorts of little knickknacks to
catch the fancy of the women and make
the place look pretty?"

"I am looking after that now."

"Good. As soon as you get it attended
to put an advertisement in the newspaper,
and then, when you have time, get in a few
little things in the way of drugs and we'll
be ready for business."—Detroit Free
Press.

The Melancholy Cuckoo.

The American cuckoo belongs to the
woodpecker tribe and is only a summer
visitor, coming about the 1st of June and
leaving early in the fall for Florida. Un-
like the English cuckoo, ours builds its
own nest and raises its young, to whom it
is a most devoted parent. We have two spe-
cies in this country, the yellow bill and
the black bill, the latter being best known
in Pennsylvania.

Both are smaller than the old world spe-
cies and differ from it in color, being
greenish olive above and bluish white be-
neath, while the European bird is black
winged. The American cuckoo has a tail
longer than its body, which gives it a
hawklike appearance, and the plumage is
soft and silky, like that of the owl, which
enables it to fly without making any
noise, so that we often hear its call with-
out being able to see the bird.

Burroughs says, "This call of the cuckoo
has a solitary hermitlike sound, as if the
bird was alone in the world, and he called on
the fates to witness his desolation." He
has never heard the call answered, nor has
he ever seen two birds together. The call
is heard most in cloudy weather and before
a rain, from which the bird gets the name
of rain crow.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Lucky Thirteen.

"I believe that the number 13 brings
me good luck," said P. T. Thornton of
Louisville. "I don't know whether or not
it was because I was born on the 13th of
the month, but I have watched it for
years, and whenever there is a combina-
tion in which 13 appears it is a lucky one
for me. I am as much of a crank in favor
of the number 13 as any one can possibly
be against it. If I am having a dull busi-
ness on the road, I ask the hotel clerks to
give me room No. 13. It is remarkable
how many hotels there are that have no
room with that number, and I am told that
I am the only man who ever asks for a
room with that number. Most men ob-
ject to being given such a room."—Wash-
ington Star.

Harold was told to write a sentence con-
taining the word "cups." He came from
the city and the word had a familiar
sound. His sentence read, "The boy dodged
the cups."—Youth's Companion.

The Prince of Wales receives from the
British people £40,000 every year.



Cupid breaks his
bow at the sight of
a face full of pim-
ples and blotches.
It is the cheeks,
sunk eyes, and a
sallow complexion
will defy his best
intentions. Beauty
is more than skin
deep. The skin is
merely the surface
on which is written
the condition of the
body. The skin is
not a thing by itself,
and skin diseases are frequently not skin
diseases at all. All the lotions and bleaches
and creams and powders in the world won't
make a good complexion if the digestion is
wrong. If the stomach is sour, and the
liver torpid, and the bowels constipated,
the skin will show it. No use trying to
treat the skin for such a condition. The
only way to relieve it is to cleanse the sys-
tem and purify the blood. As long as the
heart is pumping impurities to every part
of the body, just so long these impurities
will show through the skin.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery
is good for the complexion because it
cleanses the whole body healthy—because it
clears and purifies the blood, makes the
digestion strong and clears out impurities
of all kinds. By increasing the ability to
assimilate nutritious food, and by the in-
fusion of its own ingredients, it enriches
the blood and so makes solid, healthy flesh.
It fills out the hollows, rubs out wrinkles
and substitutes for sallowness a rosy,
healthy glow. There is no mystery about
it. It isn't a miracle. It is merely the re-
sult of a combination of rational, natural
common sense with expert medical knowl-
edge. It cures diseases of the lungs, liver,
stomach, bowels, skin and scalp, simply
because all these diseases spring from the
same cause—a disordered digestion and
consequent impure blood. Don't let preju-
dice and scepticism cheat you out of your
health. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-
covery will positively cure you, if suffering
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other, so called, root beers.

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holic drink.

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NOTICES

of all local entertainments, to which admission
fee is charged, must be paid for at regular rates,
25 cents per line, in the reading matter, or \$1
per inch in advertising columns.

THE COUNTY REDISTRICTING.

The redistricting of the county is of con-
siderable importance to Newton, as it has
voters enough by combining with Weston
to entitle it to another representative.
There are 5,617 voters in the city, 2,131
being required for a representative. This
gives Newton a surplus of 955 and with
Weston's 394, it would be sufficiently near
the limit for the third member.The county commissioners have held two
hearings this week, and are to hold another
tomorrow, at which the matter will prob-
ably be settled. If Newton manifested
sufficient interest it is believed that Weston
would not offer any serious objections.
Both are very much interested in the im-
provement of the Charles River, the
dividing line between, and legislation in
regard to this will come up in the next few
years.Weston naturally would prefer to join
other towns of about the same population,
but if assured of fair treatment, a number
of its prominent men have said they would
not oppose the union of the two in one dis-
trict.There was a proposal to set off a part of
Newton in a district with Weston, but this
was very properly opposed, and Newton
would not listen to such a scheme.At Tuesday's hearing, ex-Representative
Estabrook presented Newton's wishes, and
City Solicitor Slocum was represented,
ready to attend if needed.That something is radically wrong with
our currency system, the trouble of keeping
the requisite amount of gold in the treasury
abundantly proves. The attention
of Congress has been called to the defects,
but Congress has been too busy with pol-
itics the leaders could not attend to any-
thing else. As ex-President Harrison
pointed out in a recent article in the
Ladies' Home Journal, every one can draw
gold out of the treasury, while no one is
obliged to pay it in, and it is a profitable
thing for the great bankers of the country
to draw the gold out, so that more will
have to be bought to replace it. If it were
not for this the free-silver sentiment would
have never made such headway, but per-
haps now that the danger has become so
great as to alarm those interested in the
prosperity of the country, something may
be done in the next congress to remedy
matters. The great expense of keeping the
gold reserve at a sufficiently high figure is
what has given so much advantage to the
free silver advocates, and the treasury
ought never to have been put in a condi-
tion where such an expense would be
necessary.EACH of the assessors, by reason of the
unfortunate and trying circumstances
which have attended their work, is liable
for a fine of \$100 imposed by the state for
not making the proper returns to the tax
commission on or before the first Monday
in August. No board of assessors in this
city has ever paid such a fine although
they have seldom been able to comply with
the law, and in fact the fine has never been
imposed in any city, as far as we have
been able to learn. The intent of the
statute is to hurry up the assessors. The
assessors this year have had an unusual
amount of hard work to do, and it has been
impossible for them to push their work
much faster than they have done. The
statute under which the assessors are liable
in fine provides that the assessors shall an-
nually on or before the first Monday in
August make a return of corporations hav-
ing capital stock divided into shares; the
tax rate and the amount of taxes levied.THERE is a general complaint from the
public libraries that fewer books are read
than in former years, and of course this is
laid to the bicycle. Inquiry at the Newton
Free Library met with the answer that the
number of readers is less than last year,
although greater than in any year before
that. For July 1904 fewer books were
taken out than in July a year ago, but the
total number taken out for the month was
9,347. Evidently the bicycle has not af-
fected all the readers, or else July had a
great number of rainy days in which
people found time to read. Even if the
bicycle does interfere with the reading of
books, the rider probably gains more from
the open air exercise than he or she loses
by not reading.BROOKLINE's tax rate is \$12.40 this year,
an increase of 40 cents over last year. The
rate keeps creeping up in that town every
year, and in a few years it bids fair to catch
up with the rate in Newton, although the
valuation is much higher there than here.
Where the lines of Newton and Brookline
join, real estate in the latter is said to be
assessed for nearly double that in Newton,
so that really the rate in Brookline is fully
as high as that of Newton.HON. JOHN E. RUSSELL has decided to
take no part in this campaign, which issomething that all will regret. His good
humor was contagious and audiences were
never bored when he was speaking, and
even if they disagreed with his views they
could not help enjoying his speeches.
With the two Russells silent, the Democrats
would be badly handicapped, even if they
were making a serious campaign.LAST Friday was made notable by a
great event out in Ohio. Mr. McKinley
made a speech and used the word gold for
the first time since his nomination. He
announced that our currency is as good as
gold and "it is the unfaltering determina-
tion of the Republican party to so keep it
and maintain it forever."ANY one in Newton desiring literature
on the financial question can be supplied
by sending his address to Chas. A. Kellogg,
Newtonville, assistant secretary of the Re-
publican Club. Voters on their vacation,
who find time hanging heavy on their
hands, will find this a golden opportunity.

Mrs. Abby E. Davis.

On Monday, Aug. 3, a large company of
relatives and friends gathered in the home
of Mr. Edward B. Drew, West Newton, to
pay their last tribute of love and respect
to their departed sister and friend, Mrs.
Abby E. Davis.The services were impressive. At the
appointed hour, the silence was broken by
familiar voices softly singing "In the Sweet
by and bye, we shall meet on that beau-
tiful shore," tremulous at first, but gradu-
ally rising and swelling in the chorus.
Her cousin, Rev. Joseph Henry Allen, D.
D., of Cambridge, conducted the services,
speaking of her as he had known her all
his life, and reminding us of her many
virtues.In that sad gathering were teachers who
felt they had lost a dear friend; young
girls for whom she had found good homes
and over whom, having no children of her
own, she had watched with a mother's
tender vigilance; associate members of the
school board; co-workers in the city char-
ities and in reforms; neighbors and friends
who respected her worth and admired her
adherence to the truth as she saw it.Sadly, tearfully we left her earthly form,
feeling that ours was, indeed, a great loss,
for she had held a place in her home and in
the community that cannot easily be filled.Mrs. Davis was born in Medfield, May
17, 1828. She was a sister of the Allen
Brothers, well known as educators and
proprietors of the Allen Classical school
for boys and girls. Her mother was a de-
scendant of the Plymouth Pilgrims, and
her father of the Boston Puritans. She
was educated in the Medfield public
schools, and later, graduated at the Bridge-
water State Normal school under Principal
Tillinghast, after which she became an en-
thusiastic and successful teacher, as her
mother had been before her. She taught in
Walpole, Chatham, Medfield and North-
borough.In 1852 she married Mr. Charles D. Davis
of Northborough, also a graduate of
Bridgewater Normal school, and a nephew
of ex-Gov. John Davis of Massachusetts.Her early married life was spent in
Syracuse, N. Y., where she was a parish-
ioner of the philanthropist and preacher, Rev.
Samuel J. May, and where, during the
civil war, she gave almost her entire time
to the interests of the Sanitary Commission
and to the poor of Syracuse. This
service was most congenial to her, as from
her early childhood she had been associ-
ated with the anti-slavery movements
through which was awakened in her a
lasting impulse to follow duty and hold no
compromise with evil.Of late years she has resided in West
Newton, her husband for some time teach-
ing in the Allen school.
She was elected to the school board of
Newton in 1888, and has been twice re-
elected, this year being the ninth year of
her service. She was one of the most
faithful and valued members of the board
and served on some important committees.
During all her service she was inflexible in
her devotion to principle, for which she
was willing to be counted in the minority;
for instance, always voting against military
drill in the schools.She was a visiting agent of the State
Board of Charities, one of the Incorpora-
tors of the Pomroy Home for Girls in New-
ton, and a director in the West Newton
Women's Educational Club. She was an
ardent believer in suffrage for women and
an indefatigable worker in the cause, being
chairman of the executive committee of
the Newton Equal Suffrage League, and an
officer of the Mass. Suffrage Association.
At her request, her remains have been
cremated at Forest Hills. E. N. L. W.

Newton Lodge, No. 92, I. O. O. F.

Members are requested to attend funeral
of Bro. S. F. Cate, Sunday, p. m. at 2
o'clock at late residence, 100 Burghess St.,
at Hall at 2:30 for conveyance to cemetery.
I. O. O. F. service at grave.
Per order
NOBLE GRAND.My little boy, when two years of age,
was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was
advised to use Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and
luckily procured part of a bottle. I care-
fully read the directions and gave it ac-
cordingly. He was very low, but slowly
and surely began to improve, gradually
recovered, and is now stout and strong as
ever. I feel sure it saved his life. I never
can praise the Remedy half its worth. I
am sorry every one in the world does not
know how good it is, as I do.—Mrs. Lina
S. Hinton, (Grahamville, Marion Co.,
Florida). For sale by A. Hudson, Newton;
B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Par-
tridge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, New-
ton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

Bolting and Independence.

(From Time and the Hour.)
How James Freeman Clarke would have
rejoiced to see spreading throughout the
land his doctrine of the divine right to bolt!
It was a serious matter in his day,—in that
perilous year of 1884,—and I recall how it
separated life-long friends, made strained
relations in families, and affected profes-
sional position. All this is changed now,
and bolting is almost the regular instead
of the exceptional thing. When 20 party
newspapers bolt a bad nomination and a
vicious platform, as has been done since
the Chicago spree, we get some idea of
what tremendous progress independence
has made since the birth of mugwumpery.
I welcome the break of the press from
party shackles, and I trust that it is the
beginning of the end of the "hide-bound"
party newspaper.

Be Sure You Are Right

(From Time and the Hour.)
And then go ahead. If your blood is im-
pure, your appetite failing, your nerves
weak, you may be sure that Hood's Sarsa-
parilla is what you need. Then take no
substitute. Insist upon Hood's and only
Hood's. This is the medicine which has
the largest sales in the world. Hood's
Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood
Purifier.
Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, al-
ways reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.
Love in a cottage, means no ice and three
in a bed.
Almost all married people are looking for
sympathy.—(Aitchison Globe).

VISIONS OF BEAUTY.

JUDGE BREWER OF THE U. S. SUPREME
COURT ENJOYS THE CHARM OF
VERMONT WHERE HE IS SUMMERING.Hon. David J. Brewer, associated Justice
of the Supreme Court of the United States,
who is passing the summer under the
shadows of the Green Mountains of Ver-
mont, near Burlington, on the shores of
Lake Champlain, in a letter to a friend
recently gave this pretty description of the
state and its summer charms."Although territorially one of the smaller
states in the union Vermont verifies in her
intellectual and moral greatness the old
saying that the best things are put up in
small parcels. Lying between the Con-
necticut river and Lake Champlain, about
157 miles in length, and with a width vary-
ing from 35 to 90, she has an area of only
10,212 square miles. The Green Mountains
run north and south through her borders
as a sort of spinal column, from which
ridges as ribs extend east and west towards
the river and lake. Over these ridge ribs
and in the valleys between is poured the
rich soil, like the abundant flesh of the
well-formed man, while brooks and
streams course as veins and arteries in
every direction. Mount Mansfield toward
the north lifts up the profile of a human
face. And thus she seems like a great
earth being reembody through the cen-
turies, with face towards the heavens, and
supporting over her bosom multitudes
of her human children."From hill tops and mountain summits
eastward and westward stretch visions of
beauty. There may not be the awful
grandeur which characterizes the Alps
in Switzerland and the Rocky Mountains.
One does not hold ones breath in mingled
fear and wonder. And yet you may travel
the wide world over and see no picture of
such rich and quiet charm as that which
the valley of Lake Champlain gives to one
standing on the western slopes of the Green
Mountains. The lake itself is a thing of
beauty, dotted all its length with islands,
many of them only large enough for a
summer cottage, yet some toward the north
like North Hero and Grand Isle, of con-
siderable size. West of it rise the lofty
peaks of the Adirondacks, grand back-
ground to the picture. Its blue waters at
the foot of those peaks bring to mind
Whittier's lines on Galilee."Blue sea of the hills, in my spirit I hear
The waters, Genesis, chime on my ear.""Its shores, especially on the Vermont
side, are not as abrupt and striking as
those of Lake George. The earth comes
near to its waters gently and lovingly. No
one can spend a summer on the shores of
that lake of the slopes of the Green
Mountains without coming to appreciate
something of the strong attachment which
binds every true Vermont to his native
state. It is like the love of the Swiss for
Alpine peaks and snow-capped valleys. It is
a love that never fades away. Go where he
may on the face of the earth the child of
Vermont ever turns in memory a loving
glance on his hills and waters."The habits of the people are simple;
the cost of living small. Yet there is no
lack of refined and cultured men and
women, and the beautiful scenery, the
called forth a sweet response in hearts and
lives. Flowers are growing near every
home. While not tropical blossoms, but
only the common flower, yet they are
lovely, and the beautiful and delicate
fragrance speak more eloquently than
words of the characters of those who live
among them. To those of pure and healthy
thought, of gentle and refined taste there
is a constant appeal from Vermont."Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics
of dysentery in different parts of the
country in which Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used
with perfect success. Dysentery, when
checked, is almost as severe and danger-
ous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the
best efforts of the most skilled physicians
have failed to check its ravages, this
remedy, however, has cured the most
malignant cases, both of children and
adults, and under the most trying con-
ditions, which proves it to be the best medi-
cine for the worst kind of dysentery.
For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; B. Bil-
lings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Par-
tridge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, New-
ton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

In Boston.

(From the New York World.)
The rising sun was kissing the gilded
dome of Boston's celebrated State House,
when a sinister-looking man might have
been seen seating himself at small table
in a restaurant in that city."Waiter," called the sinister-looking
man, "you may bring me some beer—some
good beer—huc, huc, huc." And the
sinister-looking man laughed within him-
self mightily as he noticed his flow of
language.Whereupon Time continued to go on and
on and on.
"Waiter," then cried the sinister-looking
man yet once again, "did I not long ago
order me a hot beer?"
"You did, sir," the waiter courteously
made reply. "You ordered the hot, but you
immediately thereafter declined it."
This shows us that we must be careful
what we say to a Boston waiter.The artist knit his brow. "I wish to
picture the heroine with a No. 12 waist,"
he remarked. "But where, in that event,
is her liver to be?" "Oh, I can make room
for that," rejoined the artist. "I will
just say that she has no heart." Thus it is
to be seen how the muses advance hand in
hand, generously disposed to mutual con-
cession.—Detroit Tribune.

Hard Wood Floors.

(From the Ladies Home Companion.)
Since utility is the foundation of true
beauty, the floor of a vestibule, or entrance-
hall, should be of hard wood or tiling; and
of the main hall, plain hard wood or par-
quetry. * * * From both a practical
and artistic point of view hard wood floors
are more desirable than all-over carpets,
and, if they are properly maintained, they
are not injured by contact with muddy
boots or wet umbrellas, are easily cleaned,
and with one or more handsome rugs laid
over the centre, are almost certain to im-
part to the air a pleasing formality so es-
sential in a hall.

The Pace that Kills.

(From Life.)
"Where are you going, oh, maid of curves
At a prairie swift that your wheel ne'er
swerves?"
"A hitch, kind sir, I would briefly state
That I am going to vote, and the hour is
late."

A Prudent Custom.

(From the Washington Star.)
When for a lengthy biking tour
Vacationists prepare,
The first inquiry ought to be
As to the railroad fare.

The Go.

(From the Detroit Tribune.)
"What I say to my wife, goes,"
He declared with an earnest air,
"To my mother-in-law and after that
Heaven only knows where."

Mathematical.

(From the Washington Times.)
"Mrs. Duplex is trying to solve a problem
in division."
"What is her object?"
"A divorce."

Duty of Sound Money Men.

(Harper's Weekly.)

We firmly believe that this ticket will be
defeated. But it will, after all, not do to
make light of the character of the candi-
dates or of the strength of the movement
which they represent. They should be
feeling of discontent and unrest in the
West and South as well as in some of the
Middle States which has given birth to this
strange evolution, wild and unreasoning as
it is, is a serious thing, and it should be
treated seriously. It cannot be put down
with epithets, sneers, and jibes. Every at-
tempt to do so will only irritate its temper
and make it stronger. It should not be
forgotten that there are many people en-
gaged in this movement who sincerely
think themselves aggrieved and entitled to
a respectful and sympathetic hearing.
This they should have. They should be
made to feel that their complaints are not
disdainfully thrust aside, but candidly in-
quired into. Their ideas as to desirable
measures of relief, whatever may be
thought of their reasonableness or practica-
bility, should be met with the weightiest
and most lucid arguments the advocates of
sound money can muster. There are two
things which the sound-money men should
never lose sight of as the true objects of
their efforts: one is that the free-coinage
candidates be not only defeated, but that
they be defeated by a majority so over-
whelming as to destroy their last hope of
the ultimate success of their movement;
and the other is that this overwhelming
defeat be brought about by a campaign of
education so thorough as to indoctrinate
the American people with sound notions
on public finance at least for a generation.
Only if this is accomplished will the sound-
money men have done their duty. What-
ever of success they may achieve, they
should vent upon those Democrats who,
knowing what is right, still at this
moment of national danger show them-
selves willing to support that which they
know to be wrong, for the purpose of sav-
ing their miserable little capital of party
regularity.

The St. Helena of Salt River.

(From Truth.)

"Yes," remarked the shade of Napoleon,
"I feel quite an interest in this man, Mc-
Kinley, on account of our resemblance.
I hope he will have better success when he
leads his army to the polls in November
than I did. Still, if I had stopped when I
got to the Poles, instead of pushing on up
to Moscow, I should have had some of the
kings so that their sceptres wouldn't have
been strong enough to crack walnuts with."Then he fell into a reverie on how, only
a year or two ago, he was crowning his
newspapers by the notorious "tribby,"
uttered a prolonged sigh, and again
wrapped himself up in "the solitude of his
own originality."

The Billville Banner.

(From the Atlantic Constitution.)

The statement that we had sold out to
Wall street was a blessing in disguise. Six
subscribers who heard of it got mad and
paid up in full.Lightning is playing such havoc around
Billville that it's dangerous to stand under
a tree while you're lynching a friend.
There is only one bolt in Billville, and
it happens to be a fellow who is running
from the sheriff.A Billville citizen sold his vote for a
dollar. This is another indication of hard
times. Last season they brought \$2 apiece.
The new world will not be a surprise to
some people. They know something about
hot weather here.Mr. C. D. Yonker, a well known druggist
of Bowling Green, Ohio, in speaking of
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I
take pleasure in recommending it to my
customers, for I am certain that it will al-
ways please them. I sell more of it than
all other kinds put together." For sale by
A. Hudson, Newton; B. Billings, Newton
Upper Falls; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville;
J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B.
Buck, Newton Centre.

Convincing Proof.

"Fleming won't allow his wife to get
tried. He says she hasn't any judg-
ment."
"That's so. She showed her want of it
when she married him."

MARRIED.

FOLLEY-DALEY—At Newton Centre, Aug. 4, by
Rev. D. J. Wholey, David G. Folley and Nora
M. Daley, both of Newton.
WILDER-DENTER—At Lowell, July 29, by
Rev. H. W. C. Wellington, Edwin B. Wilder
of Newton and Alice R. Dexter of Lowell.

DIED.

COSTELLO—At Newton, Aug. 4, Mary A. Cos-
tello, aged 14 years.
HARPER—At Newton Hospital, July 31, Wm.
Harper, aged 4 years.
LAING—At Newton Highlands, July 31, Zadoc
Long, aged 36 yrs., 8 mos., 25 days.
CATE—At West Newton, Aug. 6, Stephen F.
Cate, 62.
DAVIS—At West Newton, July 31, of heart
failure, Abby E., wife of Charles D. Davis, 68
years.

RE-OPENS SEPT. 1st, 1896.

THE COURSE OF STUDY
is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are
fitted for the highest work of everyday life.

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embraces a list of more than twenty teachers and
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ficiency in each department.

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are young people of both sexes, full of diligence
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is of the highest order and includes valuable
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in the world.

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of this school for originality and leadership and
as being the Standard Institution of its
kind is generally acknowledged.

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Shorthand, Type Writing, Composition and
Correspondence may be taken as a special course.
SITUATIONSin business houses furnished pupils among
the varied inducements to attend this school.

THE SCHOOL BUILDING,

405 Washington Street, Boston, is centrally lo-
cated and purposely constructed. Office open
daily, from 9 o'clock. Prospectus Post Free.
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facturers, we shall discontinue quoting prices, but
SHALL CONTINUE TO SELL at the PRICES we
have ALWAYS SOLD AT, thus protecting both
the PURCHASER and the MANUFACTURERS.GEO. P. STAPLES & CO.,
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DOORS, HOT BED SASH,
WINDOWS, Window Glass, Weights, Cord.
Pine, Whitewood and Cypress Doors.
Odd Work all kinds to order.
22 & 24 Kneeland St.,
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Estate Newtonville
Mortgages — IN —
Insurance West Newton
AuburndaleSpecial Attention paid to Sale and Leasing of
Estates in the above villages.

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Established 1869.

SIMPSON BROTHERS,
CONTRACTORS FORConcrete Walks and Driveways, Asphalt Floors,
ARTIFICIAL STONE WALKS.We have been awarded the sidewalk contract for the City of
Newton for 1896, and are ready to receive orders or give estimates for
work in private grounds.P. O. Address, Newton, or Boston Office, Room 58, 166 Devonshire St.
Telephone 1155, Boston. REFER TO TWENTY YEARS' WORK IN NEWTON.

BUSINESS NOTICES

RATES—50 cents first insertion for not
exceeding 5 lines, and 25 cents each time
thereafter, in advance.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Crop of 1896. Choice loose hay
for horses and cows. Clean, bright and
sweet. \$23 and \$15 per ton, delivered in loads
of one to two tons, as ordered. Private Stables
a Specialty. We take particular pains in curing
our hay, and patrons can be sure that they will
receive the best in quality, which is also the
cheapest. Respectfully, Coolidge Bros., South
Sudbury, Mass. 42 ftFOR SALE—Houses in Newton Centre and
Newton Highlands. W. Thorpe, Newton
Centre.FOR SALE—Almost new Meadow-brook cart
for sale cheap at F. T. Stuart's, Knowles
street, Newton Centre.FOR SALE—Two horse wagon, nearly new,
that will easily carry a load of 5000. En-
quire of C. W. Bunting, Centre Place, Newton.
42 ftHORSES FOR SALE—If you want a nice,
stylish carriage or coupe horse, six years
old, well broken and all right, apply to C. A.
Miner, City Hall, West Newton. 39 ftFOR SALE—A house built five years ago,
with a large stable, half a mile from this
station or the Highlands. W. Thorpe, Newton
Centre. 42 ftFOR SALE—High bred pony, with harness,
cart and runners for same, also saddle and
bridle. To be seen at Webster street, West
Newton. Nathaniel T. Allen. 28 ftFOR SALE OR TO LET—At Newtonville,
near Depot and P. O. etc., a nearly new
house of 11 rooms, laundry, etc.; all modern
conveniences; in good order. Just vacated.
Will be rented to a good tenant on reasonable
terms. Apply to J. B. Turner. 42 ft

To Let.

TO RENT—Two first-class furnished houses
in Newton Centre for any length of time;
and five unfurnished. W. Thorpe, Newton
Centre.TO LET—In Newton, two pleasant front
rooms, furnished with board, near the sta-
tion. Address, Box 104. 44 ftTO LET—Tenement in Newtonville, rent \$8.00
per month. D. P. O'Sullivan, Cabot street.
41 ftAUBURDALE AND RIVERSIDE—To let,
houses of seven, nine and ten rooms, bath,
furnace, etc. One house of seven rooms and
stable, one house of ten rooms and stable. Will
be rented at a reasonable price or will sell any
of the property at a low price and upon very
easy terms. Apply to C. A. Miner, Auburndale,
or City Hall, West Newton. 39 ftTO RENT—Some furnished houses to rent for
the summer; also rooms to rent. W.
Thorpe, Newton Centre.TO RENT—Two good houses with modern im-
provements; one 4 minutes' walk from New-
ton Centre station, 12 rooms and bathroom, \$25
per month; one half a mile from the station, 9
rooms and bathroom, \$20 per month. W. Thorpe,
Newton Centre.

Miscellaneous.

LOST—On electric car from Boston which
arrived at Newton at about

Pianos rented and tuned, Farley, Newton
—Mrs. G. I. Aldrich was in town this week.
—Mrs. C. F. Hunting is at Cottage Park, Winthrop.
—Miss Minnie Fay is enjoying a two weeks vacation.
—Dr. and Mrs. Hopkins will pass a month in Maine.
—The "Redmen" met Wednesday evening in Dennison hall.
—Mrs. F. A. Payne of Cabot street is at home from the mountains.
—Mrs. Sherwood and daughter are enjoying a few weeks outing.
—Prof. Taylor and family left this week for their summer residence.
—Miss Emma Sibley of Ansteth street has returned home from abroad.
—Dr. G. H. Talbot and family will pass a short time at Schoodic, Me.
—Mr. J. L. Richards and family will pass a month at Schoodic, Me.
—Mr. H. H. Carter and son, Albert, are at Jefferson Highlands, N. H.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Macomber returned this week from a stay at Bath, Me.
—Mr. W. F. Hawley has returned from four weeks trip through the South.
—Mr. Malcom McKinnon has returned from a three weeks trip to Nova Scotia.
—Mr. and Mrs. E. U. Crosby of Elm road returned this week from the shore.
—Mr. A. S. Bryant and family of Brooks avenue are at the shore for a few weeks.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Curtis of Newtonville avenue are at Kennebunk for a month.
—Mr. Charles Curtis and family of Otis street returned this week from North Falmouth.
—Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Kingsbury are at the Lincoln House, Swampscott, for August.
—Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bass and S. B. Barnott are at the New Winthrop, in Winthrop.
—Mr. H. B. Curtis and family of Lowell street are enjoying the ocean breezes for a few weeks.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Dacatur returned this week from a two weeks stay at Princeton.
—Mrs. A. M. Crane returned this week from New Hampshire, where she passed several weeks.
—Mr. William Paul and family of Judkins street returned this week from a month's outing.
—Mr. George L. Woodworth of Washington park will pass his vacation with his family in Maine.
—Mr. B. H. Wells and family of Highland avenue left this week for a short stay at the mountains.
—Mr. George F. Williams and family of Washington park returned this week from Squirrel Island, Me.
—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kimball have returned from Swampscott owing to the sudden illness of their son.
—Officer J. J. Davis, who supplied W. A. Soule's place during the latter's vacation, has returned to Nonantum.
—Mrs. Wentworth and mother, Mrs. M. M. M. at Seaboard, where they will remain for several weeks.
A petition is in circulation for an illuminated clock to grace the remodelled tower on the Methodist church.
The Misses Kneeland have retired from the dressmaking business and have given up their apartments in Central block.
—Among those who left this week for summer resorts were Mr. A. F. Cook and family and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dearborn.
—Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Heath and family of Highland avenue and Mr. James Knox of Harvard are summering at Hyannisport.
—Mr. Tyler Holmes of Harvard is sojourning along the coast of Maine with a party of friends in his fine yacht "The Alma."
—There are letters in the postoffice for Miss Francis Coxum, Miss A. H. Dilliver, Fred Jackpuss, Christina Livingston, Alexander McIsaac and Mrs. Willard.
—The Rev. John A. Hayes of Salem will preach at the New School, Me. street, Highland avenue, next Sunday morning. Subject, "Stones for a Pillow." This church is free to all.
The pulpit of the Central Congregational church is to be supplied during August by the following divines: Rev. W. S. M. of New Bedford, Me.; Mr. J. M. Barnard of Bradford, Vt.; Rev. H. J. Patrick, pastor emeritus of the Second Congregational church of West Newton; Rev. W. B. Greene of Pomfret, Ct.; and Mr. C. S. Slocum of Colorado Springs, Col.
The old portion of the High school building is to be torn down at once, and it will be impossible to use the new building while the addition is in process of construction. The school board has proposed to quarter the majority of the High school pupils in the new Peirce building at West Newton. This would necessitate using the old Peirce building for the next two years. As the building was declared unfit for use two years ago, West Newton people have made so vigorous a protest against this plan of the school board, that they have been obliged to consider other arrangements, and it is now probable that the old Claflin and Adams schoolhouses, together with three rooms in the new Adams building at Northville, will be used.
—In Duxbury on Aug. 3rd an impromptu "Lawn Party" was given at Pear Tree Cottage, which is occupied this summer by Mrs. C. F. West and family of this place. The chief features of the evening were dancing and collecting money. The spacious lawn was most picturesque with its hammocks, rugs and many colored lanterns. On the barn door, draped with nets, were printed the songs and dances. The matrons, of the neighborhood, Mrs. C. Kellogg of Newton Highlands, were assisted by Miss West, Miss Lucy Crane, Miss Marguerite Hutchins and Miss Maude Nias. Among the guests were Mrs. C. H. Buxton, the family of Newtonville, Mrs. Prof. Plympton and daughter of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff of Brookline and Mr. King Moore of Harvard College with several of his friends. Of four men, her skipper, delighted as ever this year and the little affair most novel.
—A new steam yacht has been enrolled in the Massachusetts Yacht Club and has taken her position on the anchorage of the harbor. She is a 12 footer. It is the Cloelia, owned by Mr. H. F. Rose of this place, which was named after his wife. She was constructed by the Edward S. Clark company of Dorchester, marine engineers and boat builders. She has a compound engine, 6 by 12 by 8 inches and boilers. She is 68 feet 6 inches long, 11 feet 6 inches beam, 4 feet 6 inches deep, and is fitted with a Clark water tube boiler of 12 horse power. She has a steering apparatus on bridge and in the wheelhouse. Her inside furnishings are elaborate, being finished in mahogany and red carpets and upholstery. She has two staterooms and cabin of four men, her skipper being Capt. Green, formerly of the steam launch Volante, recently sold to Portland

—Mr. Edwin H. Crane and family are passing a few weeks in Maine.

—Mrs. F. C. Perry of Court street is entertaining friends from New York.

—Mr. H. V. Jones and family of Crafts street are registered at Barton, Vt.

—Mr. and Mrs. Somers of Lowell street are at the seashore for a few weeks.

—Mr. George Arnyarsen and family are in New Hampshire for a few weeks.

—The regular meeting of the Knights of Columbia was held Tuesday evening.

—Miss Addie Brooks of Brooks avenue, is spending her two weeks vacation at Bass Point.

—Ground was broken this week for a new house for Mrs. Louisa S. Sisson on Edlinboro street.

—The Newtonville Cycle Club met Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. H. E. Sisson.

—Newton Council, Royal Arcanum, will hold its regular meeting in Dennison hall, next Monday evening.

—The regular meeting of the Daughters of Veterans will be held next Tuesday evening in Dennison hall.

—Capt. Frank Elliott and family of Lowell street will spend the remainder of the month at Woods Holl.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Porter of Anstin street returned this week from a short stay at the mountains.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. Aubrey Byrne of Walker street, are spending the month of August in Jeffersonville, Vt.

—Mrs. Robert C. Brigham, who is at the Atlantic Club, Point Allerton, has just recovered from a severe illness.

—Mrs. Walter Lockett of Mt. Vernon Park, returned from Mt. Lockett, and Miss Annette Lockett of Bellevue, Conn.

—Among those who returned this week from various summer resorts are Mrs. E. C. Wilcox of Clyde street and Mr. McMullen and family of Cabot street.

—Dr. Chase has returned from his vacation and will be in his office in Dennison building throughout August; thus affording a favorable opportunity for those desiring their dental work done during the leisure of the vacation period.

—The Newtonville Cycle Club has called the following runs for August: Sunday 9, Ridge Hill, starting at 10 a. m.; Sunday 16, basket party, Sandy Point, at 9 a. m.; Sunday 23, blind run at 10 a. m.; Saturday and Sunday, 29—30, north shore. See officers for particulars. Start will be from Washington Park promptly at time specified.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley, Newton.

—C. C. Harrington of Centre street has returned home.

—Capt. Howard and family returned this week from the shore.

—Mr. John Armitage returned this week from a week's vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hammond will remain at the mountains until Sept. 1st.

—Mr. Joshua Blake will pass the month of August at Woodstock, N. H.

—Miss M. E. E. Adams is registered at the Mt. Pleasant House, Jefferson.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Clark returned this week from a sojourn at Chocoma, N. H.

—Mrs. H. E. Burrage and children will pass several weeks at Strout Bristol, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Cook of Waltham street returned this week from a month's trip.

—Mrs. Jane M. Hastings is at home, having passed several weeks at Buzzard Bay.

—Mrs. Henry Fairbrother of Hillside avenue was in town for a few days this week.

—Mr. H. K. Burrison and family of Lincoln park are summering at Provincetown.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Pratt of Highland street are registered at the Stanley House, South West Harbor, Me.

—Mr. F. F. Raymond and family of Hillside avenue are registered at the Crawford House, Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

—Mr. H. M. Langley and family of Cherry street are at Woodstock, N. H., where they will remain several weeks.

—Mr. C. W. Sweetland and family of Webster street will pass the month of August at Martins Point, Friendship, Me.

—Among those who left this week for summer resorts were Mr. P. S. Howes and family and Mr. George A. Blaney and family.

—The Newton Veteran Firemen's Association voted to attend the Labor Day Muster at Waltham, Sept. 7, and also the Union Muster in Boston Sept. 20.

—A number of ladies of Boynton Lodge, with friends, attended the Union Old Ladies' picnic at the Weston Hotel, Wednesday. A fish dinner, dancing and music were enjoyed by all.

—Mr. John A. Jackman, one of the pioneer railway men of Illinois, died at Bloomington, Ill., July 29, aged 80 years. He was married in 1843 to Miss Sarah F. "Sally" of Newton, and she and four children survive him.

—Word was received at police headquarters Monday of the death at the Bridgewater state workhouse Sunday of Daniel G. Curtis, a lad of 18 years, well known to the police as an "old" tramp and July's for vagrancy. The young man was in such poor health when sentenced that he could not recover. He has a father and two sisters to whom he will be buried by the state authorities.

—City Treasurer Ranlett received quite a surprise at his office last Saturday. A gentleman stepped in and handed him the sum of \$80, telling him it was in payment of a tax which really belonged to the city, but which he had paid by mistake. The treasurer asked the name of the man to whom the money should be credited, but the gentleman declined to give it, therefore the treasurer says it is the extent of the "conscience money" from some one who had probably sworn falsely regarding his personal property or income.

—A meeting of the full committee on charter revision will be called in a few days and the work of preparing the committee report will be taken up. The sub-committees have been at work all summer and several are ready with their reports. It is hoped that the draft of a new charter will be ready for presentation to the city council early in the fall and that it will go before the voters in December. The majority of the committee favor longer terms for elective officers, and the abolition of the responsibility for the mayor and a more complete separation of the legislative and administrative branches of the city council.

—The residents of Pine street and vicinity are constantly being annoyed by bicyclists who come about that place at all hours of the night, ringing their bells and keeping the neighbors from enjoying a much needed night's rest. On Monday evening last an unknown man, while walking up Pine street, was run into and knocked down by an unknown female bicyclist rider, who, after leaving the man in a helpless condition, started off without stopping to inquire about the extent of the man's injuries. The time has come when such unmannerly bicyclist riders should have a stop put to their improper action

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A meeting of all sub-committees on the charter will be called in a few days and the work of preparing the complete draft of the new city charter will be taken up. The sub-committees have been working steadily and are in touch with their reports. It is hoped that the draft of the charter will be ready for presentation to the city council early in the first week of next month, and for a vote in December. The majority of the committee favor longer terms for elective officials, increased authority and responsibility for the mayor, and the complete abolition of the legislative and administrative branches of the city council.

—The residents of Pine street and vicinity are constantly being annoyed by bicycle riders who roam about that place at all hours of the day and night, and keep the neighbors from enjoying a much needed night's rest. On Monday evening last an unknown man, while riding a bicycle, ran into a utility pole, knocked down by an unknown female bicycle rider, who, after leaving the man in a helpless condition, started off without even inquiring the name of the injured man. The injuries he has sustained are such unmanly bicycle riders should have a stop put to their improper actions.

The general public will be protected from such uncalled for mishaps.

—Mrs. E. H. Terry is summing at Uxbridge.

—Mr. G. R. Spaulding is summing at Sharon.

Tennyson Lodge held its regular meeting last Tuesday evening.

—Master Paul and Thomas Fitzpatrick are in Lansdowne for a week.

—Mr. E. P. Washburn is registered at the Plymouth Rock House, Plymouth.

—Mr. W. A. Clark of Eddy street is making a business trip on the Cape.

—Mr. John B. Sherman has leased a house of Marcus Morton on Fuller street.

—Mr. Frank Mallen leaves tomorrow for Beverly, where he will pass his vacation.

—Mr. Richard Rowe and family of Shaw street are in Nova Scotia for a few weeks.

—Boynton Lodge, A. O. I. O. L., will hold their regular meeting Tuesday afternoon.

—Mr. John Nugent was a guest at the Bay View Hotel, Kings Beach, during the week.

—Mr. Arthur Howland of Chestnut street is at Montehan, Me., for a few weeks.

—Mr. O. D. Homer and family of Highland street are registered at the Massapog Lake Hotel.

—Rev. G. E. Cate will occupy the pulpit in the Second Congregational church next Sunday morning.

—Mr. Wales and family of Elliott avenue are at Newport, R. I., where they will remain until Sept. 1st.

—Mr. Charles H. Stacy attended the Postmasters' Convention and dinner at Newport, R. I., this week.

—Grand Orator Morse will visit this branch of the American Legion of Honor, Tuesday evening, August 25.

—Letters received from Dr. and Mrs. Crockett this week were dated from Paris and tell of a most pleasant journey.

—Mrs. Charles H. Stacy, Mr. Willis Stacy and Miss Ida Stacy are sojourning at Nictaux Falls, N. S., for a few weeks.

—The Baptist church will be closed during the month of August during the work of enlarging and renovating that edifice.

—The regular meeting of the American Legion of Honor will be held Tuesday evening in Metcalf's studio on Chestnut street.

—Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Quakenbosch of Fairview terrace returned this week from a two weeks camping excursion with friends in Maine.

—The many friends of Mr. D. B. Hagar who were so sincerely grieved at the news of his death, which occurred Wednesday at his summer home in Sharon.

—James Murphy and Charles Furureau and Walter Dolan have returned from their vacations at Nantasket Beach, where they were registered at the Cleveland House.

A considerable sum of money has been raised by subscription among the members and friends of the Newton Firemen's Association for the purchase of a banner.

—Quite a number of the young people of this village attended the annual picnic given under the auspices of the Church of Christ of Newton at Lake Walden, yesterday.

It is rumored that a shelter is to be erected over the platforms for the protection of passengers waiting for the outgoing or incoming trains on the B. & A. road. This would be highly appreciated.

—Mr. J. B. Wheeler and family of Prince street, Mr. F. P. Tolman and family of Highland street and Prof. Lindsay of Otis street were among those who left this week for various summer resorts.

—Mr. Edward Ellis Allen, superintendent of the Blind Institution of Philadelphia, is the best of his father, Mr. James K. Allen. Mr. Allen, who resides at North Adams, is expected next week.

—Open air meetings, under the auspices of the Myrtle Baptist church, have been held on the lot near the church on North Prospect street during the evenings of the past few days. Meetings have been well attended and several conversions are the result of the earnest words of the reverend leader.

—Work was begun Tuesday morning on the abutments for the new overhead bridge over the B. & A. tracks at Temple street. The Washington street crossing has been closed by the railroad and the crossings at Highland and Chestnut streets will be closed as soon as Temple street bridge is completed.

—The Waltham dray corps will accompany the Newton Veteran Firemen to the league muster at New Bedford, Aug. 19. Great preparations are being made to celebrate the occasion and arrangements are being made for a "play-out." Fire works will close the days program.

—The residents on the wrong side of Washington street crossing were much delighted recently at the announcement that the old wooden bridge was to be immediately erected over the crossing. Constant watching has failed to see the necessary preparation for such a work and they are beginning to realize that "hope deferred makes the heart sick."

—Stephen F. Cate, the oldest and best known stable keeper here, undertaker in Newton, and who was widely known, died at 6 o'clock Thursday morning at his residence, corner of Highland and Hunter Sts. He was 87 years of age. Deceased was a native of New Hampshire, but had resided in Newton ever since he was 2 year of age. He was a son of the late Stephen Cate, who was widely known as a condactor of the horse-drawn stage coach between Boston and Newton. His son, George, a very young man the deceased entered the lively stable business with his father at Newton Lower Falls, where he remained until 1881, when he started in the same business on Washington street, where he remained, and where he conducted the largest business of its kind in the city, and where he subsequently established himself as an undertaker. When the Waltham & Newton Street railway was started by Mr. Royal E. Robbins of Waltham in September, 1808, Mr. Cate became its first superintendent, continuing in the capacity two or three years. At that time, one car stable was placed in place. He was never a public man nor cared for public office, but he was a fireman in the early days of the Newton fire department. He was also the assistant chief of the Newton fire department. He was a member of the Newton Veteran Firemen's Association, Newton Lodge 92, I. O. O. F., Garden City, Knights of Honor, Triton Council, Royal Arcanum and the Newton Council, American Legion of Honor. Mr. Cate was twice married and leaves a wife and one son.

NONANTUM.

—Morgan & Mahoney, builders, are constructing two houses on the old McNara estate off Watertown street.

—There will be a meeting of the Nonantum Club on Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at their room on Cook street, and all Nonantum wheelmen are requested to be present. The rooms are soon to be fitted up with a home trainer, punching bag, etc., and the club will be able to do will not be short of exercise during the winter months. There is already a large membership and the list is rapidly swelling.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, A pleasant laxative. All Druggists

—Ivory & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Officer Quilly is away from town on a two weeks vacation.

—A. C. Farley and family of Central street are away from town.

—Mr. George E. Johnson and family are summering at York Beach, Me.

—Mr. Thomas Hart of Freeman street is confined to the house by illness.

—Mr. Parker of Auburn street has returned home from his vacation.

—Mrs. W. L. Phillips is spending the week with relatives at Boylston.

—Mr. H. H. Bangs of Central street is away from town on his vacation.

—Mr. J. E. Underwood and family of Central street are away from town.

—Mrs. B. F. Fowler of Abnurdale avenue is away from town this week.

—Mr. Charles W. Kattelle of Grove street was in town this week for several days.

—Mr. C. C. Butler and wife have been among recent guests at Mt. Washington.

—H. L. Bates of Melrose street has taken the Moody house on Auburn street.

—Mr. W. H. Blood and family of Woodbine street have returned from Marblehead.

—Mr. W. Cooper and family have taken the Frank Estabrook house on Central street.

—Mr. Joseph S. Hunt and family of Woodbine street leave this week for the country.

—The Misses Mary and Helen Carey of Row street are visiting at Ocean Side, Pt. Allerton.

—Mr. W. H. Blood, Jr., and family have been the guests of W. H. Blood several days this week.

—Mr. L. P. Ober and family return to Boston this week from their summer residence at Islington.

—Mrs. Thomas Callahan of Lexington street leaves Saturday for Ireland, where she will visit her father.

—Mr. Walter P. Thorne has taken the agency for the "Advance Refrigerator," one of which can be seen at this store.

—Letters remain in the postoffice for Edward B. Howell, Benedict Kabilinski, Thomas Lewis, George W. Learned.

—The hose house is undergoing a much needed coat of paint this week. Frank Washburn has the contract for the job.

—Mr. George O. Almy of the GRAPHIC bicycle, leaves Saturday on a two weeks bicycle trip through the White Mountains.

—Driver A. F. Hennricksen of hose 5 is expected home next week from the hospital, where he has been ill for some weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. George M. Warren, who have been occupying the Davenport estate on Charles street, have returned to their home, 288 Dudley street, Roxbury.

—The Abnurdale postoffice having been created a second class office, Mr. U. F. Hadlock will be obliged to move into the new structure being erected next to Plummer's block.

—The new iron bridge at Rowe street will probably be put into place Sunday. It was intended to erect the bridge last Sunday morning, but owing to the heavy rain, the work could not be done.

—Dr. George E. Whitten of Central street, while travelling on a vacation trip in New Hampshire, was quite badly injured Monday at Great Falls, in a railroad accident. The car on which he was, was derailed by an open switch, throwing it on its side into a ditch. The doctor was the only one seriously injured.

—“Mamma, was that a sugar-plum you just gave me?” asked little Mabel. “No, dear, it was one of Aunt Ayer's Pills.” “Please, may I have another?” “Not now, dear: one of those nice pills is all you need at present, because every dose is effective.”

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AUCTION SALE

OF

High School Building,

ON

Tuesday, Aug. 11,

AT 4 P. M.,

Will be sold to the highest bidder, the wooden part of the High School building on Walnut St., Newtonville.

The purchaser will be required to take down the building and remove it from the premises within thirty days from date of purchase.

Terms Cash at Sale.

	Per order
	Public Prop. Com.
	GEORGE R. ELMER,
2t	Supt. of Public Buildings.

THE ORIENT INN,

Swampscott, Mass.

(Formerly the Willis.) Rooms vacated recently. Reduction to families. Land for tenting reasonable.

Reception Candles

I have added to my stock a variety of Candles; colors, Pink, Green, Violet and White.

CEYLON TEA

I am the Sole Agent in Newton for the Ceylon Tea Planters' Assn. A pure, unadulterated Tea. It has been used and highly commended by some of the first families in this country.

JAMES PAXTON,

Newton and Newton Centre.

SANFORD E. THOMPSON,
(Member Boston Society of Civil Engineers, Associate
Member American Society of Civil Engineers.)
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
Newton Highlands.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 61 HARTFORD ST.
Surveys and plans made, estates laid out, estimates and specifications drawn up and construction work superintended. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Capital, \$100,000. - Surplus, \$20,000.

JOHN W. WEEKS, President.
ARTHUR F. LUKE,
SAMUEL FARQUHAR, } Vice-Presidents.
AMO C. JUDKINS, }
AMUEL W. FRENCH, Treasurer.

This Company does a general banking business, and all checks on it are received and cleared through the Boston Clearing House.

It receives deposits subject to check, allowing interest on balances.

It loans money on Real Estate as well as on all kinds of bankable paper and other good and recognized securities.

It is a legal depository for trust funds, accepts trusts created by will or otherwise, assumes the care and management of the same.

It acts as trustee under mortgages and deeds of trust from corporations or individuals to secure issues of bonds and in paying the same and the coupons thereof; also as the transfer agent of capital stock of corporations.

Under the Statutes of Massachusetts it is created a legal depository for trust funds from executors, administrators, assignees, guardians and trustees in all capacities.

It is the depository of the Company, as well as the liability of the stockholders under the statutes, stand as indemnity to all trusts assumed.

The Massachusetts National Bank, 53 State St., Boston, and the National Bank of North America, 100 Broadway, New York, will receive deposits and pay checks for the customers wishing to do business with this Company.

Cool and comfortable, are just in their prime, likewise our SCOTCH PLAIDS in pleasing textures.

Leave your order now; you will need them shortly.

C. B. Somers, TAILOR,
149A Tremont St., cor. West St., Boston.

HURCHILL AND BEAN.
Tailors
503 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

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X-ODE is a product of electricity. It forms on asbestos while being electrically treated in a solution. This asbestos is put up in a glass vial. When the cork of the vial is removed and the contents are inhaled, the X-ODE is absorbed into the lungs from the inhaler a soothing gaseous substance, which will penetrate any part of the body. When inhaled through the nose or mouth it will penetrate the mucous membranes of the respiratory tract. The gaseous surfaces, kills the germ that causes the disease, and gives the tissues a healthy condition, thus making a permanent cure. It is unlike any sniff, drug, or chemical. X-ODE penetrates parts that it would be impossible for drugs or medicines to do.

It cures: Hay Fever, Coughs, Headaches, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. and its influence with marvelous rapidity.

This inhaler lasts from one to three years. Price of inhaler, \$1.00. Large size inhaler, \$1.00. All drugs or by mail.

The X-ODE CO., 19 Union Square,
New York City.

Mr. Cutler's Preparatory School

Mr. Cutler has engaged for his school rooms the whole of the southern side of the second floor in the N. R. E. Association's Block now building on Centre street, and to be completed

The sessions of the next year will begin September 14th. For admission or information ap-

Real Estate Owners,

G. H. LOOMIS, of the Newtonville
Real Estate Exchange,
Dennison Block. Send for explanatory circular.

West Newton English and Classical School,
For both Sexes.—Established in 1853.
ALLEN BROTHERS, . . WEST NEWTON, MASS.
Circular sent on application.

DEALER IN
Fine Teas, Best Coffees,
AND NEWTON AGENT FOR
Deerfoot Farm Products.
363-361 Centre St., 4-6 Hall St.,
Cole's Block, Newton.

HENRY F. CLARK, M. D.,
Walnut Street, Newtonville, Mass.

HOURS—8 to 10 A. M.; 2 to 4, 7 to 9 P. M.

Brackett's Market Company,
D. A. A.

Expert Watch and Clock Repairing

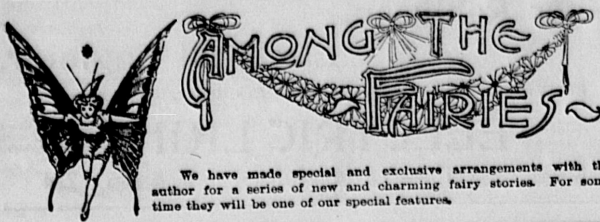
AUBURNDALE.

MADE WITH THE

OF
INDIA TEA

FOR SALE BY
Howard B. Coffin.....Newton
C. O. Tucker & Co., Newton and Newton Centre

CHARLES W. TILGNER.....



BILLY JOHNSON, THE CAT TEASER.

[Copyright, 1896, by Walter B. Guild, Boston.]

One day when Billy and I were out in the pasture, just a little way back of the barn, Billy Johnson came along with a fishing pole over his shoulder and a tin pail of fish in his hand.

"Hello, Walt!" said Billy.

"Hello, Billy!" said I. "Where are you going to fish?"

"Over in Barn Swamp pond," said Billy.

"There are lots of perch and hornpout there—just stacks of them. Sam Bilkins caught five perch and twelve hornpouts there last Saturday, and only fished two hours and a half."

"Oh, ho," said I, "that's something like! But he must have caught them all, for the last time I went there I fished three hours and only caught one little shiner."

"Well," said Billy, "if you wouldn't always have an old cat tagging round, you might amount to something fishing, but you are so tied up to that big tiger cat you call Felinus that it is enough to scare all the good little fishes away. Such a cat, too, as that thing is enough to scare the fish all out of the water."

"See here, Billy, you needn't talk; you always have that little bunch of bones that you call a dog with you, and

Felinus leaped on Flip's back.

you might be a very decent fellow if you would let cats alone. That dog Flip of yours has killed two cats and you set him on to both of them. If he doesn't scare good little fishes and bad ones, too, I miss my guess. Pooh! He's more fit to scare fishes than to start a beauty show anyhow."

Billy went along to his fishing and I kept at work picking up stones and carrying them in the wheelbarrow over to the old spring hole which we were filling up at the foot of the pasture.

After dinner I went out again, and there was Billy coming home across the pasture; but not a fish had he or any sign of one. Now, this was no fault of mine, but Billy was quick tempered.

"How many did you catch, Billy?" said I.

"Didn't catch any," said Billy.

"What's going to happen, Walt—you haven't got that giant of a cat with you. Guess the world must be on its last legs and just going to stop turning around long enough for you to find your dear old Felinus."

"Guess more likely the world will get dizzy turning around so often to watch that walking scarecrow of a dog," said I.

Billy was saucy enough on the cat question any time, but it nettled me more than anything else to have him tease me about Felinus; for I knew that Felinus was the largest and handsomest cat that ever lived. Any one could see, however, that Flip wasn't much of a dog anyway.

So you see how hard it was for me to keep my temper and hear my best friend abused.

What Billy and I said to each other after that was more earnest than polite.

Just then Felinus came around from back of the big rock near us and rubbed against my leg and said, "Pur-meow."

Billy did not understand, of course, but I knew that Felinus said, "Leave Billy and Flip for me to argue with."

Then Felinus walked up to Billy and tried to be pleasant and polite. He purred and rubbed his head against Billy and said, "Pur-meow." Billy clapped his hands and said, "Cats, Flip! Take him! Sic him, Flip!"

That just suited Flip, but when Felinus did not stir he was not so anxious for the fun. Billy was wild, and tried to urge Flip on, until Felinus leaped upon Flip's back and pricked him a little with his claws.

Felinus did not hurt Flip much, but you would not like to have a cat larger than yourself on your back.

Wasn't there a frightened dog? Flip ran so fast and Billy was so much surprised that he couldn't say a word for a full minute.

I just roared with laughter and then said: "Just see that little bunch of bones running away with the dog collar. Hope the collar will come back some time."

Now it wasn't any funnier for Billy to have some one else make fun of his pet than it was for me to have him make fun of Felinus.

It made him so furious that he pulled the heavy club off his jointed fish pole and came at me as furiously as you ever saw a quick tempered, angry boy.

Now, although I was not quarrelsome, yet Billy and the end of his fish pole were so near that all I could do was to jump and catch Billy's arm to take away the club. I never saw any boy so wild with anger. You see, Billy was very quick tempered.

Just then Felinus flew up and took Billy in his paws as easily as an eagle would carry a chicken. Billy was a good swimmer and when he went fishing he always wore his oldest clothes. Felinus flew with him just over the place in the brook where we had made it deep and wide for the cattle to drink, and splash went Master Billy.

Now, as Felinus was invisible when his wings were spread, Billy did not understand what had happened to him, but as just then a large hen hawk flew over his head he decided that the hawk must have tried to carry him away.

Of course, the hawk came no nearer and Billy began again to get his courage. He picked up a stone about twice as large as your fist and threw it with all his might at Felinus. Felinus dodged behind the brush heap and in two seconds poor Billy was flying through the air again in Felinus' paws and splash he went again into the brook.

This time he was sure that no bird had done it, for he looked all around and came out of the water trembling with fear.

"What's happened, Walt," said he, "and what are you laughing at? Am I crazy or what is the matter?"

"Pur-r-r," said Felinus, and so I said, "You have been carried away by your passions, Billy, and if you will never tell and never hurt another cat, I'll tell you the rest of the trouble."

Billy was so frightened that he promised, and Felinus said, "Meow," so I told Billy the whole story.

He would not believe it until Felinus had picked him up again and had hung him upon the lowest bough of the big chestnut tree, ten feet from the ground. Felinus left him there and Billy held fast to the branch.

Then I said, "Billy, Felinus will take you down." And Felinus took him down.

"Walt," said Billy, "I don't blame you for liking that cat. He's a dandy. He's the very handsomest cat I ever saw, but I always meant sometime to shoot or throw stones at him. I won't ever do it, now, though."

Billy never told any one about his adventures with Felinus. He was not really so bad a boy as you may think, for when Sue Brown, the week before, had asked him to help Aunt Lucy Belcher by cutting wood and taking care of the cow Billy had been very glad to do it.

His greatest fault was teasing cats, and now that Felinus had cured him of that Billy and I had many a good time together. Very few were the angry words that passed between us after Felinus took him in hand to educate.

Of course, Billy knew nothing of Fairyland except that Felinus was a fairy flying cat.

He could not understand anything Felinus said and never fully believed that I could.

After that terrible day poor Flip never chased cats, but for nearly a month he would drop his tail at the sight of Felinus and sing "Ki-yi-ki-yi." But after awhile he grew used to Felinus, and many a good time we four had together.

"This strange way of a bundle of contradictions our lives all are—kind in some things and cruel in others."

Aunt Lucy, whom every one in the neighborhood called "Aunt," used to

Felinus flew with him just over the brook.

say that Felinus was a wonderful cat and she was glad that there was one cat in the world that Billy Johnson did not hate.

"Billy is so kind to everything but cats," she used to say, "and lately he does not seem to trouble them."

Well, might Aunt Lucy call Billy a kind boy and also well might the cats of our neighborhood rejoice that Felinus, all unknown to any of them, had attended to the cat department of Billy Johnson's education.

TO A MULE OF ARKANSAS.

TO A MULE OF ARKANSAS.

Then patient, plodding piece of bone and flesh, Then sentience something, tangled in a mesh Of fatal being, I could weep for thee. But thou, thou couldst as surely weep for me. Not knowing why nor whether I am driven, To me the urging laws of life are given. Hitherto this drag of life, I may not falter Nor wander past the pull of rein or halter.

Poor thou, poor I! Yet, comrade, were we free, The world might lose the little we may be. Along this straightened path, perhaps, 'tis best We may not linger, and we dare not rest.

—J. Edmund V. Cooke in New York Sun.

STOPPED THE FIGHT.

A strange piece of property for Rector Warner!

There was nothing to distinguish the rector's red pyle from any worldly fighting cock. It had the same snaky head, the same wicked eyes, the same powerful wings. Its spurs were almost stiff enough to force their way unshod through a leather boot leg, let alone through the neck of any cock that dared to stand up against him.

The rector never would have owned him at all if it had not been for Jake Brece. Jake was the promoter of most of the cocking mains between Coalton and Gabtown. Cockfights between the two rival towns were always popular, but the fight in which the rector won the red pyle rose to the dignity of a historic event. The battle took place at sunset on the last Saturday night of March, which was also pay day. All the sports of both places were on the edge of the old reservoir above the Coalton breaker. Pud Edwards was the referee, and Lon White, otherwise known as "The Gobbler," was the stakeholder. There was \$300 up for the best three in five.

The main was only fairly begun. One speckled 2-year-old from Coalton had been disabled, and the red pyle entered by the Coalton party had just worsted the Gabtown bird. The third match was beginning when "Spike" Wright's boy slid down the embankment and broke into the shouts and oaths of the ring with an excited gesture:

"Cheese it! Here's de preacher! Mr. Warner's right out de udder side o' de bank."

The men started up uneasily, the shouts sinking into guttural silence.

Instead of catching up the birds and returning until Mr. Warner was safely out of the way, little Mike Flynn, who had charge of the remaining Gabtown cocks, turned them all into the ring at once and then disappeared before the crowd from Coalton could punish him for his treachery.

The red pyle, beset by four birds at once, was doing his best to hold his own in spite of the terrible odds. Avoiding their attack as well as possible, he finished the bird with which he had been fighting and then attacked the strongest of the three remaining adversaries. The Coalton crowd, frantic at the sight of their champion so unfairly matched, would have trumped under foot the cocks of the Gabtown party, but the referee rose instantly to the occasion and ordered that the remaining three birds of the Coalton crowd should be added to the ring.

In the meantime the rector had pushed on rapidly until he came to the top of the embankment. He paused but an instant to gain breath and to survey the motley crowd below. Then he cried out in ringing tones: "For shame, men! Have you no manhood to set God's living, feeling creatures to torture one another like that?"

Only a few of the men looked around. The rector went on to urge those nearest him to leave such brutal sport and come with him to separate the fighting roosters. Some laughed uneasily; others moved away, while one or two waved. But as no one complied with his impassioned pleas, the rector pressed through the crowd alone to the edge of the ring.

The cocks were now in battle royal, almost evenly matched. They paid not the slightest heed to what was going on about them. The rector waved his hand once or twice in futile endeavor to frighten them apart and was just reaching out his walking stick to intervene, when the red pyle, Jake Brece sprang forward, presented his bravery shoulder under the rector's outstretched arm, whirled him quickly around and without heeding his protest began to push him backward up the hill toward the top of the reservoir.

The movement was thoroughly unclerical—more like an awkward colt being backed out of the wrong stall than anything else. The rector would never have found himself in such an undignified position if he had only staid in his study that Saturday night. There he would have been safe and warm and away from all disagreeable sights and sounds. But the rector had a theory that he got some of his best sermons while wandering about the dark corners of his parish.

But, if he must go, why should he choose the night after pay day of all the nights in the month? Why not wait until the wages of the community had got safely into the hands of the saloon keepers and the sporting fraternity and the men had settled down to grumble at the hard times and poor work about the mines? Nobody wanted the rector to be abroad on pay night. His own people did not like their spiritual adviser to see the sights incident to that lively season, and those who were outside the church were still less anxious to have him about—indeed, indeed, some member of his flock happened to be "making a holy show of himself" about one of the saloons. Then the scoffers were quite willing that the rector should see all that was to be seen.

But to have the rector come upon a man of his own congregation drunk was one thing, and to have him catch the men in the midst of a cockfight was quite another matter. There might be church law against drunkenness, but there was statute law against cockfighting. Rector Warner was known to deal very tenderly with the weak brethren of his flock who had fallen under the power of the cup, although the men whom he visited and prayed with on the subject did not consider it a pleasant interview. But it was not known just how leniently the rector would regard the subject of cockfighting. Indeed, it was very seriously doubted whether he would deal leniently with the offenders at all.

There was a tradition concerning old Father Hill, who had been the locum tenens in the church of Carbonville many years before, that he enjoyed a match as keenly as any one else. One Sunday afternoon, so the story went, he had chanced upon a crowd under the lee of a culm dump watching a couple of cocks fighting. The old man was declared to have said: "I suppose they got to fighting of their own accord, boys. Nobody would set them to fight on Sunday, I'm sure. Might as well let them have it out now. It's got to be settled some time." But Rector Warner was not Father Hill by any means, and it was more than suspected that he would have called on the police to stop the fight if the promoters of the main had not taken

care to choose the reservoir as a battleground just because it was outside the city limits.

It was, therefore, only a partial relief when Jake Brece shouldered the rector to the top of the embankment. Jake paused a moment, purple faced from his exertion and hot with anger. "Now 'th'd better go," he said. "If I'd lift 'th' hup this bank, what does 'th' think I'd do to throw 'th' down that way?"

"Parson," shouted "Pud" Edwards, not unkindly, "you'd better take a walk."

The rector stepped past Brece and faced the ring again. The red pyle and his speckled opponent, that were now facing each other, panting and covered with blood, each watching the other for a chance to strike and raising and lowering their heads as they feinted and sparred for advantage. The men had ceased to watch the fighting birds and were all looking up at the rector. He pushed forward to the edge of the embankment and balanced himself on the crumbling reservoir as he did sometimes on the edge of the pulpit platform on Sundays before he began his sermon.

"You may throw me down if you will. I have no doubt that you are strong enough to do so," he began in a clear, high voice, speaking to Brece without looking at him. "But I will not go down. Even if you throw me down, I will not be silent. You must hear me, Jacob Brece, and you, James Edwards, and you, William Bugdale, and all the rest of you who are engaged in this shameful business, you are doing a wrong in the sight of Almighty God!"

"When he said William Bugdale," said that individual in telling the story afterward, "he went through me same as a knife. But it beats me to this day to know 'ow he saw me when I was down behind a pile o' ties, where I'd gone after Mick Flynn when he let half them birds houn on my red pyle. Some 'ow I 'ad to stand hup when he called me name, an then he went on to give it to his worst ever 'eard. The judgment day won't be no worse. He took us hup before the white theme like, at kind o' second o' time, though he was a-goin to be one o' the witnesses against us hall, the way he went for us there. His voice kep' gettin clearer an solemn—only it was so awful sad—an then all at once he rung hout a command, like he was blowing on a trumpet, an then stopped."

"In the name of the Lord Jehovah, I command you to stop this fight instantly!"

Bill paused for a moment in his tale, and then went on: "He looked grand—nothin short of it. He just looked awful as he stood there in the last red o' the sun, stretchin hup his long arm an never moving a muscle, while you could 'ear the sound of his voice come hechin back from the mountain above. I felt as if the back would let in on an air, some 'ow, he didn't seem like a preacher either. I'd been to church afore that night—of course I 'ad—but when the parson said it 'ad to stop we never thought he was preachin or nothin. We thought he meant it. I remember I wondered that the birds didn't stop fightin themselves—an then jest gettin o' an wild with blood. It wasn't as if 'ome man 'ad said we was to stop. It was as if"—Bill sunk his voice as nearly into a whisper as was possible for him—"it was as if it was some angel!"

"Did the men mind him? Why, they 'ad to mind him! Didn't I tell you it was like the judgment day? Jake Brece could easy have broke his face as he stood there or pitched him 'ead an 'eels down the reservoir bank. But he only made two plain steps an caught the speckled bird jest as the red pyle was a-holdin him down to carve his 'ead off. I grabbed my red pyle right back o' the wings an whopped him into the bag afore he knew what was 'appenin."

"The match is haff, permanent," says Jake Brece.

"I thank you, men," says the parson. Then he went on to make his speech about kindness to the least of God's creatures; but I forget what it was, except that he said just before he stopped that hevil was wrought for want of 'cart as well as for want o' thought."

"He'll begin to pray next," says Jake to me on the quiet. Then he says houn loud, "This 'ere match been declared haff!"

"It hain't been declared haff yet," says Mick Flynn from behind the pile o' ties.

"Oh, it's haff all right enough, yo' blaguard!" says "Pud" Edwards, swearin at Mick under his breath, for the men was afraid to touch Mick or even to curse him houn loud while the rector was there.

"This match been declared haff," says Jake again, louder than ever, lookin straight toward the pile o' ties as he spoke, "you sports o' n come an git your stakes."

"I don't want no stakes," says one fellow from Mud Corners. "Give the boodle to the parson." "Nor me neither!" "Nor me!" yells one an another.

"Gentlemen, I cannot take your money," says the rector as perlit as if he was refusin a third cup o' tea in a parlor. "You need the money for your families. Thank you for your good will, but I cannot beginin another speech, but 'Gobbler' White cut him short:

"You men that has famerlies come an git yer bood. You sports like me an Jake 'ere and Skinny Bugdale c'n watch an see me put hall that's left of the stuff that's in this box into the 'ands of Mr. Warner to use for missionaryin—or any way he likes."

"That's haff. Only—I ain't a-goin to tell it, but it seems queer—the rector got hold o' some o' us, especially me, afore I left the ring, and we was confirmed 'ere last Heaster. I give Mr. Warner my red pyle right there in the ring that night, an I ain't seen him since. The rector was goin to invite his Bible class around to heart him once, but I told him I hadn't no 'cart for 'em. So he gave that hup. He tells me now that the red pyle is as peaceable as a turtle dove an stays 'appy an contented like in the back yard of the rectory. Poor fellow! He's gettin hold, I fancy. Well, hall of us has our day."—Gilliam W. Ford in Lippincott's Magazine.

A Well Ripened Joke.

Punch has beaten the record in regard to delay in publishing accepted contributions. A good many persons were astonished to see in last week's number a picture of a file of volunteers and an adjutant which had been taken from a copy of Punch published in the middle ages. The mystery surrounding this sketch has been cleared up by the artist, Mr. W. Ralston, who explains that it was accepted and paid for by the paper exactly 25 years ago. After this no one can accuse Punch of truckling to the "new" humor. Mr. Burman evidently likes his fun very old in bottle.—London Figaro.

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MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary Keough sometimes spelled Kehoe late of Newton in said County, deceased, Intestate.

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary Collins of Maynard in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of September, A. D. 1896, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton Graphic a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of July in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six. S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

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- The writer has given special prominence to those facts of glacial geology on which all inferences must be founded. He has begun by giving a sketch of regions he has personally examined, and then described the phenomena which are the subjects of dispute.
- Buchanan, Robert. A Marriage by Capture; or a Romance of To-Day. 61.1059
- Incidents and pictures of Irish character.
- Budge, E. A. T. Wallis, ed. Life and Exploits of Alexander the Great, with Intro., etc. 96.430
- A series of translations of the Ethiopian histories of Alexander by the Pseudo-Callisthenes and others.
- Chambers, E. T. D. The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment. 35.352
- Mr. Chambers has collected what is known of the natural history and habits of the ouananiche, or so-called "land-locked salmon," and tells the methods of fishing for it.
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- Nevinson, W. In the Valley of Tophet. 61.1060
- Stories of the English mining regions.
- Phillips, L. Vance. Book of the China Painter: a Guide for the Ceramic Decorator; Practical Papers of Special Branches of the Art by other Experienced Teachers; Instructions for Underglaze Decoration and Glass Painting. 107.413
- Pool, Maria Louise. In a Dike Shanty. 61.1058
- Stories by English authors; Scotland. Vol. 8 of 8.
- Half a dozen stories by J. M. Barrie and other Scotch writers.
- Ten Epochs of Church History. Vol. 3. The Age of Hildebrand by Marvin R. Vincent. 92.753
- The period of medieval history treated is from 1049 to the death of Boniface VIII in 1303.
- Walker, Francis A. International Bimetallism. 84.393
- Originally given as lectures at Harvard University.
- E. P. THURSTON, Librarian.
Aug. 5, 1896.
- There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses of one to two spoonsful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
- Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
- NONANTUM.**
- Mr. Albert Deaks leaves this week on a vacation trip to Cottage City.
- Miss Kate White of Crescent street has recovered from a recent illness.
- Miss Annie Flarrey of Watertown street has returned home from her vacation at Nantasket.
- Sunday evenings during August the North Evangelical church will hold a series of open air meetings at 6 o'clock.
- A large number from this place attended the picnic of the Sons of St. George, which was held at Downer's Landing, Tuesday.
- Stephen O'Brien, while walking along Adams street Sunday evening, had three picnic tickets stolen from his pocket by some unknown party.
- Mr. Philip Gibson of Watertown street is taking his vacation this week. Mr. Geo. Gibson has taken his place at the store during his brother's absence.
- Lee Tie, the Chinese laundry man has opened another laundry this week on Watertown street. Evidently the Melian wash business is good just now, as Nonantum is supporting four laundries.
- An alarm from box 242 Saturday evening, was for a blaze in one of the large blowers at Wentworth's mill on Crafts street. The blaze was quickly extinguished, and but slight damage was done.
- The fire at 755 last Sunday evening was in a tenement in Mahoney's block on Watertown street, and was caused by the explosion of a kerosene lamp in a dining room. It was extinguished by the police and members of Hose 5 company before the arrival of the remainder of the fire apparatus. The damage to the tenement will not exceed \$75. A 6-months-old child of Louis Borusky, who was standing within a few feet of the lamp, escaped injury. Alfonso Sampson, 17 years of age, was

struck by the wagon of Assistant Chief Frank H. Humphrey and badly bruised.

—Mr. John Beals, the bicycle tailor, has been ill the past week.

—Mr. Michael Barry of Cook street is able to be out after an illness.

—This evening the Nonantum Bicycle Club will hold their first meeting.

—Mr. L. I. Marchand has opened a new tinmith shop in Bereski's block.

—Berkman's block on Watertown street is being connected with the sewer this week.

—Mr. Gardner L. Lewis of Yerxa's branch store has returned from a recent vacation trip.

—Monday evening Hunting's circus gave a performance in its tents on Boyd's field, which was well attended by residents of this place.

—An unknown bicycle rider while passing through this place last week Thursday evening, ran into a dog belonging to Mr. Lacoix, and was thrown to the ground. His wheel was broken and he received a number of cuts and bruises.

—The Albions defeated the Newton Club at Highlandville Saturday by one wicket and three runs in a very interesting game, which was enjoyed by a large crowd of spectators. The Newtons made 31 for the loss of their first wicket and the Albions had only made 5 when eight wickets had fallen, when Jessop and H. A. Carter ran the score up to 52. The two not-outs then scored three each, closing the game. Jessop got five tickets for 16 runs, and Thorpe five for 10, Gardner five for 24 and Hamblin 4 for 24.

—As a result of the trial of John Luskin of the Bowery last week, Wednesday, on an assault on his neighbor, Mrs. McKenna, another case sprang up in that district last week, Thursday evening. It concerned the witnesses against John was Mary Gilmore, who since the trial has had a deal of trouble with her neighbors, most of whom were friends of John. On Thursday last an outbreak occurred between the two families. Mrs. Jane Murphy, which nearly resulted in a fight. A fight however was not actually pulled off but a good deal of harsh language was used, and a crowd of over a hundred persons were attracted to the scene by the disturbance. Officer Lucy and a companion officer managed to finally quell the trouble, but it was necessary to summon both sides to court. Tuesday morning they were fined \$5 apiece. John Luskin, over whom the trouble originated was fined \$5 for the assault on the case continued from last week Wednesday.

What causes bad dreams is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered; but, in nine cases out of ten, frightful dreams are the result of imperfect digestion, which a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually remedy. Don't delay—try it to-day.

Kindergarten Principles at Home.

ARTICLE IX.

Although the mother cannot do the work of the kindergarten, neither can that do the work of the mother or relieve her of responsibility for her child. It is a help, not a substitute.

We have said that few but primary teachers realize how fully the child's habits are formed when he enters school, or how many of those habits are bad and how much time is spent in undoing which ought to be put into too direct work of doing. The same may be said of the kindergarten's experience with younger children. So an important part of the work of the true kindergarten lies in the homes of her children—unless she is in some crowded public kindergarten where none of her work can be done as it should be, and some of it not done at all. Through the children she becomes acquainted with the mothers and not only helps them to work with her for the children who are in kindergarten but also shows her how to work along the same lines with the younger ones at home. For the system of Froebel is not, as many imagine, confined to what is known as "the kindergarten;" it is a consecutive plan of education from earliest infancy to manhood and womanhood, a system of which the kindergarten forms only one stage but of which the underlying principles are the same throughout. And the mother needs education just as truly as the kindergarten teacher; maternal instinct can guide her only a little way. A young mother in the full rapture of her first baby asked another whose children were much older, what part of her education she had used and enjoyed the most. "The time before they began to be naughty," was the prompt reply. This voice the experience of mothers very few women ever become mothers know how to care properly for even their child's physical welfare and development, and thousands of baby lives are yearly sacrificed to this ignorance. But still one of the most important parts of mental and moral development of the child. Sooner or later there comes a time when the mother does not know what course to take, when she is "at her wits' end," then that time is far more impressively after her first unconscious mistakes have been made in her child's training. The possibilities of "naughtiness" and of wrong mental development begin much earlier than we are apt to realize. "O if I had only known these things seven years ago when my first baby came, what terrible mistakes I should have been saved from making!" So I am going to take a mother last winter after getting a little insight into the principles of Froebel. Not that Froebel is a fetish or that a thing must be so because he says so; but the principles which he lays down and the methods of applying them appeal to both the reason and the experience of the reasonable mother. She sees that to have followed them, when she was in London and at his country seat, Broomhill, in Tunbridge Wells, he has splendidly equipped laboratories and machine shops, besides which, at the latter place of residence, one may find a small theater, in which he gives magic lantern exhibitions to illustrate his scientific hobbies. A command of photography is another of his accomplishments. His experiments with high frequency electrical currents and with vacuum tubes have attracted a good deal of attention, and no one in Great Britain has such a large collection of horseless carriages or is so intelligent an enthusiast in regard to such vehicles as Sir David.—New York Tribune.

Sir David Salomons.

Sir David Salomons, an English writer on apparatus for electric light stations, has singularly varied scientific tastes. He is a member of geological, palaeontological and astronomical societies and particularly prominent among civil and electrical engineers in Great Britain. Born in London and at his country seat, Broomhill, in Tunbridge Wells, he has splendidly equipped laboratories and machine shops, besides which, at the latter place of residence, one may find a small theater, in which he gives magic lantern exhibitions to illustrate his scientific hobbies. A command of photography is another of his accomplishments. His experiments with high frequency electrical currents and with vacuum tubes have attracted a good deal of attention, and no one in Great Britain has such a large collection of horseless carriages or is so intelligent an enthusiast in regard to such vehicles as Sir David.—New York Tribune.

Out of Kelter.

Edward Fitzgerald makes use of this expression in one of his letters to Mrs. Kemble (page 202 of collected edition, 1895) when he says "his eyes are more out of kelter than usual." The editor explains this phrase as meaning out of condition or order. A notice of this most charming of bedside books in The Atlantic Monthly for November, 1895, page 708, says that the phrase is common enough in New England, though there it would be spelled kelter.—Notes and Queries.

An authority on microscopy states that the hair of a woman can be distinguished by its constitution from that of a man.

The cost of an application for a British patent is \$50, which includes government tax and all expenses.

ASTROPHOBIA NOW.

SUBJECTS OF THIS COMPLAINT ARE
HUMAN BAROMETERS.

Prevalent Among Those With Abnormally Sensitive Organizations—The New Disease Is Traced to the Effects of Atmospheric Electricity.

There is a new disease, and as it is of a common, everyday, inexpensive sort we may all indulge in its imaginary symptoms and pains, if we wish, to our hearts' content. Unlike that ultra-fashionable disorder, apoplexy, it is not an expensive malady, nor do we have to go to a hospital and have a surgical operation performed to be cured. The disease has been called astrophobia, and persons suffering from it are human barometers, so to speak. They prophesy the weather and can predict without error 24 hours before the approach of a northeast storm. Before a rising thunder squall they are miserable beings. There are those indeed who are utterly prostrated before and during a thunderstorm, and some are even thrown into spasms.

It has long been known that insects and certain domestic animals become aware of approaching changes in the weather. They understand the heralds of coming storms, not from visual observation, but through their nervous system. Insects fly close to the ground before a storm, and birds fly low to catch them. Turkeys will snuff the air and seek cover long before a coming change in the atmosphere, and, indeed, make considerable fuss about it too. While this quality of premonition is general among the lower animals it does not with them reach the perfection attained by some afflicted human beings—those with abnormally sensitive organizations, delicate systems and nerves attuned to every physical impression.

It is to the presence of electricity in the atmosphere and its variable effects upon the nerves of these sensitive subjects that may be attributed their unenviable power of foretelling the weather and the disordered state of their systems when storm conditions are present.

There abounds in the air what is known as atmospheric electricity, the existing polarity of which, positive or negative, indicates respectively normal and abnormal weather conditions. It is when the air is charged with positive electricity that one feels "good," so to speak—that is, one experiences the bracing, stimulating effects of pure air charged with ozone.

The presence of negative electricity, however, has the contrary effect and shows one of two things, either that storm conditions are present or are approaching.

It is now well known that there are two regular tides of positive electricity in the atmosphere—the high, or maximum, which occurs between the hours of 9 a. m. and 12 m. and 9 p. m. and the low, or minimum, between 2 and 5 p. m. and 1 and 5 a. m.

There are those who almost every day pass through tides of feeling which, if they do not mathematically correspond to these daily tides of electricity in the air, follow so closely as to render certain a relation between the variable states of the system and the variable states of the air.

From 8 a. m. to 12 p. m. is the golden time for brain work, as all students know. From 1 to 4 p. m. there are frequently a dullness and lassitude present that make hard work a task. The latter part of the afternoon the spirits revive, and between 4 and 8 or 9 o'clock is what might be called the silver period of the day for all mental labor.

Irregular disturbances in the electrical condition of the atmosphere in storms, and especially in thunderstorms and northeast storms, affect the nervous system of these imprecise temperaments most unpleasantly, often bringing on or aggravating neuralgia, rheumatism and other pains, as well as inviting mental listlessness and discouragement.

Who of us, for that matter, even of the most robust cast, have not at times felt a sort of resonance in the atmosphere—a certain "feel" in the air, which seemed to "take hold," so to speak, and that maybe in an unsuspected rheumatic joint, this when the wind has been blowing lively from the northeast.

At one of the largest institutions in the country for the treatment of nervous diseases it has been established beyond all question, and by experiments extending over a period of several years that attacks of epilepsy and mania correspond in a large number of instances to changes in the electrical condition of the air.

There is nothing strange in all this, for all naturalists know that many plants predict storms with wonderful precision hours before they appear. Man, with his exalted and complete nervous system, and especially civilized man, is far more impressible than any animal or flower.

It is therefore not humane to despise these subtle, storm anticipating pains in our friends, nor, indeed, may we ridicule the statement of a chance infirm weather prognosticator who may claim, and perhaps be able to prove, that he "knows it's going to rain," "cause he can feel it in his joints."—Washington Star.

Help

Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help

Comes Quickly

When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, nourishing, invigorating stream to the nerves, muscles and organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken down system, and cures all blood diseases, because

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Drawing-room cars on all day trains and sleeping cars on all night trains.

The new train between Boston and New York leaves either city at 12 noon and makes the run in five and one-half hours. No excess fare.

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Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn R.R.

Summer Time-Table, June 28, 1896.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR LYNN AND WINTHROP at 7.05, 7.25, 8.05, 8.45 (Express), 9.05, 9.25 (Express), 10.05, 10.35, 11.05, 11.35 a. m., 12.05, 12.35, 1.05, 1.35, 2.05, 2.35, 3.05, 3.35, 4.05, 4.35, 5.05 (Express), 5.35, 6.05 (Express), 6.35, 7.05, 7.35, 8.05, 8.35, 9.05, 10.35 and 11.35 p. m.

LEAVE LYNN FOR BOSTON at 6.35, 7.05, 7.35 (Express), 8.45 (Express), 9.35 (Express), 10.35, 11.15, 11.35 a

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre,
Agent for the GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand-bills and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate, to sell and to rent, and insurance agents. He is the best English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Mr. C. E. Edison has gone to Franconia for a few weeks vacation.

—Mr. John R. Wilcox is visiting friends on Station street this week.
—Mrs. Stanley and family are spending a few weeks in Rockland, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Speare are at Bear Island, N. H., for a few weeks.
—Mr. D. F. Clark has recently taken the Edwards house on Pelham street.

—Miss Alice Bodge of Centre street returned this week from Nantucket.
—Mr. Charles Hempsey left Monday with his family for Hibernia, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Norman H. George are visiting friends in Montreal this week.
—Mr. Charles R. Stephenson is enjoying a two week's outing at Bear Point, Me.

—Mr. Stephen Greene and family of Centre street returned home this week.
—Rev. J. L. Barton's new house on Orient avenue is being rapidly completed.

—Mr. Claxton Bray and family returned home this week after an extended absence.
—Mr. E. H. Tilton moved into the C. H. Bryan house on Marshall street this week.

—Mrs. George Loomer is spending the month of August in the White Mountains.
—Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Stoddard of Rice street are spending a few weeks in New York.

—Mr. Waldo Farrar is registered at the Windsor House, Bridgeport, Conn., this week.
—Mr. H. H. Reed and family returned this week from their summer home in Maine.

—Mr. Mellen Bray's new house on Albany avenue will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks.
—Mr. John E. Ellis and family of Everett street have gone to Maine for the summer.

—A. R. Sanderson has leased the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Stanley on Albany avenue.
—L. H. Farren and D. C. Farren are summering at the Atlantic House, Provincetown.

—Mr. J. A. Rising and family of Beacon street are spending the month of August in New Hampshire.
—Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lamkin have returned from Hyannisport to their summer home in this village.

—Mrs. C. W. Brown and family have returned from North Scituate, where they passed the month of July.
—Mr. Edwin F. Hamlin and family of Pelham street are at Plainfield, Mass., for the remainder of the season.

—Miss Annie Smith, who has been visiting Mr. E. M. Fowle on Norwood avenue, has gone to New Hampshire.
—Rev. E. M. Noyes and family left Monday for Squirrel Island, Me., where they will pass the month of August.

—Percy and Harold Barton, who have been camping out at Gloucester for several weeks, returned home this week.
—Mrs. Samuel Smith of Centre street has gone to New Hampshire where she will pass the remainder of the summer.

—Among recent visitors at Mr. Washington have been Mr. and Mrs. Edward McLellan and Miss Grace McLellan.
—Twelve prominent Newton Centre young women will leave next week for Old Orchard, Me., where they will spend three weeks.

—John Ballantyne of Brookline has commenced the construction of two houses on Kingsbury street for Mrs. Lucy B. Chandler.
—Mr. E. S. Armstrong returned this week from a business trip to Europe. His family have returned from the White Mountains.

—The Sunday school teachers, connected with the Church of the Sacred Heart, are arranging for a picnic to be held at Nantasket next week.
—Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Clafin are summering at St. Andrews, N. B., as usual, and Mr. Clafin is said to have gained much in trout-fishing.

—There are letters in the postoffice for H. M. Fowle, Upland Hotel; A. M. Henderson, Mrs. Hunt, George A. Jackson, (3), William Johnson and Miss Lily M. Merrill.
—The annual picnic of the Sacred Heart parish, which was to have been held on Thursday last week, was postponed indefinitely on account of the unfavorable weather.

—In court Saturday morning Sandy McDougal was charged by Patrolman Taft of division three with the larceny of silver watch from Roff's lumber mill, Friday morning. He was placed on probation.
—If pleasant Mr. McDaniel will conduct a party to Salem Willows and Marblehead, Wednesday, Aug. 12. Morrison steamboat, Atlantic avenue, at 9:30. If stormy go next day same hour. All welcome. Take lunch.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Gardiner and daughter, Miss Dora Gardiner, are spending the summer in their cottage at Katy's cove, St. Andrews. Mr. Gardiner, with his family, will leave early in September to spend the winter and spring in Japan.
—The Newton Centre Golf Club has now reached its full limit of membership of 100 and a waiting list has already been established. Quite a strong sentiment is manifested in favor of increasing the limit to 125 or 150, although the proposition to do so was voted down in the spring. The governing committee of the club held an early meeting to decide the question. The club has been phenomenally successful and the links on Langley road in constant use, by both ladies and gentlemen. Starting last fall with a membership of about 40, 60 new members have joined this spring. The greenkeeper, Mr. Dilworth, with his assistants, has been constantly at work ever since the season opened, improving the course by removing undesirable hazards, smoothing the putting greens, etc., so that now it is in much better condition than ever before. While it is by no means an easy course, it is "sporty" affording abundant opportunity for skillful play, and is one of the best practice courses in the country. Mr. A. Fenn, the Palmeter Club champion, has the outside record for 18 holes, 108, and Mr. W. B. Merrill the club record for 9 holes, 50 and Rev. E. M. Noyes the club record for 18 holes, 111. Mrs. J. A. Daniels was the winner of the last ladies handicap. E. A. Wilkie played at Shinnecock Hills, L. I., during the recent championship matches and Geo. E. Warren was entered but was unable to go. Pres. H. D. Ward is also president of the Eastern Pt. Golf Club of Gloucester, and is keeping active practice. The list of fix-

tures of the club for Aug. Sept. and Oct. are just issued by Sec'y Alvord.

—Dr. and Mrs. H. F. Russell are at Chatham.

—Dr. Fessenden and family will go to Rangleey next week.
—Miss Knapp has taken a position in Lomer's dry-goods store.

—Mr. J. C. Farrar has returned from his usual summer vacation at Provincetown.
—Rev. C. A. Fulton of Detroit, Mich., will preach at the Baptist church on Sunday.

—Mr. Wm. Bliss has returned from a month in Northern Maine, improved in health.
—Mr. Alvah Merriam is spending his vacation on a carriage drive through the White Mountains.

—The large company of Newton Centre ladies who have been at Nantucket returned a few days ago.
—Mr. Chas. W. Barker of Pelham street has bought a farm in Douglas, Mass., and will remove there later.

—Although Mr. Chas. Keiser has sold out his plumbing business, we are not to lose him as a resident. He will soon build a house on Parker street.
—The choir of the Church of the Sacred Heart, to the number of 71, under the charge of Rev. D. W. Wholey, held an outing at the Ocean View House, Nantasket beach, yesterday.

—The opening of the second series of games by the Newton Centre Golf Club is announced for next Saturday, on the links of the club on Langley road. The first series proved quite successful. The matches of the second series will be held on Saturday afternoons until Oct. 21.

—Henry Keith of Boston was thrown from a horse on South street, Chestnut Hill about 8 o'clock last evening. He struck on his head, and was unconscious for some time. A physician was summoned, and found that he had sustained a number of bad cuts on the head, and that his left collar bone was broken.

—Newton Centre people are all talking about the \$10,000 suit for slander which Mr. Edward Preble of Blue Cliff Road has brought against Mrs. Celina Ransom, wife of Mr. Channey M. Ransom. Both parties have put the case in the hands of their lawyers. Mr. Samuel L. Powers is the attorney for Mrs. Ransom, and says they will move for a speedy trial and they are not the least concerned about the outcome. Mrs. Ransom's friends state that the story was not told as authoritative by her, but as simply a matter of gossip, which, it is said, was more or less current in Newton Centre at the time. They claim, moreover, that in any event the statement, which was made previous to Mr. Preble's marriage, and in confidence to a friend, could not possibly be construed as a reflection upon his character.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Miss May Gillette has gone to Weir's, N. H.

—Mr. Earl Atwood has gone to Falmouth Heights.
—Mr. W. H. Mansfield and family are home again.

—Mr. J. F. Loring and daughter are at Camden, Me.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. F. C. Hyde are at Bayside, Hull.

—Dr. Wiley has returned from an absence of a few days.
—Mr. F. R. Moore and family of Eliot have returned home.

—Mr. J. E. Hills of Eliot is at his old home in Connecticut.
—Mr. F. W. Johnson and two sons of Eliot are at Rockport.

—Mrs. Carbone, of Hyde street is at North Conway, N. H.
—Miss Sadie Thompson is at the Moosilauke, Breezy Pt., N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Whight and Mrs. Whight's sister are in Maine.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Waterhouse and family have returned from Plymouth.

—Officer Moulton is expecting to soon occupy the Blood house on Erie avenue.
—Mr. Alvan L. Greenwood and family and Mrs. Hyder have returned from Scituate.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Barney have gone to South Robbinston, Me., for a visit of a week or ten days.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Broderick are receiving congratulations on the birth of twins, a son and daughter.

—Miss Frost, who has her home at Mr. E. Thompson's, will return this week from her vacation spent in Vermont.
—Service at St. Paul's next Sunday at 10:45 a. m. The Rev. Prof. M. L. Kellner, D. D. of Cambridge will officiate.

—Have you looked at the suite of rooms this week, that E. J. Hyde has to rent at the corner of Lake and Station avenues?
—Mr. A. F. Hayward, and Mr. W. B. Wood have returned from Deer Island, Me., where they have spent their vacation season.

—Mr. W. T. Logan, daughter and son, Charles, are at home. Mrs. Logan and son, Arthur, still remain at Christmas Cove, Me.
—Mrs. J. W. Foster and children have returned from Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Foster will go on Saturday to Bear Island, Lake Winnepesaukee.

—Fred Luin, Eddie Greenwood and Horace Swett, who have been camping out on the beach between Nantasket and Hingham, arrived home on Wednesday night, on account of the severe storm.
—A lot of vacant land at the corner of Boylston street and Bacon place, has been sold by Horace Bacon to Ellen E. Dexter and Alice D. Wilder. The lot contains about 18,000 square feet. The new owners will erect two houses.

—The death of Mr. Zadoc Long, a nephew of ex-Governor Long, occurred on Friday last, after a long illness of consumption. The funeral was from his late residence at the corner of Forest and Bowdoin streets on Monday.
—Ancient Order United Workmen, Oak Lodge No. 170, meeting second and fourth Wednesdays, Stevens' building. Beneficiary Order paying \$2000 at death of its members. For application blanks and other literature apply to William L. Thompson, Recorder, Newton Upper Falls.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Mr. Charles Chambers has returned home from his vacation.
—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johonnet are at Nantasket for a few days.

—Mr. O. E. Nutter and family are spending a few weeks in Maine.
—Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Everett of High street are at Portland, Me.

—Mr. H. A. Sherman is away from town on a visit to Portland, Me.
—Dr. W. H. McDevon will pass the month of August at Scituate, Mass.

—Dr. Thompson and wife are enjoying a few weeks vacation at St. Johnsbury, Vt.
—Miss Louise Bancroft has returned home from a vacation trip to the country.

—Last Tuesday evening the United C. E. Society held their regular meeting at the Methodist church, the absence of the president, John T. Temperly, the meeting was presided over by Mrs. Fellows the vice-president. The subject of the meeting was "Little Kindnesses."

—Mr. John T. Temperly and his brother are enjoying a camping trip in New Hampshire.
—Mrs. Albert D. Lock is entertaining her father, Mr. Herriek, of Springfield, this week.

—Samuel Rossa has recently leased his house on Chandler place to Mr. Frank McAdams.
—Miss L. A. Green and Miss Helen Bacon are spending their vacations at Berlin, Mass.

—Edes Brothers, bakers, have brought a new wagon in the field this week, owing to the increase of their business.
—Ellis street is undergoing repairs this week, the last heavy rain having occasioned quite a washout at the lower end.

—Quite a number of residents of this place attended the picnic of the Sons of St. George at Downer's Landing, Tuesday.
—Rev. Mr. Fellows, having recovered from his recent illness, will preach at the Methodist church next Sunday morning as usual.

—Mr. George H. Chambers has purchased a horse and wagon this week. It is his intention to start his son in the tea and coffee business.
—There are letters in the postoffice for Miss E. H. McLeod, Gertrude Toson, C. S. Dale, John Davis, Joe Deneault, Allen K. Holden and Anna Karkson.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harworth of High street had the misfortune to lose their youngest child last Saturday. The funeral took place at the home of the parents, Monday afternoon.
—Owing to the illness of the pastor, Rev. Ernest P. Herriek occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church last Sunday. Rev. W. T. Perrin of South Boston filled the pulpit on the preceding Sunday.

—The Gamewell Fire Alarm Co. closed their factory Saturday for a two weeks vacation. The majority of their employees have taken advantage of the occasion to put in a few days at the different summer resorts.
—One of the local business men, having broken the six o'clock Thursday closing rule, by keeping his store open on those evenings, will cause the opening of all the other stores. A great deal of discontent and ill feeling has been caused among the other storekeepers and their clerks by the breaking of this time honored rule.

SECOND SERIES OF GOLF.

NEWTON CENTRE CLUB ARRANGES FOR OTHER TOURNAMENTS.

The success of its first series of tournaments has induced the Newton Centre Golf Club to arrange for a second series of competitions on its links on Langley road. The matches will begin August 8, and will be held every Saturday afternoon until Oct. 31. On each Thursday afternoon in August, September and October ladies' handicap tournaments will be held. The schedule:

Aug. 8—Men's foursomes, 18 holes.
Aug. 15—Men's handicap, 18 holes.
Aug. 22—Open day for record, 18 holes.
Aug. 29—Men's handicap, 18 holes.
Sept. 5—Club team match.
Sept. 7—Men's handicap, 18 holes.
Sept. 7—Long driving competition.
Sept. 12—Open day for record.
Sept. 19—Open scratch tournament, 18 holes.

Sept. 26—Men's foursomes, 18 holes.
Oct. 3—Men's handicap, 18 holes.
Oct. 10—Team matches.
Oct. 17—Open day for record.
Oct. 24—Mixed foursomes, 9 holes.
Oct. 31—Men's handicap, 18 holes.

A Notable Consolidation.
Boston has always been noted for the excellence of her colleges and preparatory school, and among the best known of the latter class the Chauncy Hall School has been recognized for many years throughout the United States. This most excellent educational institution was established in 1828 and from that date has continued to increase in popularity. The school has been remarkably fortunate in undergoing but few changes in management, and at the same time, by the introduction of young teachers, all danger of over-conservatism has been avoided, and the latest advantages in methods of teaching have been brought into combination with the mature judgment which comes from many years of service.

Last January the principals of the Berkeley School, another school that has been coming rapidly into public favor since 1884, were enabled to purchase Chauncy Hall, in consequence of the death of its senior principal. In deference to the age and fame of the latter school, the combined schools, Chauncy Hall and the Berkeley, will hereafter be known by the older name, that of Chauncy Hall. This combination, in which the best elements of both schools will be retained, will give to Boston a private institution peculiarly adapted for special courses of study and for the fitting of pupils not only for Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but for all collegiate and professional schools. Parents desirous of making inquiries in regard to this institution should write to the principals, Messrs. Taylor, DeMeritte & Hagar, Chauncy Hall School, Boston, for catalogue containing all necessary information. In this connection it may be well to mention that in addition to the regular high school or preparatory course for any school or university in the country, there is a postgraduate course of study for graduates of high schools and others of mature age, whereby students may be perfected in languages, literature and mathematics, or prepared for professional schools without going through college.

Death of Prof. Daniel B. Hagar.
Prof. Daniel B. Hagar, Ph. D., died in Sharon Tuesday afternoon. For more than 30 years he was principal of the State Normal school at Salem and took a deep interest not only in educational affairs, but in all of the material as well as religious affairs of the city. He resigned as principal of the Normal school in June owing to feeble health, to the deep regret of all who knew him.

Mr. Hagar was born in Newton Lower Falls, April 22, 1820, and when a lad spent several years in a paper mill in his native village, and later was a clerk in a dry goods store in Boston for two years. The village school was the source of his early education, which was supplemented by attendance at the private academy in West Newton kept by Seth Davis.

He was fitted for college under the instruction of private tutors, and graduated from Union College in 1843, with high honors, being commencement orator and a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. During his college course he taught school in Schuylerville and Kingston, N. Y., and after graduating was principal of the academy in Canajoharie, N. Y., five years; Norwich academy, N. Y., in 1848-49; Eliot High school, Jamaica Plain, 1849 to 1855, and from 1855 through the last term of the Salem Normal school its beloved and honored principal. In 1846 he received the degree of A. M. and that of Ph. D. in 1871 from his alma mater.

He was superintendent of schools in Canajoharie, 1848-53; member of the school board, Salem, 1869-75, and since 1883; president of the Montgomery County (N. Y.) Teachers' Association in 1846, of the Norfolk County Teachers' Association in 1853-54, Massachusetts State Teachers' Association in 1854-55, American Institute of Instruction in 1858, National Teachers' Association in 1871, National Council of Education in 1887-88, Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club in 1885-87, the Y. M. C. A. of Salem, and vice-president of the Essex Institute.

He was a Republican presidential elector from Massachusetts in 1884, editor of the Massachusetts Teacher in 1852-56 and 1865-70, and author of an abstract of the proceedings of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, of numerous educational addresses and a series of mathematical text books. Dr. Hagar's recognized ability, varied and extended experience and pleasing personality made him a personal favorite with all who had the honor of his acquaintance.

How much more appreciative the drinking fountain, which lies in the square, would be if it was in use for the purpose for which it was gotten.
—There are letters in the postoffice for Mrs. S. Augustus Allen, Mr. R. N. Dunn, Mr. P. E. Davis, Mr. Theo. McKell, Miss Carrie E. McIntosh, Mrs. Chas. Porter, Mr. E. C. Cutler, Mr. H. N. Wagner, Mr. A. G. Sherman and Daniel F. Staten.

Two Lives Saved.
Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Theo. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at J. G. Kilburr's drug store, Nonantum, and Bernard Billings, Newton Upper Falls. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

He—How fearfully and wonderfully we are made! Think even of my arms, what a mystery they are.
She—Yes, but it's nice to be enveloped in mystery.—(Detroit Free Press.)

WABAN.

—Mr. E. P. Seaver was in town Tuesday.
—Mr. Robert Dresser has returned from Portland, Me.

—Mr. Chas. Flint has gone on a bicycle trip to Nashua, N. H.
—Mr. C. N. Campbell and family have returned from the beach.

—Miss Esther and Master John Saville are with Miss Cushman, Buzzards Bay.
—Mr. B. S. Cloutman left Tuesday for a three weeks business trip in the West.

—Miss Jenny Tucke of Dorchester is visiting at Mr. J. H. Robinson's, Windsor street.
—Miss Anna Smith of Brandon, N. H., is visiting at Mr. W. H. Gould's, Beacon street.

—Mr. C. B. Magee and daughter have returned from a weeks trip among the Berkshire Hills.
—A still alarm was rung in for a brush fire on the Foster land, last Friday; only the chemical responded.

—Master Norton and Richard Saville, with Rev. W. W. Williams, are fishing and gunning at Lake George.
—The young electionist, Miss Mona Welsh of Lynn, a guest of Miss Gertrude Smith, Collins road.

—Mr. G. W. Whitten, superintendent of City Farm, has gone to Mt. Ascutney, Reading, N. H., for a week's stay.
—A very peculiar and amusingly addressed letter arrived at the postoffice one day this week. See postmaster for particulars.

—How much more appreciative the drinking fountain, which lies in the square, would be if it was in use for the purpose for which it was gotten.
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. Latest United States Government Food Report.

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXIV.—NO. 46.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1896.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE St. Railway Company.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. CHANGE OF TIME.

On Saturday, August 15th, the cars of this company will connect directly with the cars of the West End Railway Co. at the Boston line, and the barge service will be discontinued.

On Saturday, August 15th, this company will establish by arrangement with the Newton & Boston St. Ry. Co., a line of its cars between Newtonville Square and its Boston terminus at the junction of the West End Railway Company.

Cars for Boston will not stop to leave passengers between Newtonville Square and Commonwealth Avenue.

Cars for Newtonville will not stop to take on passengers between Commonwealth Avenue and Newtonville Square.

Cars of the West End Railway Company will start immediately after the arrival of the cars of this company at the Boston line on and after August 15th.

TIME TABLE.

Leave Auburndale at 6.02 A. M., and every 20 minutes until 10.22, 10.52, 11.22 P. M., last car.
Leave Newtonville at 6.20 A. M., and every 20 minutes until 10.20, 10.50, 11.20, 11.50 P. M., last car.
Leave Boston line for Auburndale at 6.32 A. M., and every 20 minutes until 10.52, 11.22 P. M., last car.
Leave Boston line for Newtonville at 6.40 A. M., and every 20 minutes until 10.52, 11.22, 11.52, 12.12 P. M., last car.

First National Bank OF WEST NEWTON.

Capital \$100,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits 20,000

J. H. NICKERSON, President.
AUSTIN R. MITCHELL, Vice-President.
EDWARD P. HATCH, Cashier.

We offer our depositors every facility for the transaction of their business consistent with Safe Banking Methods.

Safety Deposit Boxes to rent, and storage for Silver and other valuables in new Fire and Burglar Proof Vaults. Special Rates for August and September.

Thomas White & Co.

Fine Boots and Shoes

Fine and Medium grades of all the different kinds of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers at POPULAR PRICES. Fine quality of Boys', Misses' and Child's goods at lowest prices.
See our Fancy Oxfords.

52 and 54 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.

STOVES

and every variety of

Household Goods

—AT—

BENT'S FURNITURE ROOMS,

64 Main St., Watertown.

Chauncy-Hall and Berkeley

SCHOOLS

Boylston, cor. Berkeley Sts., Boston.

The consolidation of Chauncy-Hall, the oldest Boston Private School, with the Berkeley School is the union of two strong forces, forming an institution of the highest order, to be known hereafter by the older name.
Thorough preparation for Colleges and Professional Schools. Full Grammar and High School courses. In all classes Special Students are received.
Opens Sept. 21. Send for '96 Catalogues. TAYLOR, DE MERITTE & HAGAR.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Miss N. L. DOHERTY,

370 1/2 Washington St., opposite Thornton, Newton, Mass.

Mr. Cutler's Preparatory School

New and Improved Quarters.

Mr. Cutler has engaged for his school rooms the whole of the southern side of the second floor in the N. E. Association's Block now building on Centre street, and to be completed by autumn. The premises will include ample wardrobe and toilet accommodations, besides spacious school-rooms with an open fireplace in each. The heating, ventilating, and sanitary arrangements have been carefully studied, and will follow the most approved methods. Although the rooms will be considerably larger than those now occupied, the limit of number of pupils will remain the same.
The sessions of the next year will begin September 14th. For admission or information apply to or address Mr. E. H. Cutler, Linder Terrace, Newton.

There are other Schools; But only One



Oldest and Most Successful in America.

56th Year Opens Sept. 1st., 1896.

Business and Book-keeping.
Shorthand and Typewriting.

Individual instruction; experienced teachers; certainty of employment; special club rates; our record of 25 years and over 30,000 pupils speaks for itself; prospectus free; visitors welcome.

Thorough, Practical, Reliable.

Comer's Commercial College,

666 Washington St., cor. Beach, Boston, Mass.

ARTISTIC WALL PAPERS.

The most complete stock of fine and medium grades of Wall Papers in Boston at the lowest prices. A specially fine line of French, English and Japanese papers, 20 per cent. lower than any other house in Boston.

THOMAS F. SWAN,

12 CORNHILL.
Next Door to Washington Street.
Telephone No. 327, Boston.

MADAME E. SCHMID,

Ladies' and Children's Hair
Dressing and Shampooing and
Human Hair Goods.

Methodist Building, Room 44,
Waltham, Mass. Take elevator.

NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington street.
—Mrs. Moses King and family are at Middlebury, Vt.

—Bicycle repairing at Hodgdon & Jones, 329 Centre street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Gay are at The Preston, Beach Bluff.

—Mr. Clifton Mason is enjoying a two weeks outing at Hull.

—Mr. and Mrs. Francis Murdock left this week for Bradford, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Sondericker left this week for New London, N. H.

—Mr. Hazlewood has returned to the Hummelwood from a trip to the West.

—The Mason Perkins and family are guests at the Anawan, Swampscott.

—Miss Stiles, bookkeeper at Hubbard's drug store, is visiting in Canton, N. H.

—Mrs. A. C. Marshman and son of Park street leave tomorrow for New Hampshire.

—The directory men have begun their canvass for the new 1897 directory of Newton.

—The Eastman \$5 Pocket Kodak 1896 model for sale at Mason's Jewelry Store, Eliot Block.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. Marshall, Chas. Marshall, and Mrs. Chas. A. Balcom are at Castine, Me.

—General Secretary Pitt F. Parker of the Y. M. C. A. has returned from a visit at Portland, Me.

—Fine French and hall clock repairing in all its branches at W. A. Hodgdon's, French building.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Stevenson and Mr. and Mrs. Neilhart are at Hotel Preston, Swampscott.

—Ex-Mayor Bothfield and family leave today for Jefferson Highlands, N. H., to remain a month.

—The 20th annual reunion of the old 19th Mass. Regt. will be held at Byfield, Mass., Aug. 28th.

—Mr. Edgar Billings has purchased a new cutter, which will be put in commission at Magnolia.

—The family of Mr. Stephen Moore of Hunnewell Hill have returned from North Woodstock, N. H.

—Waltham as usual lays claim to being the hottest place in the country, with the mercury at 98 on Tuesday.

—The Deveraux at Marblehead Neck has a large representation of Newton Club members and their families.

—The W. E. Field house on Waverley avenue has been sold to a Boston lady, who will occupy it in the fall.

—It is reported that the Strong house on Vernon street has again changed hands, and that the new owners may occupy it.

—Mr. W. H. Porter and family of Dorchester have taken the house formerly occupied by J. W. Farrington on Russell road.

—Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing. Clocks called for and delivered. All work guaranteed. Theo. L. Mason, Eliot Block.

—The house Mr. Gallond is building on Eldridge street will be completed in a few days, and he is to build another for his own occupancy on the corner of Vernon street.

—Mr. Waite, who bought L. E. P. Smith's house, on the corner of Park and Vernon streets, is to move the old house away, and put up a handsome stone structure for his own occupancy.

—A boy named Perkins was badly kicked by a horse Monday afternoon. He was leading the animal through the square to a blacksmith shop, when it suddenly reared and kicked the lad in the arm.

—The physician took three stitches in the wound.

—Mr. Bunting, the fish and provision dealer, says that 70 of the families he supplies regularly, are away for the summer. The other markets report about the same condition of things, so that some idea can be gained of the extent of the summer exodus.

—The electric cars have had all the passengers they could accommodate, the past week, and seats were hard to find, in spite of the number of people absent from the city. The crowds who come from Waltham over the procession toward Park street, where the Boston cars stop for the present.

—A horse attached to a light buggy backed through a large plate glass window in one of the stores of the new Nonantum hotel, Tuesday morning. The crash could be heard at some distance, and the occupants of the store were considerably startled. The pane of glass was an expensive one, measuring 4x6, and was over 1-4 of an inch thick.

—Work was begun this week on getting the old building on the corner of Centre and Washington street ready for removal. The store windows have been taken out, and moving will soon begin. The new location will be in the rear of Bacon's block, and the buildings will be placed out of sight, much to the improvement of that part of the square. It is the intention of Messrs. Taylor & Whitman to begin work as soon as possible on their new corner block.

—A Silver Club is being organized by a number of prominent Democrats of this place. A meeting is soon to be called and plans for organization completed. A number of prominent silverites have consented to address the club at its meetings. The number of members is not limited and Republicans who favor the silver cause are eligible to membership. The club headquarters will probably be in one of the new blocks.

—Real estate men report the beginning of a demand for houses to rent in Newton, as usual at this time of year, and it is expected that as soon as the excessive hot weather is over the demand will increase to a large extent. The number of houses to be rented is not large and some of the most desirable have already been taken. The electric cars, with their five cent fare to Boston, are expected to bring here a large number of seekers for small, modern houses.

—Work was begun yesterday on the cutting down of the National Bank grounds, for the widening of the street, and preparing for the erection of the new bank building. This is to be a handsome two story structure, with granite foundation and walls of light cream brick. It will be three cornered in shape, covering all that is left of the bank lot, and with towers at either end of the Washington street front. The National Bank will occupy the east end of the building and the Savings Bank the west, each bank to have separate entrances, directors rooms, and vaults. In the basement will be safety deposit vaults for the storage of valuables, and the upper story will contain handsome offices for rent. Henry F. Ross has been awarded the contract for the building, and the total cost will be, it is said, under \$70,000. The old building, vaults and all, is to be moved up Washington street, to the other side of Cole's block, and the moving will take about two weeks, as the moving of brick buildings, even for such a short distance, is slow work. During the

removal business will be carried on in the building as usual.

—Mr. Walter Flint has returned from Old Orchard beach.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hammett return this week from Cotuit, Mass.

—Mrs. Horace Edmonds has returned from a week at Winooski.

—Painters have begun work on the exterior of the Armory hall.

—Miss Grace Shephardson has returned from a visit at North Hams.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Leonard have returned from a visit at Cape Cod.

—Miss A. L. Marshman leaves next Monday for a vacation at Meredith, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Marsh are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barker.

—Mr. P. Y. Hossason of Carleton street left this morning for a short trip to Portland, Me.

—Mr. Shephardson of Springfield, who has been visiting relatives here, has returned to his home.

—Mrs. Alfred Ashenden and family of Hunnewell terrace leave this week for an outing in the mountains.

—Mrs. John L. Whiting and daughters have gone to Bridgton, Me., where they will spend the month of August.

—The Misses Wood and Cleveland of the free library are enjoying their annual vacations. Miss Cleveland is visiting in Maine.

—The Newton store clerks were defeated in a game of baseball by the Newton Centre boys on the playground yesterday afternoon by a score of 6 to 12.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hannes have returned from Saratoga. Mr. J. W. Farrington remained in New York for a visit at Cold Springs, on the Hudson.

—The large wooden building at the corner of Washington and Brooks street is being elevated five feet. It is to be repaired and otherwise improved.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Tillinghast of Hunnewell Hill sailed last week for Europe. They will be gone several weeks visiting Switzerland, Holland, and other places of interest.

—During the hot nights of the past week one Ward Seven man kept cool by riding in the electric trolley after midnight, and he says he covered most of the country about Boston.

—Mrs. W. H. Daggett of Hunnewell Hill having returned from a short trip to N. H., has gone to Martha's Vineyard to visit Mrs. C. C. Williams, who is spending the summer at Vineyard Haven.

—Mrs. Frank Webber of Hunnewell Hill, and her family are in Bridgton, Me., where they will stay until the first of September. Mr. Webber is spending his vacation of two weeks with them.

—Some people find a great deal of comfort this hot weather in having every trace of hair removed from their heads. In one store, which employs a large number of male clerks, all but two have closely cropped heads.

—One evening this week a sneak thief entered the residence of Mr. J. J. Sullivan on Church street. He was seen walking up stairs by a member of the family, who ordered him out. The thief did not wait for a second invitation, and fled.

—A horse attached to a light wagon, the property of Higgins & Nielsen of Newtonville, ran away on Jewett street, Wednesday afternoon. At the Church street crossing it came into collision with a signpost badly damaging the wagon.

—News is received of the death of Rev. Geo. Sampson, D. D., of New York, father of the Rev. Thomas Sampson, formerly of the Immanuel Baptist church. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Smallwood Sampson, three sons and two daughters.

—Music in Grace church Sunday night: Processional, "Onward Christian Soldiers"; Magnificat, "Angelic Hymns"; Anthem, "Evening Prayer"; Recessional, "To Thee O dear, dear Country."

Seats free.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Granville Godding of Hunnewell Hill have gone to Montreal to attend the convention of the American Pharmaceutical Association. Mrs. Godding on her return will stop with friends in Vermont, and later join a party on a trip through the White Mountains.

—Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Brackett of Hunnewell Hill will regret to learn of the very unpleasant ending of their vacation trip. While at Centre Harbor, N. H., their son Bert Brackett was taken very seriously ill. Although now out of danger he still feels ill and will not be able to return home for a month.

—Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Frisbie have returned from their annual visit to Shady Nook Farm, West Newfield, Me. Arthur S. Frisbie has been spending the past few weeks at the same delightful country home. He returns home tomorrow. Frank D. Frisbie will remain there till the middle of September. John Alden, Jr., will also return about September 1st.

—Mrs. S. L. Sanborn of Park street, who spent the winter in Southern California, left on Tuesday for a visit to Halifax and vicinity. She has recently been entertaining her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Appleton of Pasadena, and her brothers, Prof. J. C. Pickard, late of Illinois University, and Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, the literary executor and biographer of the poet Whittier, whose niece he married. Prof. Pickard left last week on a European trip.

—Edward Lynch, while driving on Washington street, yesterday afternoon, came into collision with a carriage driven by an old gentleman with a party of children. The latter carriage was badly damaged. The affair was reported to the police, and Sergt. Clay placed Lynch under arrest for drunkenness. In the police court this morning Lynch was found guilty and his case continued until September 12. He will probably settle for the expense of repairing the carriage.

—James C. In and his wife, Irish emigrants, who are travelling through the country in hopes to find employment, were booked as lodgers at Station 1, Wednesday evening. They were found on the street by Officer Conpton, to whom they applied for aid. The officer turned them over to Officer W. G. Bosworth, who is in charge of station evening, and to him they told a pitiful story. Until last year they had lived in Ireland but were evicted from their small farm for non-payment of the portion asked by the landlord. They came to America intending to start a home in the West. They met with more reverses and were robbed of all their belongings. The aged couple have as a companion a little dog, which they brought away from Ireland, and to which they are greatly attached. Cain told Officer Bosworth that he and his wife were bound for New York where they would try and earn their passage money home.

Nervous debility is a common complaint, especially among women. The best medical treatment for the disorder is a permanent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to cleanse and invigorate the blood. This being accomplished, nature will do the rest.

THE BIG DITCH.

THAT IS BEING DUG FOR THE BOSTON & ALBANY TRACKS.

Good work is being done on what is known as the Boston & Albany improvement through the Newtons, and if the entire construction is kept at the pace that has characterized it up to the present it will be finished some time in the future.

The handsome bridge that is being erected over the tracks for the new Commonwealth avenue boulevard, between Auburndale and West Newton, is rapidly growing into shape, and will be one of the first finished on the line. The two side plate girder are now in position, the abutments upon which they rest being of dressed granite. This span gives a general idea of the characteristics of those to follow.

This bridge takes the place of the old street crossing, and is possessed of an element of interest from the fact that the street grade there is considerably greater than the natural grade of the land, for the depression of the tracks about stops when they get to this point.

If having been necessary to erect temporary waiting places for passengers at Newton, Newtonville and West Newton, considerable inconvenience is experienced, as the platforms are without coverings. Especially is this the case since the present trying temperature began. Of course, the old stations are utilized until a few minutes before trains are due, but when they are from five to six minutes late, the suffering experienced from the intense heat is almost unbearable. It has been suggested that canvas coverings be stretched over the blazing platforms as a partial protection from the furnace-like rays of the sun.

It is said that the railroad company proposes the erection of temporary wooden stations at Newton and Newtonville, but at West Newton, owing to a lack of space, no such relief is possible. Here the platform will have to be covered.

The Larger Truth Involved.

(Washington Gladden in Outlook.)

The Republicans are going to try to convince the advocates of free coinage that it is folly for this nation to try to be financially independent of the other nations. It is to be hoped that in the course of their argument they will convince themselves that it is equally foolish for us to try to be commercially independent of the other nations. The great truth, one-half of which each of these opposing parties is fighting for, is simply this, that no nation liveth to itself; that neither in commerce, nor in finance, nor in any other interest of life can we wisely shut ourselves away from our fellow-men, and try to maintain ourselves separate from and hostile to theirs; that, as nations, we are members one of another, and none can prosper at the expense of the rest. This is the law of Nature, the eternal law of God, and a great part of our troubles, commercial and industrial, arise from our persistent efforts to set this law at defiance. The law does not require that one nation shall love another better than it loves itself, but that each nation in working out its commercial problems shall have due regard for the welfare of all with whom it is dealing, and shall not attempt to prosper by despoiling other nations by forcing the tolls of other lands to bear our burdens or pay our taxes. The recognition of this principle would naturally lead to an international system of coinage, in which the united nations should establish and guarantee the instrument of trade, making it equally good in every part of the world; and of course it would lead to commercial treaties in which the principle of reciprocity should lie at the foundation. To all this we shall surely come—through what crises, catastrophes, strifes and tumults I know not, but come it must, and shall, for it is the realization of the solidarity of the race.

—of the great truth that God hath "made of one every nation of men to dwell on the face of the earth." The petty provincialism of our politics will fight long and hard, but their days are numbered; the Christian church is beginning to believe in the Fatherhood of God; the swift ships and the cables under the sea are waving brotherhood; and the day will come when Mr. McKinley's theories about trade and Mr. Bryan's theories about finance will be swallowed up by the larger truth which each of them now half believes.

Death of James Simpson.

The sudden death of Mr. James Simpson, of the firm of Simpson Brothers, was a great shock to his many friends and business acquaintances, throughout New England. He was in such perfect health, apparently, that he seemed certain to live for many years yet.

He was ill only 24 hours, and died at his home on Hovey street, at 9 o'clock Tuesday evening, the cause being heart disease, aggravated by the intense heat. He was 51 years old and had lived in Newton over 20 years. His firm was engaged in the concrete paving business and had contracts all over New England, and in many other parts of the country. He had numerous acquaintances and friends by the hundreds.

Mr. Simpson was born in Sullivan, Me., May 18, 1845. He received his education there and then removed to Bangor, coming to Newton in the early seventies. He was a man of the highest reputation for honor and integrity. He was never married, but had made his home with his mother and two sisters on Hovey street, his mother dying only last winter. He leaves also two brothers, Mr. Fred Simpson of Newton and Mr. Joseph Simpson of Chicago, who has been here for some days on a visit.

He was a member of a Masonic lodge at Ellsworth, Me., and also a member of the Newton Club.

The funeral services will be held at his late residence, this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and the interment will be in his native place, Sullivan, Me., tomorrow.

Summer Visitors to Vermont.

The new comes from Vermont that both the mountain and lake resorts there are having the busiest season in the history of the state. A conservative estimate of the number of so-called summer visitors to the state from the middle of May to the present time is placed at 50,000 and there are five or six weeks more to be heard from, for Vermont continues to attract the vacationist and tourist until the first of October or later. Travel from Boston has been heavy all summer but within a fortnight it has assumed tremendous proportions and every train Vermontward has been crowded with persons seeking rest and recreation among the green-topped hills and in the smiling valleys of that picturesque state. The country up through Vermont is now at the height of its beauty and a journey thither over the "Green Mountain Route" is one of delight at this time and gives one a succession of the most charming views in all New England.

HEATED NEWTON.

SUFFERED AS WELL AS OTHER CITIES FROM THE EXTREME HEAT.

Newton wasn't the coolest place on earth this week, but there were others and some were a great deal warmer.

Stay-at-homes appreciated this but envied their fortunate friends at the mountains or seashore, who in turn were wondering, "can it be as hot as this at home?" Gen. Humidity is no respecter of persons and Newton received its share. It also furnished its quota of deaths from heat prostration. Most people spent their time in trying to keep cool. One of the most comfortable places was the electric cars and the different lines had all the passengers they could carry both afternoons and evenings.

The mercury ranged from 92 to 96, in the hottest portion of the day, and at night rarely went below 80, the nights being even more uncomfortable than the day. At the police station a record is kept at 8 a. m. and 8 p. m., and for Sunday the figures stood 82 and 86 respectively; Monday 80 and 83; Tuesday 86 and 84; Wednesday 87 and 82; Thursday opened warm at 82 in spite of the cool wave predictions, but the east wind that came up mercifully tempered the heat and the mercury did not get above 86 during the day, which would not generally be considered frigid, but was cold by comparison.

The heat was so great that the city laborers were laid off from 11 to 4, and many whose occupation is in the sun gave up work entirely.

The hottest places in the city were the new platforms along the new B. & A. tracks, which were like a blazing furnace, and Washington street, with one side denuded of trees, was a terror to all.

VICTIMS OF THE HEAT.

Since the first of August there have been 31 deaths reported, and a greater part of these may be attributed directly or indirectly to the hot weather. The cases of cholera infantum that are under doctors' treatment are almost innumerable and malaria has also many victims.

The first death by heat prostration that was officially reported was that of Catherine Ryan, a domestic employed by Mrs. David Seaton of West Newton. The girl was working in the kitchen when she was overcome, and removed to the Newton Hospital. Later she died. Relatives from Waltham took charge of the remains and the interment was in that city.

Edward Murray, employed by Contractor Dolan of Newton Lower Falls, was taken suddenly ill Wednesday, and later died. He had no relatives in this country and his remains were taken in charge by friends.

Mr. Foster Ober died suddenly in Lower Falls, Wednesday. His death was attributed to the excessive heat.

Morris Lyons was taken suddenly ill in Auburndale yesterday morning, and removed to the hospital in the police ambulance. He died yesterday afternoon.

It is estimated that over 30 horses succumbed to the awful effects of the heat within the past week.

—This was the largest number in one day. The city contractors, Stuart and Mague, and several lively stables, are reported as heavy losers. Mr. Stuart losing four in one night.

The Boston & Albany Railroad and Electric Railway Competition.

(Banker and Tradesman.)

Some months ago the Banker and Tradesman alluded to the construction of electric railways through the Newtons and suggested that the Boston & Albany railroad which had, up to that time, had little competition of this sort beyond Brookline and Brighton, would find that the lines to Newton would appreciably affect the revenues of the company. Since the opening of the Oak Square line of the West End railway, residents of Newton, especially ladies, have largely availed themselves of that method of reaching Boston, the electric line not only starting from a point nearer their homes, but taking them farther up town. It is stated that the "electrics" during the summer months have carried on an average 6000 passengers daily, and as the fare on the steam road is 8-14 cents, this means a considerable loss to the latter, even if the passengers go but one way on the electric. Then, too, the Commonwealth avenue line, which runs from the Chestnut Hill reservoir to Auburndale, is carrying more passengers than was anticipated, and as there is no increase of population as yet, along the boulevard this loss also falls on the Boston & Albany.

As an instance of the effect of the competition on the steam road, it is noticed that the express train leaving Newton at 8.28 a. m., which, before the opening of the electric line, received such an accession of passengers at Newton as to fill every available seat, now runs in with plenty of room for everybody and seats by the score to spare. The same is also true of other trains. It appears inevitable that the Albany will have to reduce its rates to Newton, and also give its Newton passengers better accommodations. In this connection it may as well be mentioned that there is much indignation among Newton people at the accommodations furnished by the company during the work of changing the grade crossings. At Newton, Newtonville and West Newton long platforms have been constructed, but there is no covering to shield the patrons of the road from the burning sun, the rain or snow. As the work of changing the grades will take probably nearly two years, the company, it is thought, ought to provide coverings for the platforms. The cost would not be great, while the comfort of the patrons of the road would be largely increased.

There is already much murmuring at the management, and unless something is done by the latter before long, it is understood steps will be taken to bring the subject to the attention of the officials of the road.

Will Connect with West End.

The Commonwealth avenue street cars will begin tomorrow connecting directly with the West End cars at the Boston line, the West End tracks having been laid from Beacon street to that point. This will give Newton Centre, Newton Highlands, West Newton and Auburndale people direct electric car service to Boston.

To accommodate Newtonville people, cars will be run down to the B. & A. tracks from Commonwealth avenue, but will make no stops between the avenue and the Newtonville terminus.

The Commonwealth avenue line has been carrying about a thousand passengers a day, during the hot weather, but the direct connection with the West End will probably

PRISONER OF CHILLON

THE REAL MAN WHO, AS BYRON PAINTED HIM IN VERSE.

His History an Interesting Romance Containing the Tragical and the Frivolous. Convivial Habits His Chief Weakness.

Every traveler who visits Geneva, Vevey or Chamouni makes a pilgrimage to the castle of Chillon, and, if familiar with Byron's poem, indulges in much sentimental obsequy over the tyranny which consigned the hero of the poem and his ill-fated brother to the gloomy fortress. Aside from the fact that Francois Bonniard was confined there for six years and the marks left by his footsteps as he paced the gloomy crypt—confirmed by his own recorded reminiscence of his four years of dungeon life—that he had such abundant leisure for promenade, that he wore in the rock pavement a little path as neatly as if it had been done with a stone hammer—the whole poem is, as Byron himself styles it, "a fable," and the two brothers, the martyred father, the anguish of the prisoner, were all the invention of the poet on a rainy day in the tavern at Auchi, when and where he wrote the story. Even the level of the dungeon below the water of the lake turns out to be a mistake, although Bonniard believed it was so. The floor of the crypt is eight feet above high water mark.

The accounts in English about Bonniard's life have been heretofore very meager, though they are voluminous in French, and Bonniard himself, after his release and return to Geneva, wrote a very full narrative of himself and his adventures, though surprisingly reticent about his prison experience.

Leonard Woolsey Bacon, who appears to have found leisure when at Geneva to study up a considerable amount of recondite erudition among the archives there, has unearthed the whole history of Bonniard and given a readable summary of it in a little volume entitled "Bonniard and Poem," in which he also uncovers the mealy side of the celebrated St. Francis de Sales, strips Garrison of much of his reputation as an antislavery pioneer and polemically discusses some interesting church history. According to his account, Bonniard, though a layman, having never taken monastic vows or holy orders, and a wild young fellow at the time, was by arrangement at home invested with the duties of his uncle, the former prior, with the spiritual and temporal authority and emoluments, of no inconsiderable amount, of the priory of St. Victor, a rich Benedictine monastery just outside the eastern gate of Geneva, surrounded with walls and moats of its own, independent of the bishop of Geneva and of the city, with a coterie of a dozen well provided monks.

Here the young prior held gay and festive court, imbibed and indulged his appetite freely, heard causes, sentenced to prison, and otherwise aped royalty and autocracy. He had come from the university with theories of republican liberty, and St. Victor became an outpost in defense of the liberties of Geneva and a rendezvous of all the young liberal leaders of that little republic. Many stories are told of his interference to prevent injustice by the Duke of Savoy and the bishop of Geneva, and his rescue of persecuted persons from their tyrannical measures, but thereby he made himself especially obnoxious to those powerful individuals, who eventually worked out his ruin. He was traitorously inveigled by two of his most trusted friends, compelled to renounce his priory in favor of one of them and turned over to the custody of the duke, who imprisoned him for two years in one of his castles, while at the same time the bishop and the duke subjugated the city of Geneva and imprisoned, tortured and hanged the citizens.

Some five years later Bonniard got possession again of his priory, but the estates had been wrested from it by the duke and his minions, and he had to depend on the bounty of the city of Geneva for something to live on, amounting to 5½ crowns monthly—hardly sufficient to enable him to keep up a state worthy of the dignity of a sovereign. He had again made himself very obnoxious to the duke by attempting to regain by force of arms some of the estates of which he had deprived the priory, and, having gone to visit his mother, who was ill at her old home at Seyssel, in Savoy, he was seized in his attempt to return by emissaries of the duke and, secreted in the duke's castle of Chillon, and for six years he was hidden from the world.

The first two years he was kept in the upper chamber of the castle and treated kindly, but at the end of this time, on the duke visiting the castle, he was remanded to the awful and somber crypt. In 1536 the army of Bern effected his release, and he was taken in triumph to Geneva, where he found a revolution, duke and bishop and all their functionaries having been expelled and the reformers having taken the place of priests and friars. St. Victor was no more, only a heap of ruins. He was allowed to select a house, given and furnished at the public expense, a pension of 200 crowns a year was set on him, and he was made a senator of the republic.

But his old convivial habits revived, and he was in continual difficulties with the officials and his wives, of whom he had in succession three, but yet devoted much time to his literary work. His greatest trouble was with the church authorities, Calvin at his head, who could not easily allow for his infirmities, and by them he was looked upon as a weakling in religious matters. He lingered until the age of 77, watched with filial gratitude by the little state whose liberty he had helped to save and whose heroic history he had recorded. The manuscript of that work was referred to a committee with Calvin at the head, who declined to have it printed, but after the lapse of many years "it has been the pride of Geneva scholars to print in elegant archaic style every page written by the prisoner of Chillon in prose or verse, on history, poetry, philosophy and theology." The cherished collection of Bonniard's books, which he bequeathed to the city, as he died childless, has grown into the library of a university, and the little walled town for whose ancient liberty he ventured such perils and suffered such imprisonments is and for the 300 years since has been one of the chief radiant centers of light and liberty for all the world—Springfield Republican.

Hitting Him With the Truth.
Mr. Boastful—I wonder how it would seem if I could have all the money I have given to charity piled on a plate before me?
Mrs. Boastful—I think you could still distinguish the plate.—Detroit Free Press.

Professor Meteorich, the Paris meteorologist, calculates that a hot, bright day in midsummer sees not less than 5,280,000,000 tons of water evaporated from the surface of the Mediterranean sea.

The lord lieutenant of Ireland receives a salary of \$100,000 per year.

RIDING UNTAMED CAMELS.

The Animals Are Experts in Making Themselves Disagreeable.

A communication from Professor Elliott of the Field museum expedition in Africa contained a humorous account of the professor's men breaking camels.

"You can imagine," it reads, "that there's a circus around here while the instruction is going on. When the untamed camels arrived, I heard a tremendous growling in front of the door, and on going out I saw one of these amiable beasts being led by his keeper, but walking along with every expression of disgust, both in his countenance and voice. The man stopped (ditto camel) and attempted to tie the beast's fore legs together, when it reared, and striking out with its fore feet landed on the keeper's stomach and head, sending him flying through space as if shot out of a cannon. The man picked himself out of a ditch with a hand on each bruised part, and the camel, which had never ceased roaring, was taken in charge by two other and more robust natives and led to the tents, or rather induced to go by energetic assistance of a very sharp iron rod applied in a most vigorous and miscellaneous manner. Similar exhibitions are being conducted daily, and we are now ready to lead the recently broken camels. Within three or four days they are said to become tractable. I formed my opinions of a camel 40 years ago when I rode across the Arabian deserts, and I see no reason to alter it in any way. The creature has so many talents and so many ways of exhibiting them. And, to begin with, it can kick harder, higher, swifter and oftener than a Virginia mule and can use all four feet at one time in a kicking match. Then it can bite worse than a vicious horse and buck in a way to make a broncho blush with absolute shame. No cowboy ever lived who can stay on that perch seven feet from the ground during a camel's exhibition of gymnastics. Then, he can run away whenever he feels like it, and he is often seized with a desire to slope. Upon an occasion of this kind his rider experiences a sensation between being blown up with dynamite or struggling against the throes of an earthquake until all his joints are dislocated, and he drops, a limp, inert mass, to the ground.

"Then, this sweet creature has a way of evincing his displeasure that is at least effective and convincing. He twists his make-like neck into a circle, and poking his ugly nose in the face of the rider opens his cavernous mouth and lets out a roar of disgust in such a fetid breath that the elevated human victim is fairly blown into the middle of the coming month, a week being too short a distance. And yet, with all these high recommendations, which some people might consider objectionable, these are the dear animals I am yearning for."

ENTERPRISING BOTANISTS.

Effects of the Great Revival of the Sixteenth Century.

In the great literary and scientific revival that took place in the sixteenth century botany made a fresh departure. The discovery of America had brought a vast number of new plants to Europe, and their study doubtless stimulated the more complete study of those of the old world. The great commercial activity of the century must also have had its influence. Ships were bringing new products from all parts, and, among these, plants were not forgotten. But from whatever source it came, the great impulse and renewed activity in the discovery and study of plants was quite remarkable. They produced a large body of students, whose labors were unrewarded, and a wonderful amount of botanical literature.

Among those students were such men as Lonicus, L'Obel, Casparinus, L'Ecluse, Mattioli, Caspar and John Bauhin, Conrad Gessner, Pona, Leonard, Fuchs, Prosper Alpinus, Dodonaeus and many others. And these men were not stay at home botanical students. They were great travelers, whose delight was to collect and examine plants in their native countries. Caspar Bauhin collected them in Germany, France and Italy with great labor and danger ("quod precipuum erat, plantas locis natalibus inspicere nullis laboribus, nullis molestiis, nullis sumptibus, nisi puer cimus"). L'Ecluse collected them in Spain, Hungary and Bohemia; Du Choul searched Mount Pilatus and John Pona Mount Baldus; Leonard Rauwolf made a long journey to the east in search of them, and Prosper Alpinus examined those of Egypt.—Quarterly Review.

The Verb "To Get."

M. Duhamel, at a meeting of the Societe Nationale des Professeurs de Français en Angleterre, related in an amusing manner his impressions of England and the English people. To illustrate the difficulty encountered by his countrymen in getting a thorough grasp of the English language M. Duhamel referred to the comprehensive use of the verb "to get," which he supposed was due to the English habit of "getting on." In the following sentences no less than nine different French verbs are used, whereas in English they can all be rendered by the verb "to get."

"Après avoir flâne toute la journée, fatigue, je rentrai chez moi, et après avoir soupe, je me mis au lit ou je ne tardai pas à m'endormir. Après une bonne nuit de repos le lendemain matin je me levai frais et dispos, mis mes habits et biont apres recus un telegramme."

"This M. Duhamel said would or could be thus expressed in English:

"Having got tired with knocking about all day I got home, got my supper, got to bed and soon got to sleep. After a good night's rest I got up refreshed, got my clothes on and shortly after breakfast got a telegram."

Is it any wonder that foreigners find the English language a perpetual puzzle?—Westminster Gazette.

Her Debut.

"Now, can any little boy tell me what the word debut means?" asked the teacher pleasantly.

There was a dead silence.
"Come, come," she continued in an encouraging tone, "let me see if I cannot help you a little. You all remember when I became your teacher?"

"Yes, ma'am," in a chorus.
"Well, the first day I presented myself before you, what was it I made?"

"Please, ma'am, I know," from Tommy Traddles.
"That's it, Tommy," said the teacher, with a pleased smile. "Tell the rest of the boys what it was I made."

"A bluff," said Tommy.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

It Was Supplied.

Uncle Tom (shaving)—Yo, C'leol! Fetch me some o' dat babby powder to smooch mah face.

Aunt Chloe (to her grandson)—Chile, jes' han yo' ole granfader dat pot o' chimbley soot.—Harlem Life.

Railways Manufacturing Anarchists.

(Springfield Republican.)

Are the western farmers anarchists? Then, according to President A. B. Stickney of the Chicago Great Western railroad, they have had reason to become so, and the railroads have been largely responsible.

President Stickney was testifying before the interstate commerce commission which is investigating alleged rate cuttings and unlawful discriminations in traffic charges among the roads running west of Chicago. He claimed that the other roads had been trying to force him into a pool and share his road's business with them, and that this investigation was brought on by them in the hope of catching him engaged in unlawful practices. The attorneys of the other roads all being present with Mr. Stickney on the stand, he turned upon them as follows:

You charge the Kansas and Nebraska farmer 15 cents to haul his grain 120 miles. You charge the grain dealer six cents to haul that same grain twice as far to Chicago. I tell you it is that kind of business that is making anarchists west of the Missouri river.

Here is the trouble: I have been acquainted with this northwest country for 35 years. In all that time there has never been a year that the corn crop was moved until after the corn was in the hands of the dealers who had the rate. Once the farmer is compelled to sell his grain, then they fellows cut the rate for the dealer. There is in Kansas this year 24,000,000 bushels of corn. Not over 25,000,000 bushels has been moved so far this year. The farmer, the small dealer, has not the rate. He is compelled to sell, and then they fellows make the rate for the purchasers, and the corn moves.

That is to say, the railroads beyond the Missouri river make to the farmer for carrying his grain to the Missouri river dealer what rate they please. They make a mileage rate four times as high as is charged the dealer for moving the grain over the competitive distances between the Missouri river and Chicago. They play in with the dealers and against the farmers, and they further freeze out small shippers from the Missouri river by making secret rates in favor of the large ones. And that is the way the railroads have been going on these many years—building up the strong at the expense of the weak, and doing more than all other causes put together probably to promote concentration of great wealth in few hands. The interstate commerce law was passed to correct such abuses, and from fighting the law openly the roads went to flouting it. Every year we are told that they are coming more and more generally to obey the law, and every year brings such disclosures as are now being made at Chicago.

Can anybody wonder at the growth of sentiment in the West in favor of government ownership of these common carrier systems whose practices under private management have been so "common" a travesty? Certainly may it be said that this populist proposition is far from being as anarchistic as that of a continuation of private management within the limits of lawlessness which have been assumed.

The Ideal Panacea.

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds and Lung Complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions or other preparations." John Biragus, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: "I have been a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery." Try this Ideal Cough Remedy now. Trial Bottles Free at J. G. Kilburn's drug store, Newton, and Bernard Billings, Newton Upper Falls.

A Hopeless Muddle.

"But," said he, continuing the argument, "why should you women have a vote? What do you know of the questions of the day?"

"If I mistake not, our knowledge of the questions of the day is not at all inferior to that of the men, sir," she replied, testily.

"Indeed," said he. "I doubt if you can name one of the issues of the day—even one."

"Is not the Venezuelan question one?" "Um—well, I'll call it one."

"We will call it one," said he; "but what do you know of the Venezuelan question, pray?"

"Know of it? Don't I know that it was due to—to that contemptible Dr. Jameson's riding across the boundary, and—"

He laughed an ironical laugh.
"Where did you ever read that?" said he.

"Why, in the 'Amazon' Era," she answered hotly.

"Humph! I was under the impression that Dr. Jameson was connected with the South African affair, but of course the men don't know," said he, sarcastically.

"No, you men think that no one ever reads a paper but yourselves. How could it have been in Africa, when Gen. Weyler took him prisoner?"

"Indeed! I—I had an idea that Gen. Weyler was connected with the affairs in Cuba," said he, sarcastically.

She gave a hysterical little laugh.
"O, you dear, stupid old man, and where is Cuba but in Venezuela?" said she with an air of triumph.

He made no reply. Things were now so hopelessly mixed that he left the scene in disgust and hastened to find relaxation in a long midday snooze.—New York World.

Feed the Nerves.

Upon pure, rich blood and you need not fear nervous prostration. Nerves are weak and Diarrhoea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages; this remedy, however, has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints.

For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Partidge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

The Vortex of Power.

[From the Indianapolis Journal.]

"What are you going to be when you are a man, Willie?" asked the man who always asks that question.

"Me? I'm going to be a policeman and stop trolley cars right in the middle of the block."

Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics of dysentery in different parts of the country in which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages; this remedy, however, has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints.

For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Partidge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

NONANTUM.

—Mr. Battles of Bridge street is visiting out of town.

—Mr. H. G. Chapman is recovering from a recent severe illness.

—Mr. Bertram Foknal has returned from a trip to Halifax, N. S.

—Mrs. A. W. Frye of Bridge street has been visiting in Skowhegan, Me.

—Roofers are at work repairing the roof of Hudson's block on Bridge street.

—Miss Florence Butterfield has returned from a vacation trip in Maine.

—A child of Mr. and Mrs. William Welden, who has been quite ill, is rapidly recovering.

—Morgan Mahoney is able to be out again having recovered from a recent severe illness.

—Mr. Joshua Holdsworth has returned from a trip through New York and Pennsylvania.

—Mr. George Hudson of Bridge street sailed Saturday for England for the benefit of his health.

—Mrs. Thomas Cuthbert of California street has been quite ill, but is now much improved in health.

—Mr. H. T. Dyson, a former resident of this place, but now of Hudson, returned from England last week and visited friends here Saturday.

—Mrs. J. E. Butler of California street and her daughter Miss Alice Butler, City Clerk Richards's assistant, left this week for a visit in New York.

—Friday evening Miss Mary Butterfield of California street and Mr. David Hall of Newton were married at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Rand of Watertown.

—The meeting of the Bethel Baptist Mission Sunday was led by Mr. David Wilson of Waltham. The mission continues to hold its meetings on the lawn of Mr. George Hudson and they are largely attended.

—Victoria Lodge, Sons of St. George, which is composed largely of members of this place, captured the silver cup awarded to the fastest runner of the New England branch of the order. Mr. Richard Harwood was the winner, making an excellent record.

—Saturday evening Sergt. Clay with Officers Burke and McAner searched the premises of Emilio Cafali on West street and found 16 bottles of lager. In the police court Monday, Cafali was found guilty of illegal liquor selling and fined \$100. He appealed.

—Work is being rapidly pushed by Contractor Stuart's men on the laying out of the northern end of Langford road. This new avenue will extend from Washington street near Adams to Pearl street and will be a boon to pedestrians who will greatly appreciate this "short cut."

—Last Friday Officer Burke found a man on Newton street whom he supposed was suffering from the effects of a sunstroke. The man was taken to police headquarters where it was found he had been given a dose of something that closely resembled "rock-out drops."

—Monday evening a party of men and women, driving in a carriage, purchased some fruit of an Italian merchant on Watertown street and refused to pay for it. The fruit merchant protested and the party drove off at a rapid gallop. The Italian followed them as far as Benis but was soon out-distanced. He reported the affair to the police.

—The police of division 2 made seizures at these kitchen barrooms in the Nonantum district, Sunday: At Anthony Gilead's establishment, 100 North Main street, known as the "hole in the wall," a quart of whiskey; after a long search in Frank Bissell's house on West street, 9 gallons of lager; in Emilio Capedelli's house on the same street, 7 quarts of lager.

—Monday evening while Mr. William Butler and a party of friends were driving in a carriage on California street a rear wheel of the vehicle came off and the occupants were thrown to the ground. The horse started, to run away but was captured by a bystander. Luckily the accident happened just as the carriage left the stable and little damage was caused.

My little boy, when two years of age, was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and luckily procured part of a bottle. I carefully read the directions and gave it accordingly. He was very low, but slowly and surely began to improve, gradually recovered, and is now stout and strong as ever. I feel sure it saved his life. I never can praise the Remedy half its worth. I am sorry every one in the world does not know how good it is as I do.—Mrs. Lina S. Hinton, Grahamsville, Marion Co., Florida. For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Partidge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

Crab-Tree Christians.

[Zion's Herald.]

Some there are, presumably on the way to heaven, and whom we shall perhaps be happy to associate with there, that we are very glad to get rid of from the earth. There is no complaint when they die. Everybody is willing, and more than willing that they should be promoted, transferred to the better land. They have a vast amount of vinegar mixed with their disposition. They conceive it to be their duty to set the faces of a dissenting saint about everything that goes on in this degenerate age. Nothing suits them in church or state. They cannot defend religion without getting into a rage. They are so sure that people's teeth are set on edge at the very sight of them. How sadly they misrepresent and dishonor the Master at the very time they claim to be about the only ones that know Him.

Whatever else the Christian lacks, sweet reasonableness and winsomeness must not be wanting. However cantankerous the natural disposition, there is provision for its change into something good to live with.

Vacation Time.

Is at hand and is gladly welcomed by all, especially those whose duties in life have caused them to greatly run down their system to meet the requirements, physical and mental, forced upon them. With these and others, it is important, whether at home, at the seashore or in the country, that some thought be given to diet, and as further assistance to Nature, a good building-up medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla had best be resorted to. If the digestion is poor, liver deranged and frequent headaches seem to be the rule, Hood's will change all this and enable everyone to return to their home and business in a refreshed state of mind and bodily health.

The Same Fate.

[From Truth.]

"I believe he had two sons: one of them was lost at sea and the other became Vice-President of the United States."

"And, of course, neither of them was heard of afterwards?"

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" asks Macbeth. "Certainly," my lord, the condition of the mind depends largely, if not solely, on the condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels, for all of which complaints Ayer's Pills are "the sovereignest thing on earth."

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Washington St., Newton.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Edmund O. Stiles late of Newton in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EDMUND E. STILES, Adm.

(Address)
Newtonville, July 31, 1896.

SPRING SONG.

The loughs are heavy with blossom;
The grass grows deep on the lawn;
Sweeter and ever sweeter
The blackbird pipes to the dawn.
The paths lie pale in the twilight,
As pale as a ringdove's breast;
The birchwood is blue and silver;
A faint rose fades in the west.
Oh, air of the April gloaming!
Oh, wind of the linnets' wing!
There is little else to be glad for,
But my heart is glad of the spring.
—Rosamund Marriott-Watson in Scribner's.

CAPTAIN JESSOP.

I was introduced to Captain Jessop one day on the polo field after I had been about a fortnight at Cairo. Netty Armstrong and I had ridden down there—Netty on a pretty little pony she had bought, and I on an excessively ill-mannered hireling.

Captain Jessop was a very tall, good-looking young fellow, with a considerable amount of swagger. He went to all the dances, and I had once had the felicity of leaving a yard of a new dress on his spur. He was the best polo player in his regiment, and distinguished himself at the last gymnastics, occasionally drove the coach, and was at present No. 1 in the favor of a Miss Cragh, the richest, prettiest and most sought after girl in Cairo. In fact, he was a personage, and I felt quite uplifted by the introduction.

"Don't come too near, please," I said anxiously as my pony made a vicious start in Captain Jessop's direction.

"What a sweet animal!" he said. "You will be here a little longer, I suppose. Mrs. Graham wants to find her carriage."

And five minutes later he returned alone. "Won't you come and have some tea?" he said. "And your friend?"

"Oh, thank you very much," said I. "But if I give this animal to a small boy to hold, I won't be answerable for the consequences."

"A boy more or less wouldn't much matter," said Captain Jessop. "Dixon, we're going over to the clubhouse for tea."

And after my pony had originated a new performance of revolving rapidly within a small space, diversified by an effort to take a short cut for home across one polo ground and an inclination to roll in the other, which was under water, we progressed very successfully.

"Jessop," shouted somebody, "aren't you going to play in this quarter?" But Captain Jessop was at present very much otherwise engaged.

"I have played three-quarters already," he said to me. "And, at any rate, it isn't likely that I am going now after having been bored to death making myself agreeable to Mrs. Graham for ages before I ventured to ask her to introduce me to you. I hope you don't think it cheek of me to say this, Miss Dalson, but the fact is I have been raising heaven and earth to get introduced to you for the last three weeks."

"That is very strange," said I. "Strange that I should wish to know you?"

"Oh, no. It was only what you said of three weeks that surprised me, as I only got here a fortnight ago."

"There are one or two things I could say in answer to that," he returned, not in the least abashed. "But here we are. Wal-lad, come here. What on earth is the opposite of 'Moush quies'? Hush badia moush quies. Don't let it near other humans, do you see?"

But having dismounted, my steed, with a wicked squeal, dashed on, and Netty's dragging the little boy with it, and we had to secure a larger individual before we departed.

Our small tea party was a great success. Even Captain Dixon became quite jovial. Afterward Captain Jessop insisted on their being allowed to escort us home, impressing Captain Dixon, who was most unwilling, into the service. We went the long way, as my new friend was certain that my brute would be the better for some extra exercise, and as we left Ghazirah we were passed by Miss Cragh and another girl riding home from polo unscathed. I thought she looked a little surprised, but Captain Jessop was not in the least perturbed and took off his hat with an engaging smile.

He was no laggard, this young man, and we got on with a bewildering rapidity. By the time we reached the Continental he had asked leave to call; had offered me a mount for any or every day; had tried to get me to promise him at least three dances that evening, and had implied that I was the only oasis in the desert of Cairo society.

"I dare say you think I am a fool," he said tenderly about the time we passed the Meina stables, "but I can always tell a glance whether a person will be sympathetic to me or not. Of course I can't hope that you feel the same, but you won't refuse to be friends, will you? One doesn't make so many real friends in this world."

Here he sighed heavily, and we reached the Continental.

There was not much time to dress for dinner, with a view to the dance afterward, for Cairo dances are nothing if they are not early, and the continental ones began at about half past 9. Consequently Netty and I had not time to exchange a word alone till we went up to bed.

"Well," she said impressively, seating herself on my bed and surveying me, "I hope you have enjoyed your evening more than Miss Cragh did here. Did Captain Jessop ask her to dance at all?"

I smiled serenely and suggested that Netty might unlace my dress if she was doing nothing. I cannot say that Miss Cragh weighed at all heavily on my conscience. She took to herself airs and would have nothing to say to girls.

"He told me he liked Miss Cragh very well. But she never was a great friend of his," I said mildly.

"He's the greatest liar and the most changeable young man in Cairo, and that's saying a good deal," returned Netty severely.

"My dear Netty, haven't you enjoyed your evenings? The chief failing I can accuse him of is an undue propensity to sentiment."

"Oh, yes, he always makes love. But I believe it's for want of anything else to say, and because he hasn't an idea in his head," said Netty, continuing to deprecate my conquest in the unkind manner.

"Has he told you that you are sympathetic yet, or that he felt as if you understood him, and as if he could say anything to you?"

"Well, something of the kind," I acknowledged, beginning to laugh.

"Has he told you about his love for a girl called Edith and confided to you that you were the only person he had been able to speak of it to? No, not yet? Never mind, it will come in good time."

"Was he by chance ever a friend of yours?" I ventured to suggest.

"Never mind," said Netty, collecting her fan and gloves and preparing to beat a

dignified retreat. "I only warn you of one thing—if you let that young man monopolize you, you will wake up some fine morning to find yourself plumed."

She left me a great deal too sleepy to meditate upon Captain Jessop's delinquencies.

Next day was Sunday, and Captain Jessop came to church in the morning and walked home with us, looking very smart and handsome in his uniform. Miss Cragh walked back alone on the other side of the road.

"That's the first sign," said Netty when he had said good-by to us in the hall. "He always walks home with them from church. He'll come to tea this afternoon and take us to the evening service."

And he did.

Next day we rode together, and after that began a time in which Captain Jessop was my shadow. We rode together nearly every afternoon and danced together nearly every evening. He attended any function to which I went, making it clear to me only for that reason. He fulfilled Netty's prophecy by confiding to me about his first love and about many other things.

As time went on he began to drop into the hotel in the mornings, and if we didn't happen to be going out any evening he was sure to find an excuse for coming over.

Captain Jessop was one of the smartest men in Cairo, and I was pleased and flattered, if at times a little bored, for, though good to look upon, he most undoubtedly was not brilliant.

Netty was prodigal in her warnings, and perhaps I should have been inclined to heed them had she been a little less suspiciously bitter and had I been less well aware of her manner of conducting herself where mankind was concerned.

Once I hinted to Captain Jessop that I had heard he was not a model of fidelity, and he was very much hurt.

"I may not be much of a fellow," he said, "but at least I may flatter myself that I never give up a friend."

And he promptly guessed who had said this thing of him, which, despite Netty's free permission, I had not intended to disclose.

By a few words he gave me to understand that there was a Reason, with a capital R, for her bitterness.

About this time his feelings had become very easily injured. He was hurt if I didn't give him as many dances as he expected, hurt if I suggested that he might talk to somebody else for a change, hurt at my insisting on a right to speak to other men when he was present and very frequently hurt at my not discovering that he was hurt. He remained in dignified and mournful seclusion for three days because I danced twice running with Mr. Kelly and said I liked it, but when he found that, instead of being ready to apologize, I was very angry he gave in completely, and it was after this reconciliation that the pace grew quite too hot to last, as Netty said, and that I became for the first time slightly alarmed.

One day a lady in the hotel we knew a little asked Netty and me to ride out to a moonlight dinner party at the pyramids, bringing our own escort, and as a matter of course, Captain Jessop was mine.

We left the hotel at about 6 on a delicious evening—a party of a dozen, all in excellent spirits.

The first part of our ride we spent in an animated discussion as to the advisability of Captain Jessop's ceasing to glue himself to my side when we reached the pyramids and the latter part in an argument as to the rights and duties of Platonic friendship, including the advisability of hand-kissing, which I refused to consider necessary.

I maneuvered not to sit next my Platonic friend at dinner, in consequence of which he sulked, but afterward, when a moonlight expedition to the sphinx was organized, he came up to me most amiably.

"I am going to walk up with Miss Ogilvy," he said. "I consider you, as you know, the greatest friend I have in the world, so, of course, I want to do as you wish."

"If you selected Mrs. Ogilvy, I might be more touched with your self-sacrifice," I said, laughing. "Your act of renunciation will be a little softened by the fact that Rose Ogilvy is the prettiest girl here tonight."

Indeed he bore the infliction so well that not only did he walk up to the pyramids with Miss Ogilvy, but also rode down on a donkey beside her.

"Am I not virtuous?" he said as he passed me with a smile on the balcony and proceeded to mount Miss Ogilvy while I began to be a little surprised.

I was still more when he and she rode calmly away together, leaving me to the rather cross attentions of a little man in the artillery who wore her proper escort. We rode the whole eight miles together, he and I, and bored each other to extinction.

"I told you so," said Netty when we parted for the night.

"What utter rubbish you do talk!" I said snappishly. "I particularly asked him to be civil to Miss Ogilvy."

"Well, all I can say is he has been uncommonly obedient," returned Netty.

There had been a ride half arranged for next day, but Captain Jessop did not turn up, and our next meeting was in the evening at a private dance.

He was talking to Miss Ogilvy when we came into the room, and Netty gave me a significant glance, in return for which I could cheerfully have shaken her. He looked across at us, smiled and bowed, but made no movement.

The first dance began, and my programme was by no means full.

Captain Jessop passed me as I sat among the wallflowers with Miss Ogilvy on his arm.

"You mustn't begin by being lazy, Miss Dalson," he said. "Why aren't you dancing?"

I thought of Miss Cragh, of the introductions I had declined, and the men I had not thought good enough to dance with. I felt capable of arising and insisting that somebody should dance with me and welcomed the arrival of a young and callow subaltern with an effusion which must have surprised him, as also my granting him two waltzes without demur.

I would have been happy to give him all the rest rather than leave Captain Jessop an opening for another such remark.

A lancer came third on the programme, and in the visiting figure Captain Jessop and his partner came to us.

"It is too late to ask for a dance now, I suppose, Miss Dalson," said he chivalrously.

I nodded, with three vacant places in my programme staring me in the face.

"I am awfully sorry I hadn't a chance of asking you before," he said, "but I did hope that you would keep a dance or two for a friend."

And then he and his partner went back to their place, and I exchanged not another word with him that evening.

The next day, being Sunday, he walked home from church with Miss Ogilvy. —M. Hamilton in Chapman's Magazine.

THE POWER OF MACHINERY.

A Big Ship Has the Equivalent of 117,000 Men at Work.

Speaking of prime movers before the Association for the Advancement of Science at London several years ago, Sir Frederick Bramwell drew up an interesting picture of the puny thing that muscular power, whether animal or human, really was, when compared with the vast efforts exerted nowadays by machinery. Contrasting a galley, for example—a vessel propelled by oars—with a modern Atlantic liner, and assuming that prime movers were nonexistent and that this vessel was to be propelled after galley fashion, he proceeded thus: Take the length of the vessel as 600 feet, and assume that place could be found for as many as 400 oarsmen on each side, each oar worked by three men, or 2,400 men, and allow that six men under these conditions could develop work equal to one horsepower. We should then have 400 horsepower. Double the number of men and we should have 800 horsepower, with 4,800 men at work, and at least the same number in reserve if the journey is to be carried on continuously. Contrast the puny result thus obtained with 19,500 horsepower given forth by a large prime mover of the present day, such a power requiring, on the above mode of calculation, 117,000 men at work and 117,000 in reserve, and these to be carried in a vessel less than 600 feet in length. Even if it were possible to carry this number of men in such a vessel, by no conceivable means could their power be utilized so as to impart to it a speed of 20 knots an hour.

This illustrates how a prime mover may not only be a mere substitute for muscular work, but may afford the means of attaining an end that could not by any possibility be attained by muscular exertion, no matter what money was expended or what galley slave suffering was inflicted. Take again the case of a railway locomotive, in which we have from 400 to 600 horsepower developed in an implement which, even including its tender, does not occupy an area of more than 50 square yards, and that can draw up at 60 miles an hour.

Here again the prime mover succeeds in doing that which no expenditure of money or of life could enable us to obtain from muscular effort.—Cassier's Magazine.

LABOR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It Is Dear Because White Men Demand Black Helpers For All Work.

The English carpenter has a "boy" to carry his tools for him; the English bricklayer has a native helper to hand the bricks to him, which he proceeds to set. Work requiring skill is very often done by whites, because they do it much better, but white labor leans on and uses black labor. So on the railways the station masters and guards are white, but the heavy jobs which need little skill fall to the blacks; so fieldhands and those who actually herd cattle are natives, though there are usually whites over them in a position of authority.

In all new countries skilled labor is dear, but in South Africa it is exceptionally dear, because the skilled white man insists on having blacks beneath him, and black labor, though it is cheap if measured by the price paid for it, is really dear if measured by what it accomplishes, for it is unskilled and uneducated, and native, except in a few of the older parts of the country, not yet having acquired that habit of steady and patient industry which makes labor effective. It is, of course, in the newest districts, where the natives are still raw and scarcely removed from a savage state, that this uncertainty is most felt.

In the goldfields of the Transvaal and Mashonaland the supply of native workpeople often falls short, although at Johannesburg a native can earn £3 a month besides his food and such lodging as he needs. The development of the mines is, of course, to some extent retarded by this difficulty of obtaining a permanent supply of labor.—James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

Fancy Watering Pots.

One might think that watering pots were made simply of tin, iron and zinc, and so they are—most of them—but there are also watering pots made of china and of the blue ware of delft. There are produced in France watering pots of silver, in silver half pints to quarts, which are made all in one piece, including handles, spout and sprinkler, and in white and other colors and decorated, which sell at \$4 to \$20 each. A number of such sprinklers were imported awhile ago, but the demand for them was not sufficient to warrant continued importation.

The delft watering pots are made in sizes of pints and quarts and sell at about \$6.50 and \$7.50. In the delft pots the outer half of the spout and the sprinkler attached are of metal, silver plated. A few delft watering pots are sold, but the call for them is extremely limited.

There is now imported a china watering pot of about a quart in size, made in white china and decorated in colors and with gilt, which sells as low as \$2.50. Of these a larger number have been sold.

Such watering pots may be used in a conservatory, but they are as often used to hold cut flowers.—New York Sun.

Tall Buildings.

The craze for tall buildings that has recently shown itself in such a marked fashion in some of our large cities brings with it a new menace to health. The ventilating pipes of buildings of ordinary height discharge their contents into the air just in front of windows of these sky scrapers. A number of cases of fever have been traced directly to this cause. In view of this fact, it will be necessary to connect these escape pipes with other pipes that reach the top of the taller buildings in their vicinity. Under the circumstances the height of the building is a serious menace to health, and those who go up many feet above the street for the sake of getting good air to breathe are in great danger of finding worse ills than the atmosphere of the common level.—New York Ledger.

Clothes Baskets.

Clothes baskets used in a laundry do not as a rule receive sufficient attention and therefore are the cause of stains on the line. When the week's washing is completed, all baskets should be well scrubbed, rinsed and placed in the air to dry. From long use many clothes baskets are stained at the bottom and consequently are covered with a piece of paper, a cloth, etc. Instead of either of these a piece of white olecloth or mackintosh sheet is preferable, for it contains nothing that can stain the clothes and can be wiped dry after using.

Same Old Bob.

"Do you believe that we can telegraph to the spirit land?"

"Yes, indeed. I had a dispatch from Bob Badger yesterday."

"How did you know it was from Bob?"

"I had to pay the charges."—Detroit Free Press.



When a baby comes to the house real happiness comes. Worry and work and care and anxiety come for nothing against the smoothly dainty, clinging touch of the little hands and the voice. The highest function given to human beings is bringing healthy, happy children into the world. Nothing equals that—nothing compensates for the loss of it. The woman who has not borne a child has never come to the real fullness of womanhood. Over thirty years ago the needs of women appealed to Dr. Pierce, now chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. The result of his study improved by thirty years of practice is embodied in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It serves but one purpose. It strengthens, purifies and makes healthy the organs distinctly feminine. It gives weak women the strength and health necessary for the production of healthy children and it makes the bearing of those children easy. It is sure to cure any weakness or dysfunction peculiar to women; stops pain, soothes inflammation, strengthens, purifies, invigorates. Thousands of homes have been made happy by its use. Thousands of letters like this one from Mrs. W. P. Cain, of Clinton, Allegheny Co., Pa., who writes: "I was afflicted with all sorts of female trouble. I tried three doctors, and seven kinds of patent medicine, and found no relief. My husband said 'try Dr. Pierce's medicine.' I told him I might as well throw my money in the fire as to try anything more. I had lost all hope. I had not taken more than half a bottle, when I could eat and sleep well. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and several vials of his 'Pelle's.' One year after I gave birth to a fine baby girl. I got along so much better than when my other child was born. Three of my friends are taking your medicines, and are improving."

Mrs. W. P. Cain.

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

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NOTICES

of all local entertainments, to which admission
fee is charged, must be paid for at regular rates.
25 cents per line, in the reading matter, or \$1
per inch in advertising columns.

THE CONGRESSIONAL FIGHT.

There are certain evidences that the con-
test for the nomination in this district is
warming up, and that a genuine effort will
be made in behalf of Mayor Cobb. Here-
tofore, Senator Sprague has had it all his
own way, and as he has the command of
several millions, and is a popular fellow
besides, he has generally been looked upon
as sure to be the successful candidate. He
has already secured a good lead over
Representative Powers of Hyde Park, but
whether the contest between them gives a
chance for a third candidate remains to be
seen.

Senator Sprague has many friends in
Newton, among the local politicians, but it
is now asserted that these have decided to
come out for Mayor Cobb and work sin-
cerely for his nomination. Whether they
have delayed too long or not, is a question,
and it is also a question whether it will
be possible to get the united vote of Newton.

This city has an unfortunate habit of
dividing up when there is any chance for
Newton men, and the memories of old
contests still linger in the minds of the
people. There have been so many leaders
in every ward, all with different ideas,
and the south side of the city has not for-
gotten that the leaders of the Cobb move-
ment have refused to unite with them on
several occasions, and they may decide
that this is a good time for squaring up
accounts.

Besides, the south side has a candidate of
its own in Hon. J. R. Leeson, and they
may think that the city ought to unite upon
him, on account of his special fitness for
the position.

The campaign will be watched with a
good deal of interest by Newton people, to
see what is done by the friends of the
different candidates, and many would give
something to discover just how much
Senator Sprague is alarmed by the break in
this part of the district.

Newton has heretofore had very little
influence at the conventions, and the rest
of the district has been inclined to laugh at
its divisions over candidates, and go ahead
and carry out their own plans without any
regard to Newton's claims, in spite of the
fact that this city is a very important part
of the district, especially on election day.

Perhaps the new Republican Club may
furnish an excuse for its existence by tak-
ing a hand in the matter, deciding upon
what candidate shall be presented as the
choice of Newton, and compelling its mem-
bers to take by such a decision. That has
been the hope of some who desired such a
club here, that it would be strong and in-
fluential enough to decide all such matters
for the best interests of the city, and as
Newton has such a strong Republican ma-
jority, that is about the only thing that
such a club can do to benefit the city. But
the voters here are very independent, and
it is doubtful whether they could be
brought under the proper discipline by any
kind of a club.

MR. HANNA has gone to Chicago and
says the workmen of the East told
him they wanted Protection made the
issue. Mr. Hanna's conferences with the
"workmen" in New York was a con-
spicuous feature of his visit and a more
foolish campaign manager was never in
charge of a campaign. When the populists
are talking about the Republican party as
controlled solely by millionaires and mono-
polists, Mr. Hanna goes about the coun-
try conferring in the most open manner
with the representatives of trusts and com-
binations of millions of capital, and ap-
pointing them on his committees, and
presumably "frying the fat" out of them.
The effect of all this on the common people
is not favorable, as it gives some ground
for all the absurd charges of the populists.
Mr. McKinley ought to call a halt in this mil-
lionsaire monopoly of the campaign, before
the people become impressed with the be-
lief that the populist charges are true.
The common people are even more inter-
ested in a sound currency than the rich,
and Mr. McKinley ought to place himself
right before the people as the candidate of
the masses and not solely as the candidate
of organized wealth. Mr. Hanna's ideas
of politics are evidently those of a busi-
ness man simply, whose only idea is of
bargain and sale, but he should be told
that there is such a thing as offending the
sentiment of the country. More Mc-
Kinley and less Hanna would prove of
great advantage to the cause of sound
money.

THE recent "hot spell" is unprecedented
in this country, not for the heat, but for its
continuance. We have had days before
when the mercury rose high in the nineties,
but not so many of them, one after the
other, without any cool days intervening.
The many hot days and hot nights have
proved terribly destructive to both man
and beast in the large cities, and it has not

been without fatal effects here in Newton.
The nights have been even worse than the
days, as the light breeze that was oc-
casionally felt during the day entirely died
out at night, and the stay-at-homes had to
endure it the best they could. They had
the consolation, such as it was, of knowing
that the conditions were not much better
at most of the shore resorts, where a bath
in the ocean was the only means of getting
cool. The weather prophets say it will
probably be a hundred years before all the
conditions will combine again to produce
such a hot spell, and all will devoutly hope
that this prediction will prove true. Bad
as it has been in Newton, the daily papers,
with their long list of deaths and heat
prostrations, show that it has been many
times worse in Boston and other large
cities. Its effects will be seen here later,
also, in a greatly increased death rate for
the month.

AN article in another column from the
Banker & Tradesman calls attention to the
loss to the Boston & Albany from the ex-
tension of the West End line to Newton,
and speaks of the great number of empty
seats on the popular trains. One reason is
of course the number of people that are
away on their vacation, but there is no
question that the electric take away a
large number of Newton passengers.
With single fares at 13 cents, most people
prefer to spend a little more time and ride
for five cents. The electric is also much
more comfortable in hot weather, and the
heated platforms, where passengers now
have to wait for the trains, are an abomi-
nation. Evidently the Boston & Albany will
have to do something to meet this competi-
tion, or it will lose a large portion of its
traffic.

CONGRESSMAN APSLEY of the 4th dis-
trict has caused general surprise by his
announcement that he is not a candidate
for renomination, owing to his business,
which has suffered from neglect. There
will be a great scramble for the place, and
among the candidates are Col. Clarke of
Wellesley, secretary of the Home Market
Club, who will find it difficult to win, as
Wellesley is not much of a power in the 4th
district; Charles Q. Tirrel of Natick, Geo.
W. Weymouth of Fitchburg, George J.
Burns of Ayer, ex-Mayor Milton of Wal-
tham and a number of others are all said
to be in the field, and the contest promises
to be quite an exciting one.

NEWTON has been warm, the past week,
but with houses surrounded by green
lawns and shade trees, it has been bearable
compared with the condition in Boston,
where the huge blocks retain the heat of
the day to give it out at night. The days
in Newton have been fairly comfortable, if
one could keep in the shade, as there has
always been a light breeze, and the glare
of the sun is shut out by shade trees. It is
in such weather that our shady streets are
appreciated.

THE Grant Monument Association an-
nounce that the date for the dedication has
finally been agreed upon, and that it will
be April 27th, next, Gen. Grant's birthday.
They say they will make it one of the
greatest events in American history, and
judging from the time it has taken to com-
plete the monument, they have had plenty
of opportunity to arrange for a big affair.

MALDEN'S tax-rate this year is \$16,
an increase of 20 cents, owing to a new \$100-
000 High school, and several grammar
school buildings. Its real estate has only
increased a little over \$900,000, probably
because of its poor roads, and its habit of
making them impassable by flooding them
with water.

SENATOR REED of Saxonville is again in
the field for a renomination. He has al-
ready had two terms, and people in this
part of the district are asking why he
should be again honored, especially as they
think the office really belongs this year to
Representative Harwood of Newton Centre.

COL. E. C. BENTON of Belmont has re-
signed as a member of the Republican
state committee, as he is a candidate for
councillor from the 3rd district. Col.
Benton evidently believes that the man
should seek the office in these days, but he
will have a good deal of opposition.

WALTHAM has been all stirred up this
week by the stories of three men, who
claimed that they were branded with a red-
hot iron, while being initiated into a local
lodges. Perhaps the lions had been care-
lessly left out in the sun.

THERE was some talk of calling the
board of aldermen together, this week,
but not enough members could be found in
the city to make a quorum. Sensible men,
perhaps they have found a cooler place.

THE lawyers are now having the pic-
nics of the rubber trust, and are likely to
make a good thing out of it before they get
through. In this way the rubber trust
serves a useful purpose.

THAT story about the heat in Australia
being so great that the birds roasted on
the trees, has not seemed so improbable the
past week.

WALTHAM has a tax rate this year of
\$16.00, an increase of sixty cents. The
valuation shows a little over half a million
increase.

Lt. R. B. Edes.

The Boston Herald has appointed Lt.
Edes the marshal of the ladies' division of
its Bicycle parade, and gives him the follow-
ing complimentary notice:

Lieut. Robert Ball Edes, marshal of the
ladies' division, is one of those fellows to
whom is attributed the greatest of good
fortune, for no matter what he puts his
hands to, a success is assured. He is a
genial, good fellow, warm friend, and as
one of his fellows of the militia says, "he
is as good a fellow as he is a marksman,
and I have seen him plunk 11 dead centres
out of a possible 12 with the revolver."

Lieut. Edes is the inspector of rifle
practice of the 5th regiment of infantry,
M. V. M., and a resident of Newton. He
was born in Charlestown, Oct. 3, 1856. He
received his first military education in the
Bigelow school, Newton, and the English
high school, Newton. In 1871 he joined
company C, 1st regiment, Clavin Guard.
He served with his company at the Boston
fire in 1872, and remained in service until
the latter part of 1875, when he went West,
where, after some thrilling experiences as
a ranchman, cowboy, etc., he entered the
service of the United States, doing mili-
tary duty on the plains. He was engaged

in several skirmishes with the Indians
then infesting the Black Hills country.
He was there wounded in the leg by a
rifle ball, and had a close call by having a
bullet shot through the rim of his sombrero.

The Indian troubles over, he returned to
his home in Newton, stopping en route in
Philadelphia, where he joined the 2d regi-
ment, Pennsylvania National Guard, at the
time called out to quell the labor riots.

Upon reaching home he rejoined his old
company as a sergeant. The company was
soon after transferred to the 4th regiment.
He was elected 2d Lieutenant of Company
F, Waltham, in 1883, and was detailed as
acting inspector of rifle practice. In 1884
he was commissioned 1st lieutenant, and
Aug. 16, 1886, upon the passage of the bill
establishing the office of inspector of rifle
practice, he was appointed by Col. Ran-
croft to that position on his staff. He is
now the senior inspector of rifle practice
in the service.

He is a noted rifle shot, and has partici-
pated in all the important matches held in
the state. He was a member of the team
of Company C, 1st regiment, which won
the Providence Tool cup in 1875, and a
member of the Massachusetts state team
which won the Hittin trophy and the
"Soldier's Marathon" in 1887, '88 and
'89, in Creedmore, N. Y. In 1889 he went
to England as a shooting member of the
team from the M. V. M., which defeated
the rifle teams of the mother country in
every match that was shot.

He has the long service medal from the
state, the distinguished marksman, sharp-
shooter's and first class revolver decora-
tions, and numerous medals and trophies,
won in rifle competition.

Richard M. Saltonstall Mentioned.

[Boston Letter to Springfield Republican.]

They are not at all decided upon a can-
didate for governor. Secretary John C.
Lane tells me to-day that after the letter of
Mr. Gargan's physician saying that he
could not run, they did nothing about
a candidate until their meeting day before
yesterday, when it was brought up again.
But nothing has been accomplished. To
an outside view it does not look as if John
B. Moran would be the strongest candidate
the gold men could nominate, for he has a
reputation in Boston only, and that is as a
kicker against the regular democracy.
Holders of mortgages are likely to com-
mand the support of a great many of the party
who might otherwise be led to vote for a
third candidate. There is absolutely no
truth in saying that Gen. Francis A. Wal-
ker may be the candidate, for his position in
favor of silver, even by international agree-
ment, prevents his name from being a good
one to conjure with this year. Charles
F. Adams, of Quincy, is a man who
would probably command many votes. A
man is needed with an approach to the
ability and endurance of Williams in pub-
lic speaking, and it may be difficult to find
him. Robert M. Burnett might run well,
or Richard M. Saltonstall, or
Sigourney Butler. John E. Russell would
be as good as any if he would only take the
stand against the Chicago platform and
not insist on stopping at the half-
way house of withdrawal from politics
this year. They might do worse than to
take Bentley W. Warren. In any event a
moderate man will keep the state in
line for the gold standard.

Colored Odd Fellows to Parade.

The grand demonstration of the Grand
United Order of Odd Fellows, in honor of
the Grand District Lodge of Massachu-
setts, will be held in West Newton, Wed-
nesday, September 9th. It will be under
the auspices of Newton Lodge, 3204, and
will be attended by all the lodges, councils
and patriarchs of the state.

Tuesday afternoon a business meeting of
the District Grand Lodge will be held.
District Grand Master George A. Busby of
Worcester will preside.

At 1 p. m., Wednesday, all the lodges
will assemble in front of Odd Fellows' Hall
on Washington street, and at 2 o'clock
will move over a route through West New-
ton which will be decided upon later.
Chief Marshal Stephen F. Jasper will have
his headquarters in Odd Fellows' Hall.

The parade will be followed by a banquet
and reception in Odd Fellows' Hall when
the lodges will be addressed by Hon.
Andrew B. Lathrop, ex-Grand Director
of the O. O. F. of America, and Mayor
Henry E. Cobb, who will also review the
parade with members of the city govern-
ment.

The following gentlemen comprise the com-
mittee of arrangements: J. H. Henry,
Meekins, P. N. F. chairman; John G. Mc-
Craw, secretary; E. A. Lomax, P. N. F.,
Joshua Hatton, P. N. F., Edward J.
Smith, William E. Lomax, John Bland,
P. N. F., James A. Wilson, P. N. F.,
Burl Lomax, P. N. F., John Doby,
George Hayward, N. G.

Not Possible.

[From Puck.]

Haverly—I see there is a movement on
foot in England to change American his-
tories in their schools.

Anxious Novels—She tried that a hun-
dred years ago.

"I'll never ask another woman to marry
me as long as I live."

"No; accepted?"—[Philadelphia North
American.]

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills,
Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache.
A pleasant laxative. All Druggists.

MARRIED.

HALL—BUTTERFIELD—At Newton, Aug. 7,
by Rev. Edward A. Rand, David Hall of
Waltham and Mary Butterfield of Newton.

UPHAM—PADDOCK—At West Newton, Aug.
10, by Rev. A. L. Bennett, Frank Walton
Upham and Elizabeth Francis Paddock.

MURPHY—DALY—At Newton Centre, Aug. 11,
by Rev. D. J. Wholey, James McCourt and
Nora Daly.

DIED.

SIMPSON—In Newton, Aug. 11, suddenly of
heart failure, James Simpson, 51 yrs., 3 mos.,
Prayer at his late residence, 18 Hovey street,
Newton, Friday, Aug. 14, at 5 p. m. Burial at
Sullivan, Mass., Saturday, Aug. 15.

KEEFE—In Newton, Aug. 11, John E., son of
John and Elizabeth Keefe, 17 yrs.

RYAN—At Newton Hospital, Aug. 11, Catherine
Ryan, aged 25 yrs.

TRAVELLE—At Newton, Aug. 11, Beatrice,
daughter of Fred and Exilia Travelle, aged 11
mos., 1 day.

MURRAY—At Newton Lower Falls, Aug. 12,
Edward Murray, aged 28 years.

CONNORS—At Newton, Aug. 9, Mary E.,
daughter of Thomas and Mary Connors, aged
2 mos., 3 days.

STEVENSON—At West Newton, Aug. 9, Henry
Charles, son of Charles and Lottie Stevenson,
aged 1 mos.

LEHAM—At Newton, Aug. 10, Mary E.
Leham, aged 18 yrs., 1 mo., 10 days.

How the Old Intellectual Giant Treated a

Hardworking Student.

A correspondent who was a fellow stu-
dent of the professor's in 1865 tells a story
of the late John Stuart Blackie which well
illustrates the way in which this famous
teacher, who could sometimes be very se-
vere, could also be cordial when he came
in contact with serious students.

The correspondent was preparing for his
degree in classics and was spending a lit-
tle time at Braemar. He had gone up to
the Lion's Face and was lying beside a
path reading the third book of Virgil's
"Æneid" aloud. Suddenly he felt the
touch of a stick on his shoulder, and, turn-
ing about, saw a tall, lean man, with a
shepherd's plaid thrown loosely around
his shoulders, by his side.

"You're reading Virgil, lad," said the
man.

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you translate this," he
continued, and in a wonderful way he
rolled off a dozen lines of the poet, chosen
at random.

The young man did his best to render it
into English and then parsed and scanned
the lines in a faulty way, he thought. But
the strange man was pleased to commend
the student's effort.

Then the two walked together down to
Castleton, the stranger talking eloquently
and most instructively of the writings of
the Greeks and Romans. When their ways
parted, the man said:

"I suppose you don't know who I am?"

"No, sir," the student answered.

"Well, I am Professor Blackie of Edin-
burgh. I dare say you have heard of me?"

"Oh, very often indeed."

"Aye, aye," said the professor slowly and
thoughtfully. "And I dare say you've heard
that many folk think I'm a wee bit crack-
ed," tapping his forehead with his finger.

"But never forget, lad, that, as Tam
Chalmers once said, a crack often lets in
the light."

How to Live to Great Age.

The latest fad in England is to insure
longevity through the use of a special diet.
The promise is held out to those who im-
plicitly follow out the prescribed regimen
that they may attain to the age of 110
years. This, among the most melancholy
people of the globe, and to whom one
would fancy that life were the less worth
living, has aroused considerable enthusi-
asm. Cooks and kitchens are to be abol-
ished; meat, bread and vegetables are for-
bidden. Existence is to be maintained ex-
clusively upon nuts and bananas. If we
compare this with the dietary system of
Dickens, which represents that of his pe-
riod, his comparatively early decease will
excite no surprise. According to English
standards, he was an accomplished gastro-
nome. Beefsteak pudding was his ideal—
a horrible concoction, only fit for a crude
debauched palate. His highest conception
of a dinner was a baked leg of mutton, with
the bone removed and the cavity filled
with a stuffing of oysters and veal. This
was accompanied with gin punch, in the
making of which Dickens took especial
pride. It was made as follows: A brass
kettle of water was heated over a spirit
lamp. When the water came to a boil, it
was poured into a jug, with a bottle of old
gin, lumps of sugar and chips of lemon
peel. The mouth of the jug was then closed
with a napkin and the mixture allowed to
brew for a certain number of minutes.—
Exchange.

Shotgun Cane.

The shotgun cane has the appearance of
a smooth stout cane with a buckhorn han-
dle. The cane, however, is but a rattan
shell covering a 41 caliber steel tube—the
shotgun. The gun has a metal stopper at
the muzzle, held in place by a spring. The
stopper looks like the ferrule of the cane.
Under the handle there is a button which
serves as a trigger. It is a breechloader,
the hammer pulling back from the body of
the cane, and it has an automatic shell
ejector. The shotgun cane is carried by
taxidermists and others who wish to have
the means of shooting upon occasions, but
who do not wish to carry about an ordi-
nary shotgun. In the course of a year a
considerable number of shotgun canes are
sold. They cost \$10.—New York Sun.

At the Camping Party.

[From Judge.]

The crank—"This is the last time I'll ever
camp out!"

The enthusiast—"Well, you shouldn't
camp unless you can enjoy yourself
without being comfortable."

"What sort of a crowd is this I am to
address tonight?" asked the orator, anx-
iously. "Is it inclined to religion, or some-
what sporty?"

"Darn if I can say," said the member of
the reception committee.

"I wish you would find out. I would
like to know whether to use the expression
'a new dispensation' or 'a new deal.'"



RE-OPENS SEPT. 1st, 1896.

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is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are
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Concrete Walks and Driveways, Asphalt Floors,
ARTIFICIAL STONE WALKS.
We have been awarded the sidewalk contract for the City of
Newton for 1896, and are ready to receive orders or give estimates for
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BUSINESS NOTICES

RATES—50 cents first insertion for not
exceeding 5 lines, and 25 cents each time
thereafter, in advance.

Wants.
WANTED—To rent a room in the vicinity of
Newton Corner. Terms moderate. 15

For Sale.
FOR SALE—Crop of 1896. Choice loose hay
for horses and cows. Clean, bright and
sweet. \$25 and \$15 per ton, delivered in loads
of one to two tons, as ordered. Private Sale
a Specialty. We take particular pains in curing
hay, and patrons can be sure that they will
receive the best in quality, which is also the
cheapest. Respectfully, Coolidge Bros., South
Sudbury, Mass. 16

FOR SALE—Houses in Newton Centre and
Centre. Newton Highlands. W. Thorpe, Newton
Centre. 17

FOR SALE—Two-horse wagon, nearly new,
with harness, for sale cheap. Apply to
quire of C. W. Bunting, Centre Place, Newton.
42 tf

HORSES FOR SALE—If you want a nice,
stylish carriage or coupe horse, six years
old, well broken and all right, apply to C. A.
Miner, City Hall, West Newton. 23-tf

FOR SALE—High bred pony, with harness,
cart and runners for same, also saddle and
bridle. To be seen at Webster street, West
Newton. Nathaniel T. Allen. 28 tf

FOR SALE OR TO LET—At Newtonville,
near Depot and P. O., etc., a nearly new
house of 11 rooms, laundry, etc.; all modern
conveniences; in good order. Just vacated.
Will be rented to a good tenant on reasonable
terms. Apply to J. B. Turner. 29

TO LET—Tenement in Newtonville, rent \$8.00
per month. D. F. O'Sullivan, Cabot street.
41 tf

TO RENT—Two first-class furnished houses
in Newton Centre for any length of time;
and five unfurnished. W. Thorpe,

NEWTONVILLE.

—Pianos rented and tuned, Farley, Newton.

—Mr. J. Q. Bird is at the farm in Stow this week.

—Mrs. Hyde of Eddy street returned this week from Old Orchard.

—Mrs. E. P. Hatch has returned from a stay on the north shore.

—Mrs. Rollins was home from Nantucket for a few days this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Curtis are registered at Hotel Humarock.

—Mr. Morton Cobb's house on Lowell street is rapidly progressing.

—Miss Edith McMahon of Otis street has returned from North Hampton.

—Mrs. Alfred Pierce of Clyde street is at North Scituate for a few weeks.

—Miss Lulu Moulton has returned from a visit to her home at Rye Beach.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Sullivan are enjoying a short rest at Bradford, N. H.

—Miss M. E. Bachelder is enjoying a two weeks vacation in New Jersey.

—Mrs. Lindsay and family of Appleton street left this week for Cottage City.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth of Foster street are at Lake Sunapee for two weeks.

—Mr. W. F. Kimball and family are at Deer Park Hotel, North Woodstock, N. H.

—The regular meeting of the Knights of Pythias will be held next Monday evening.

—Mr. George W. Morse and family are at the Stag and Hounds, West Campton, N. H.

—Mr. B. T. Wells and family of Otis street are passing a few weeks at Franconia.

—The regular meeting of Mt. Ida Council, Royal Arcanum, was held Monday evening.

—Miss Lou Lane and Miss Annie Withrow are enjoying a two weeks vacation at Billerica.

—Mr. L. L. Hamilton and family of Clyde street are at the mountains for a short stay.

—Miss Alice Adams of Ellsworth, Me., has accepted a position with Mr. D. B. Needham.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Carter of Walker street returned Monday from North Woodstock, N. H.

—The Newtonville Cab Co. have moved into their new office on the north side of the new tracks.

—Mr. Arthur W. Carter and family of Walker street returned this week from a summer outing.

—Mr. G. H. Loomis, who has passed the last month at Walpole, N. H., is expected home tomorrow.

—Mr. J. B. Newell of Walker street returned this week from a vacation passed at Kennebunkport.

—Mme. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson returned this week from a week's stay at the White Mountains.

—Miss Payne and Miss Mary Payne of Otis street are enjoying a two weeks stay at Old Orchard Beach.

—Mr. A. F. Cooke and family have returned from the mountains and are at the Pemberton, Hull, for the summer.

—The announcement that Sandy Pond would be the destination of the Cycle Club, Sunday, was a mistake as the date of that run has not been given.

—The laborers on the Masonic temple foundation were obliged to stop work Monday afternoon on account of the heat and could not return until Wednesday.

—The Rev. John A. Hayes of Salem will preach at the New Jerusalem church, Highland avenue, next Sunday morning. Subject, "The Living Waters." This church is free to all.

—Miss E. Addie Brooks returns this week from her vacation spent at that most charming place "The Nook" at Wheeler's Point, Gloucester, on the banks of the beautiful Annisquam river.

—There are letters in the postoffice for Miss Lillian Hazebrook, Mrs. Thomas Leavy, Christy McMillan, Mrs. R. L. McLean, Thomas Morris, Mrs. M. Shannon, Harry Stead and Harry L. Wilson.

—The meeting of Newton Council, L. A. B. A., was postponed Monday evening for want of a quorum. It seems probable that such a fact should be true as this order meets the same evening as the Royal Arcanum.

—While Harry Smith of Oak square, Brighton, was riding his bicycle through the square Tuesday morning, he collided with a tree, was thrown from his wheel and sustained severe bruises. He was removed to his home.

—Among those who returned this week from various summer resorts were Mr. G. W. Washburn and family of Court street, Mr. A. M. Gardner of Walnut street, Mr. C. H. Woodard of Newtonville avenue and Mrs. Rumery.

—The building committee of the Newton Masonic fraternity is busy preparing plans for the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner-stone of the new Masonic temple on Walnut street. It is expected that the ceremony will take place during the first week in September.

—The old high school building at Newtonville was offered for sale at public auction Tuesday. No bidders appeared. The buildings must be removed at once to make room for the \$175,000 addition to the brick portion of the present high school building, and it is probable that they will be torn down by the city.

—Contracts for the large additions to the recently purchased Dennison Manufacturing Company's plant at South Framingham were awarded Monday to Henry F. Brown of this place, at a figure approximating \$60,000. This includes only brick and carpentering work. Work will be begun at once. The entire job, now much more extensive, will bring the total cost of the improvements to \$150,000.

—Mrs. Fanny P. L. Leavitt, widow of Oliver B. Leavitt, died at her residence on Washington Park, Monday evening, after a long illness. She leaves four children, Mrs. Frederic A. Barrett, Mrs. Harry W. Brigham of Watertown, Miss Anna B. and Fred B. Leavitt. The funeral services were held at her late residence at 1 p. m. yesterday, Rev. J. C. Jaynes of West Newton officiating. Music was furnished by the Central church quartet, and there was a large attendance of friends. Burial was in the Newton cemetery.

—Rev. Dr. Gumsalus formerly of Newton but now pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational church of Chicago, and president of the Armour Institute of Technology in that city, has recently arrived in Brooklyn, after visiting and studying the states of Kentucky, Kansas, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Tennessee, Illinois and Nebraska. He said, "I firmly believe that if we were to have an election tomorrow, Bryan would stand an excellent chance to win. He must not be laughed at in the East. He will visit you here, and by the force of his mental and oratorical power, will make many converts. The men who are in favor of free silver must not be set down as wild-eyed and bewhiskered. There are many among them of great brains and intelligence."

Wild Hops.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"Above all," said the throat specialist, "the lady must talk as little as possible."

"Doc," eagerly asked Mrs. Greyhair's husband, "is there any hope of it becoming chronic?"

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Rev. L. J. O'Toole returned Saturday from a trip abroad.

—Mr. Gorham Spaulding is passing a few weeks at Hyannis.

—Mr. Charles Richardson is making a short stay at Plymouth.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher and Miss Davis are at Jaffrey, N. H.

—Miss Mabel Dolan of Davis street has returned from Wrentham.

—Mrs. W. A. Clark of Eddy street is the guest of relatives in Brockton.

—Miss Nettleton of Chestnut street is stopping a few days at Plymouth.

—Mrs. George H. Hutchinson returned from a two weeks trip to the shore.

—Mr. George F. Works and family are enjoying a short stay in Connecticut.

—A. L. of H. held their regular meeting Tuesday evening at Metcalf's studio.

—The Misses Wells of Webster park have returned from their summer trip.

—Mrs. Dr. Bishop of Crafts street returned this week from a trip to Europe.

—Mr. Walter F. Dolan of Davis street returned from a week's stay at Nantucket.

—Miss Alice Walton reached home Tuesday after a year's travel in Europe.

—John Eliot Lodge, A. O. U. W., held their regular meeting Wednesday evening.

—Mr. Thompson and family of Waltham street returned this week from New York.

—Mr. E. R. Blanchard and family of Chestnut street are in Maine for a short stay.

—Mr. T. Henry Ramsdell and family of Eddy street will pass a week at Lanesville.

—Miss Alice Morton is the guest of Mr. Harry Hornblower and family at Plymouth.

—Mrs. C. P. Hall returned this week from Duxbury where she passed several weeks.

—Mrs. M. V. Lake and daughter of Detroit are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lander.

—Miss Maud Bruce of Watertown street has returned from a three weeks stay at Bath, Me.

—Dr. E. L. Jordan and family of Webster street are enjoying a short stay at Winthrop.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hobart returned Monday from a week's stay at Sanders, N. H.

—Mrs. W. F. Lawrence of Otis street left this week for a trip to her daughter's home in England.

—Mrs. Silsby and daughter of Bath, Me., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bruce of Watertown street.

—Mr. Widden of River street was taken to the Boston Hospital, Wednesday, suffering from a severe case of sunstroke.

—The United Order of the Golden Cross will hold their regular meeting, Thursday evening, Aug. 20, in Knights of Honor Hall.

—Miss Galpin, superintendent of the sewing department of Hampton Normal school, is the guest of Miss Hobbs of Temple street.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wellington of Washington street returned this week from Sharon Springs, N. Y., where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. William Mehean suffered from a severe sunstroke, Wednesday morning, while working in a greenhouse. He was taken to his home.

—Boylston Lodge of Odd Ladies will hold a lawn party at Mrs. W. A. Clark's, Eddy street, from 4 to 10 a. m., Aug. 24th. If stormy postponed to next pleasant night.

—Mrs. C. Beals and Miss Harriet Whittier, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Burgess of Eden avenue, have returned to their home in California.

—Among those who left this week for various summer resorts were Mrs. Fleming and family, Mr. F. D. Childs and family, Mr. E. B. Wilson and family, Dr. Holmes and Mr. J. E. Lockett.

—Mrs. Clara Watts, daughter of Samuel Wells, a former resident of this place, died Tuesday at her home in Hebron, N. H. Funeral services will be held at Newton cemetery, Friday afternoon.

—Miss Anne E. Wheeler has sold the large estate at the corner of Prince and Sewall streets, to a Miss Whitney. It comprises a large frame dwelling house and almost 15,000 square feet of land.

—On Monday evening, Aug. 17, at the Newton Veterans Firemen's Association Hall, the presentation exercises of the handsome banner, a gift of the association from the ladies of the city, will take place.

—The police received word Tuesday night that Thomas O'Brien of O. U. W. held their regular meeting in Knights of Honor Hall, Wednesday evening. Eighteen applications were received and will be initiated Aug. 20th. The lodge is in a prosperous condition and growing rapidly. Some of the new members are first-class workers.

—There are letters in the postoffice for Miss Eleanor Appleton, Mrs. Lydia Phelps, Mrs. Charles L. Clark, Miss O. Carter, Mr. David Cronin, Mrs. Ella M. Catlin, Miss Maggie Cherry, Miss Nellie Costello, F. W. Dutton, Mr. Lucie S. DeLaney, Mrs. Maria Edwards, Mrs. A. C. Frazier, Owen Glynn, Miss Katherine Gould, Mrs. of Mrs. Morse, Chas. Holman, Clifford E. Hamilton, Mrs. Harris, Miss Nellie Harris, John Maguire, Mrs. Catherine O'Hagan and Mrs. Otava Tyler.

—Katherine Ryan, 30, employed by David Seaton of Margin street, while working about the house, Tuesday afternoon, was overcome by the heat. A physician was summoned, but before he arrived she was dead. Medical examiner Meade of Watertown viewed the remains and decided that death was due to heart disease, aggravated by the excessive heat. Miss Ryan has been employed in the Seaton family for several years. As far as is known, she has no friends here.

—J. Foster Ober of this place and a prominent Boston architect, died suddenly, Wednesday morning, at his residence, 32 Elm street. He had arisen as usual, but while eating his breakfast suddenly fell back dead in his chair. His death was caused from heart failure. The deceased was a native of Beverly, Mass., where he lived in his boyhood. He was 50 years of age. He was a graduate of Brown University, visited Europe after completing his studies and remained a year observing the architecture of the old world. He had been in business in Boston for nearly 35 years. He leaves three children.

—The funeral of Stephen F. Cate was held at the family residence on Highland street, Sunday afternoon. Delegations represented Newton Lodge, I. O. O. F., Garden City Council, Legion of Honor, and the Newton Veterans Firemen's Association. Rev. Julian C. Jaynes conducted the service and the Old Fellows' quartet of Waltham sang. The pallbearers were Wilbur A. Paine, Frank E. Hunter, Horace E. Moody and George H. Baker. The casket was completely hidden under a

mass of floral tributes. The services in the Newton cemetery were conducted according to the Old Fellows' ritual.

—Miss M. C. Porter of Chestnut street is summering at Camden, Me.

—Boylston Lodge, No. 20, held their regular meeting, Tuesday afternoon. For the good of the order Mrs. M. B. Hamblin gave an account of her trip to Buffalo which she has just taken. Lemonade and cake were served. Mrs. Ross, Colligan and Mrs. Masters are the committee for the next meeting.

AUBURNDALE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Mr. Bert Bailey is visiting in Maine.

—Mr. John Corliss has been ill this week.

—Mrs. B. F. Dean has returned from Onset Bay.

—Mr. W. F. Hadlock will soon occupy his new store.

—Mr. A. Wesley Wright left Monday for Newport, R. I.

—Mrs. Tourjee and Mr. Arthur Tourjee are at Saratoga.

—Miss Sarah Estabrook is visiting friends at Rutland.

—Mr. James Walton of Weston left for England last Saturday.

—Mrs. A. J. Drake of Riverside has returned from New York.

—Miss Susan Bourne of Auburn street has gone to Cottage City.

—The iron work on Rowe street bridge was erected last Sunday.

—Mr. E. L. Pickard, Jr., is spending the week at Westboro, Mass.

—Mrs. Phillips and daughter are in Boylston for a few weeks.

—Mr. Everett Palmer has been visiting at Riverside the past week.

—Mrs. Mary E. Butler expects to leave this week for Cottage City.

—Mr. Walter Davis and two daughters have returned from Europe.

—Mr. Joseph Huestis has been quite ill the past week with malaria.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Thomas are at Cottage City for two weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hadlock are in Portland, Me., for a few days.

—Mr. Clifford O'Brien has gone to Calais, Me., for a two weeks vacation.

—Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Haskell are spending August at Rangeley Lakes.

—Mr. and Mrs. Almy of Woodbine street have gone to Woodstock, N. H.

—Mr. Gordon Wetherbee is expected back from his vacation this week.

—Mr. T. F. Melody of Auburn street has gone to Ireland on a business trip.

—Mr. C. S. Ober and family are spending the month of August at Winthrop.

—Mr. U. G. Gray of Charles street has returned from Horse Island Harbor.

—Miss Harriet Hunt of Woodbine street has gone to Worcester for a few weeks.

—Mr. J. D. Lamond and family are expected home from Plymouth this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Drake of Auburn street leave this week for Cottage City.

—Mrs. E. W. Keyes and two children have returned from Horse Island Harbor.

—Miss Emily Woodward and Miss Bertha Bailey are visiting friends in Maine.

—Mr. Frank Hoyt and brother have left on a bicycle trip to New Hampshire to visit friends.

—Francis Blake, inventor of the Blake telephone transmitter, and one of the directors of the Bell Company, is lying ill of appendicitis at his beautiful home in Weston, across the Charles from Riverside. Tuesday evening the veriform appendix was removed by Dr. Samuel J. Yoder, a well known surgeon, assisted by Dr. F. D. Donoghue of Massachusetts avenue. The operation was successful, and the condition of the patient this morning was reported to be satisfactory.

—Rev. Dr. Sperry of Olivet College preached in the Congregational church. During this month of August no service is held in the Methodist church, so some from that society attended the service. The oppressive weather, two vigorous sermons were given. In the morning the subject was, "For the Father seeketh such to worship Him," and in the afternoon, "The Christian religion was shown to be different from all others in that our God, as a loving Father, sought after the love of all His children. Man was instinctively a worshipper, but worshipped false gods through fear, sought to propitiate them with no thought that they were seeking to win his affectionate homage. Revelation teaches that God seeks first, seeks always, and that He is true with each one of His children which will ensure happiness here and hereafter. In the evening the text was the work of Jesus of Nazareth. "Ye have heard that it was said in old time, 'But I say unto you'—showing how Christ claimed an authority beyond all who had taught before Him, and that He was the Son of God, prophets and teachers. His claim reached to the obedience of the life, the affection of the heart, even to giving Him the first place there, above parent or child. Who would the author of our being had a right to claim such authority?"

—The sudden death from heart failure of Walter F. Crafts, formerly a resident of this place, is felt as a great loss by many friends here, as well as by those among whom he has recently been living. He was president of the Commercial National Bank of Columbus, Ohio, and left his home in Columbus on Saturday, Aug. 1, apparently in good health, to transact business in Pittsburgh, Pa. He telegraphed to his wife, after reaching that city, that his business would keep him there until Monday morning. He was a reporter, coming to the house for items was the first to announce his death to Mrs. Crafts. The children were all absent from home, one daughter being in Paris and one in Cleveland and the only son in Troy, N. Y. The son and daughter in this country were telegraphed to meet their mother in Pittsburgh and from there the body of Mr. Crafts was taken to our Newton cemetery, where his parents were buried. Mr. Crafts studied mining engineering in Germany and has been largely interested in the iron business. He was considered one of the best iron experts in the country. He had been manager of the Crafts Iron Company, president of the Columbus &ocking Coal Iron Company and was at the time of his death, one of the directors in the Shelby Iron Works in Alabama. As a business man he had the while skill and tact, and a decided talent for his activity in the work of the church and his generous and unostentatious charities. It was evident to those who found him dead that there had been no suffering. He lay just as he fell asleep, spared all physical pain or the sorrow of parting from loved ones, he slept to wake in the perfect day.

Wellesley Hills Tournament.

The Wellesley Hills Lawn Tennis Association will hold its second annual open tournament in gentlemen's singles, Monday, Aug. 24. First, round-up, and consolation prizes will be awarded, the winner of the tournament to have the right to challenge W. K. Shaw, the present holder of the Wellesley Hills bowl. The entrance fee of \$1 should be sent to George A. Cabot, Wellesley Hills, on or before Aug. 22.

An Open Letter to Charles F. Avery.

Newtonville, Aug. 3, '96.

Charles F. Avery, Esq.

Dear Sir:—The undersigned members of the Newtonville Good Government Committee, at a meeting held this day, by vote, beg to express their hearty appreciation of your valued assistance in expressing, before the Newton school committee, of which you are an honored member representing Ward Two, the desires of your constituents of said ward in respect to the Adams school controversy.

Permit us to say that from the first your action pertaining to this subject in the sub-committee of Ward Two and your efforts to obtain proper and courteous recognition of the publicly expressed desires of the parents of children of Ward Two, receives our warmest approval. We fully recognize that so far as the school board of the city of Newton is concerned you have stood in a hopeless minority. But sir, considering the matter as viewed by your constituents and the school board together, the vote of approval of your course stands 257 to 13. We feel that you have truly represented the interests of the citizens of Ward Two upon the school board and have endeavored so far as lay in your power, to secure a proper and equitable adjustment of the Adams school controversy.

It is needless to recite the facts in this case, for all know them. The citizens of Ward Two have determined that they will not relax their efforts to secure for their children the use of the new Adams school house provided for the children of the district. We are unanimously determined that all grades of the children of Ward Two shall attend school sessions in the new Adams building. The old school is, confessedly, by the experts who examined the building on behalf of the school board, in an unfit condition for permanent school purposes. The city council have refused to appropriate the funds necessary to put said building in proper condition. The State Inspector of Police has, within his functions, a few weeks since, substantially condemned the building and its further use for school purposes can only be in open violation of the Statutes of the Commonwealth, unless suitably repaired.

We appeal to you to continue in your efforts for the children of Ward Two, the constituents of Ward Two, the right and the privilege of public school tuition in the new Adams school building. We honor you for your many course and hearty appreciation thereof we beg to subscribe ourselves.

Respectfully yours,

J. E. BAKER,
T. ABBEY BYRNE,
CHAS. D. CABOT,
HENRY M. SOULE,
ALBERT E. LEACH,
S. W. TRIPP,
JOHN R. PRESCOTT,
WM. F. DEARBORN.

If You Will Use a Little Reasoning

and not be influenced by the claim that catarrh is a blood disease, you can easily prove that catarrh is climatic. Have you not the severest catarrhal attacks during winter and spring, and have you but little evidence of catarrh during the summer? Yes. Well, this proves it is a climatic disorder, inflaming the membrane of the nasal passages. It is a waste of time and money to invest in blood remedies. The proper treatment is a local application, and the most prompt to cure is that popular remedy, Ely's Cream Balm.

Our New One-Dollar Silver Certificates.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

It is good to know that the new one-dollar silver certificates have other qualities that make them interesting besides the title they give their holder to the possession of a silver dollar. Critics who have scrutinized them report that they spell "tranquillity" with one "l," and that Columbia appears upon them with her right arm around a young man, and her left arm extended, while she points with her left-hand index finger to the Constitution. This attitude, the critics think, represents her as left-handed. Perhaps so, but that hardly matters. The independence of the United States is a fact, and it seems fairly questionable in these times whether a woman who has a man in whom she has confidence is not justified in holding on to him with her strongest arm, and in thinking her left hand quite good enough to point with. Moreover, there are those too who think one "l" enough for such tranquillity as we enjoy at present; and on the whole there is likely to be considerable backing for the sentiment that the new dollar bill is a timely effort with properties which its designers could hardly have foreseen.

Sent it to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Esbensen, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co., at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism. I have used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by A. J. Green, Newton Highlands, N. Y.; Upper Falls; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

We know lots of good fellows, if they would only stop telling jokes.—Atchison Globe.

Liver Pills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly.

Best after dinner pills.

25 cents. All druggists.

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Stephen F. Cate late of Newton in said County, deceased.

Whereas, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Fred H. Williams, Alice C. H. Jenkins, Walter S. Hayward and Nathan Hayward who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of September A. D. 1896, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton Graphic a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

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S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Miner Robinson,
Electrical Engineer,
12 Pearl St., Room 27, Boston. Residence, West Newton.
ELECTRIC LIGHT High grade electrical work of every description.
Boston, **3311.—TELEPHONES—W. Newton, *234.

SANFORD E. THOMPSON,
(Member Boston Society of Civil Engineers. Associate Member American Society of Civil Engineers.)
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
Newton Highlands.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 61 HARTFORD ST.
Surveys and plans made, estates laid out, estimates and specifications drawn up and construction work superintended. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

The Newtonville Trust Company
Newtonville, Mass.

Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$20,000.

JOHN W. WEEKS, President.
ARTHUR F. LUKE, Vice-President.
SAMUEL FARQUHAR, Vice-President.
AMOS C. JUDKINS, Vice-President.
SAMUEL W. FRENCH, Treasurer.

This Company does a general banking business, and all checks on it are received and cleared through the Boston Clearing House. It receives deposits subject to check, allowing interest on balances. It loans money on Real Estate as well as on all kinds of bankable paper and other good and recognized securities. It is a legal depository for trust funds, accepts trusts created by will or otherwise, assumes the care of property and collects income. It acts as trustee under mortgages and deeds of trust from corporations or individuals to secure issues of bonds and in paying the same and the coupons thereof; also as the transfer agent of capital stock of corporations. Under the Statutes of Massachusetts it is created a legal depository for trust funds from executors, administrators, assignees, guardians and trustees in all capacities. The capital stock of the Company, as well as the liability of the stockholders under the statutes, stand as indemnity to all trusts assumed. The Massachusetts National Bank, 50 State St., Boston, and the National Bank of North America, corner Franklin and Devonshire Sts., Boston, will receive deposits and pay checks for those wishing to do business with this Company.

Our Summer Serges,

Cool and comfortable, are just in their prime, likewise our SCOTCH PLAIDS in pleasing textures. Leave your order now; you will need them shortly.

C. B. Somers, TAILOR,
149A Tremont St., cor. West St., Boston.

FURCHILL AND BEAN
Tailors
503 Washington Street, BOSTON.
FINE DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

WHAT IS X-ODE INHALER?
X-ODE is a product of electricity. It forms on asbestos while being electrically treated in a solution. This asbestos is put up in a glass vial. When the cork of the vial is removed and the air comes in contact with the asbestos, it emits from the inhaler a soothing gaseous substance, which will penetrate any part of the body. When inhaled through the nose or mouth it penetrates every nook and cranny of the mucous surfaces, kills the germs that cause the disease, and gives the tissues a healthy condition, thus effecting a permanent cure. It is unlike snuff, drugs or medicine. X-ode penetrates parts that it would be impossible for drugs or medicines to reach.

Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, Coughs, Headache, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc., yield to its influence with marvelous rapidity. This inhaler lasts from one to three years. Trial size inhaler, 15 cts.; large size inhaler, \$1.00. All druggists or by mail.

Send it to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Esbensen, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co., at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism. I have used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by A. J. Green, Newton Highlands, N. Y.; Upper Falls; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

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S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

THE ORIENT INN, Swampscott, Mass.

(Formerly the Willis.) Rooms vacated recently. Reduction to families. Land for tenting reasonable.

West Newton English and Classical School, For both sexes.—Established in 1853.

ALLEN BROTHERS, 1 West Newton, Mass. Circular sent on application.

Boston Branch Reference and Employment Bureau, Room 25, Methodist Building, Waltham, Mass.



We have made special and exclusive arrangements with the author for a series of new and charming fairy stories. For some time they will be one of our special features.

TOMMY JONES, THE FROG HUNTER.

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

[Copyright, 1896, by Walter B. Guild, Boston.] Tommy Jones was one of those boys who liked to throw stones at any harmless little bird, turtle, frog or other helpless creature which could not throw anything back at him.

He was always picking upon and annoying all of the smaller boys and girls, and was a regular little tyrant whenever he saw any chance to bother any one smaller and weaker than himself.

One day Tommy said to me, "Come on, Walt; come with me and kill a lot of frogs."

Now, ever since I had gotten acquainted with the fairies I had known that Felinus, the flying cat, was ready to tell of any cruel act, so that unless I behaved well there would be no more rides through the air on his back and no more visits to the fairies.

You see, the fairies are especially kind hearted, but when it comes to punishing



"Get a rock, Pat," said Tommy.

a cruel boy or man who kills innocent birds or frogs "just for fun" they sometimes give them a scare that will last for a lifetime.

Now, Felinus had heard Tommy's invitation, and he looked at me in such a queer sort of way that I immediately said, "No; and don't you go either, Tom."

Tommy called me a little "goody goody" tied to his mother's apron string, Sunday school, white haired, darling baby boy" and ran away just too quickly for me to catch him and teach him better manners.

As soon as Tommy was out of sight Felinus said: "Now, I am just glad you didn't catch him. You ought to be above fighting because a foolish fellow calls you names. It wouldn't have proved anything to your credit if you had caught him and given him a solid pounding. You just leave Tommy's case to my treatment, and I'll show him one of our fairy frogs from Frog River, Fairyland. Say nothing, but be ready to get up early tomorrow morning, before sunrise."

Now, we sold milk, and in warm weather we used to put the night's milk in a big can and set it in a spring to keep cool until morning. Father had said that lately the milk had seemed to be thin and watery looking, and that he thought the cows needed more corn stalks and a few beets and small potatoes to eat, so as to make their milk richer, and that we had better turn them into the north pasture.

I knew Tommy Jones and thought that perhaps if he should go to visit his aunt up in New Hampshire our milk might be richer, but father said, "Oh, no; it can't be that he would steal the milk and pour water into the can to fill it up." I didn't want to think so either, but all the same I knew where Nellie Smith's lead pencils had gone, and I had my own opinion of Thomas Jones, Esq.

The next morning, just about half an hour before sunrise, Felinus jumped up on my bed and brushed his velvet paw across my face to wake me. "Jump up," he said, "and be quick about it if you want to see some fun." I put on my clothes and ran out after Felinus.

We were just nicely settled behind the little clump of bushes by the spring when along came Tommy with a two quart can in his hand. Pat Brady was with him, and Pat was Tommy's regular chum.

Pat said to Tommy: "What's that alongside of the can there? Sure it's the biggest frog ever I saw," said Patsy.

Tommy looked, and sure as you live there was a fairy frog half as large as himself. "Get a rock, Pat," said Tommy, "and we will kill him." They each picked up a stone as large as their fist, ran toward the frog and threw them with all their might.

The frog was sitting in as round shouldered and sleepy looking a posture as I ever saw a lazy boy take, and as his back was turned toward the boys they, of course, thought that they would kill the largest frog that ever lived.

You see, they were not acquainted with fairy frogs and did not know that the uncles and cousins of this frog were, many of them, as large as a man.

They didn't know, either, that this honest, sleepy looking frog was watching them through a mirror which he had placed in the water for their special benefit.

Felinus and I saw the whole perform-

ance, and what did Mr. Fairy Frog do but stand on his hind legs and catch the stones, one in each hand, just as easily as the best catcher in the Boston baseball club would catch a ball. Well, you may think all you wish to think, but Pat and Tom didn't stop to think, but ran for all they were worth. They dropped the two quart can, and their hats blew off their heads, but fast as they ran the frog ran faster, and what was still worse, out came two more frogs, each with a can in his hand. They jumped leapfrog fashion upon the shoulders of Tommy and Pat and put the cans over the boys' heads. Then they began to drum upon the bottoms of their fairy milk cans in such a lively way that Tommy and Pat were frightened half out of their wits.

First the frogs would pound and drum on the bottom of the cans; then they would scratch with some gravel stones, as if they were trying to cut a hole through to get at the boys.

The third frog just stood on his hind legs, opened his mouth and croaked; then he laughed a most unthinkable kind of laugh; then he would croak a regular frog croak, only so loud that it seemed as if all the frogs Tommy and Patsy had ever killed had joined in one awful croak.

Felinus then ran out and gave the greatest growl you ever heard. Tommy could bear no more, so he just dropped down on his knees, and Patsy began to stagger and tremble.

How they both begged when the frog spoke and told them to keep still and never to tell a living soul about their adventure!

"Now go back and get your hats and the can," said the frogs, "and if either of you ever comes here again to steal milk, or if you ever kill another frog, you will see us again."

The boys promised as much as you could wish, and the frog who had caught the stones which they threw at him now came up and took each boy by the hand and said, "Shake hands on it to never break your promise."

The boys each shook hands with all three of the frogs, and then with each other, and made a great ceremony, as the frogs directed.

Then the frogs took the fairy milk cans off from the boys' heads, and the boys got their hats and the milk can which they had brought and started to go home as sheepishly as ever I saw any two boys in my life.

The first frog then stepped up and told them that they would have to eat the stones that they threw at him, and offered each boy the one he had thrown. This scared them again, and they both said: "We can't eat a rock, sir. Please, won't you forgive us without it, sir. We thought that you was only a frog, sir."

The frog then puffed himself up to about twice his usual size, and looked very dignified as he said:

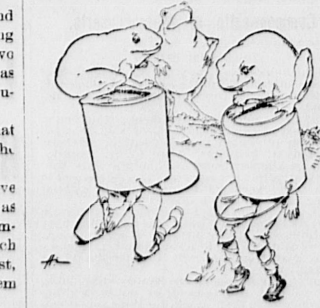
"Well, if you really are telling the truth, you can eat what I give you."

The boys reached out their hands, and somehow the frog passed them each a big, juicy orange instead of the stone. He saw them eat the oranges before he let them get away.

On finding such kindness, both Tommy and Patsy were completely surprised. They said that it was too good to expect that a frog which they had tried to kill should give them the best oranges they ever tasted.

Felinus smiled, and as soon as they were out of hearing I fairly roared with laughter. But I have never before told any one about it, not even father, so you are the very first one to hear of Tommy's reform. For Tommy was reformed.

The teacher noticed at school that Tommy and Patsy behaved better. There were not so many pencils lost as there



Then they began to drum upon the bottoms of their fairy milk cans, used to be. There was no more coaxing of us boys to go frog hunting, and father said he noticed a great improvement in the milk since the cows had been turned into the north pasture.

It is always risky at any time to be with people who do not behave themselves, but I never expected to be taken for Tommy. However, his bad habits and the careless gossip of some highly respectable frogs who ought to have known better very nearly left you children without any uncle to tell you these stories.

TO BEARERS.

Maid, carry her forth—your dead,
Your pale young queen;
Two at her feet, two at her head
And four between.
Not as we wanted it,
But as God granted it.

Not now to the swinging chime,
To the organ swell,
Keep we the rank, treading in time—
But one dull bell.
Open the gates for her!
The bridegroom waits for her.

We never had dream'd it so,
But she—she knew,
Walking aloof, placid of brow,
Her short life through.
Composed in surety,
Guarding her purity.

Buds born for the bridal path
Cover her breast.
Buds of the dream now that she hath
Sleep in her rest.
Our peace above her let
Fall for her coverlet.

—Speaker.

SAVED FROM THE SEA

"Well, Jenny, it will be hard to part on the morrow."

Jenny turned away her head, looking out to sea with a wistful, sorrowful glance. The next moment my arm was about her waist.

"Jenny," I cried, "why should we part at all? If you will take me for a skipper, we'll sail through life together."

We were on board the bark Petrol of Greenock, with a miscellaneous cargo from the Mediterranean, and we were anchored in the roadstead of Havre. Jenny was the skipper's daughter and I only a passenger.

An official reorganization had set me at liberty, with a moderate pension. In the prime of life, with all the world before me, and ere making a fresh start, I had determined to have my "wander year." So, after having wandered over half of Europe, I found myself standing on the quay at Naples one tranquil evening.

I was suddenly accosted by name with friendly accents in my native tongue. It was some time before I recognized my interlocutor or could bring to mind under what circumstances I had previously met with Captain Macfarlane of the Petrol. All of a sudden I got the clue.

Up to the last 18 months I had been employed in the transport and victualing office in Whitehall. The Petrol had been chartered as a transport, and to Macfarlane, much bothered with official forms and circumlocutions, I had been of some little service, putting him in the way of getting his accounts passed.

"Why not take passage with me to old England?" urged the hospitable Scot. "It shan't cost you a ha'penny. Go and fetch your traps and come on board with me."

Before I well knew what I was about I found myself and my portmanteau stowed away in the captain's cabin. Next, I was swinging myself up the side of the Petrol, and then I saw a pair of great soft brown eyes looking down upon me.

"Hoot, it's just Jenny!" cried Macfarlane. "Jenny, this is Master Willie Thornley, to whom I'm under great obligations." If it hadn't been for those baffling winds, we should have been sailing long ago. We did not get to be real right down friends, Jenny and I, for a whole fortnight, by which time we ought to have been in sight of the white cliffs of old England. But we had three weeks more of it—a happy halcyon time—that culminated in the scene with which I began this narrative.

We had sailed at Havre to dispose of part of our cargo, and the captain and mate having gone ashore left Jenny and me on board in charge.

What Jenny's feelings might have been after that decisive moment I cannot tell. All the difficulties and disadvantages attached to the step I had taken now showed themselves to my mind's eye. I was a stranger, and a life of straitened means and perpetual self-denial presented themselves in ghastly array. Jenny had not noticed the sudden chill that came over me. She was too much agitated and occupied with her own feelings, and as her head rested on my shoulder I began to realize the truth that I had succeeded in winning for myself a charming, affectionate companion.

A loud crash from the awning above made us both look up. The sun was still shining, but to seaward a vast wall of vapor shut out everything. A shrill blast of wind trumpeted loudly in the rigging.

Jenny sprang to her feet with a look of admirable calmness began to lower the awning, but in a moment the wind was upon us in full force. The canvas flapped wildly, and then, torn away from its fastenings, flew away to leeward, visible for a minute in the sky, like a white sea bird, and then lost in the gloom.

She took up the big anchor and peered anxiously through the mist. But no boat was to be seen. The sea seemed of a sudden deserted except for one or two fish. A smack to the southward that, with great brown sails half lowered, were scudding rapidly for the harbor.

Jenny left the poop and ran forward to the fore part of the vessel. I followed her, holding on by this and that, for our ship was now pitching heavily upon the swell.

The great black chain that as the vessel fell would be invisible in the waves as she rose stretched itself tight as a bow-string, with a clank and groan that made one shudder. Our lives hung upon that chain, that the waves seemed to sport with as a toy.

As we stood there a wave larger than the others rose upon us without warning and swept the deck with irresistible force, bearing everything movable with it. I clung desperately to a belaying pin, and Jenny clung to me, and after awhile the Petrol rose gallantly but the shock, the water streaming from her sides.

Drenched and cowed by the violence of the shock, we made our way back to the poop and found we had parted our anchor and were adrift.

The steward stood at the door of his cabin, having jammed himself into a secure position; a pipe was in his mouth and a black bottle in his hand. He looked at me with blackest eyes. "Come along, man," I shouted in his ear; "come and help me to get up sail."

"What's the odds?" he replied in a sullen voice. "What's the odds? Let's be happy while we may!"

Jenny was at the wheel, shading her eyes with her hand, looking anxiously forward. Ah, what could I do among all the bewildering maze of cordage and rigging, almost shaking and rattling in the wind—I, who hardly knew one rope from another!

But I made my way to the foremast and clambered up the rigging. Loose ropes and flying blocks threatened me every moment with destruction, but I held on to the ropes like grim death, and, inspired by the courage of despair, I essayed that which at another time I should have never dreamed of. I crawled out on the yard, with my knife in my teeth, and cut, one by one, the lashings that bound the sail to it.

The sail flew out with a tremendous report and threatened every moment to tear

itself to tatters; but, seizing a rope, I slid down to the deck with a rapidity that took every morsel of skin off my ankles, and, getting hold of the rope that I saw cut, I hit it bit by bit and succeeded in making fast one side of the sail. The other offered less difficulty.

Jenny waved her hand triumphantly from the poop. The ship began to move through the water, no longer to drift helplessly and forlorn. We should clear the headland, that now loomed so ominously upon us, crouching there like some hungry animal awaiting its prey.

As the sun went down it came on to blow harder and more from the westward. The sail ceased to draw, beginning to shake and flap.

"She will go no nearer the wind," cried Jenny, "and we drift continuously to leeward. You must haul that sheet tighter. It's our only chance."

I was running forward to my work, when a block, detached from the rigging by the wind, struck me on the head, and I fell to the deck insensible.

When I came to myself, my head was aching violently, although it seemed to be supported by a soft pillow. It was quite dark, and the air was full of noise.

"Where am I?" I said feebly. I felt arms about me and a kiss on my forehead. "We shall be ashore, dear, in five minutes," said a voice in my ear.

"Willie," said Jenny once more in my ear, "if you get safe ashore, will you give my love to father?"

Then I found that I was lying beneath the shelter of the poop deck, protected a little by that from the seas that were breaking over us, and that a life belt was fastened under my arms. Jenny was crouched beside me holding my hand.

We grounded upon an outlying spit, and instantly the sea made a clean sweep over us. I had seized Jenny at the moment of striking, and we were hurried away together in a hideous trough of cordage and timber.

I lost my senses for awhile, to find myself jammed in between two fragments of rock. Jenny was gone. Time passed, hardly I know how, till the moon rose. The tide was down, but the surf reached to the very base of the cliffs. The flood would come presently, and I should perish.

Then I heard voices below me and by the moonlight saw men groping about among the rocks beneath my hiding place.

They were full of compassion and kindness. They carried me along the base of the cliffs by a footpath among the debris till they reached a smooth gap in the wall of chalk, by which they ascended. I was presently carried to a house, stripped and placed in a warm bed. I recollect just this much and then memory fails me.

As soon as I could get about I went down to Havre to inquire about the Petrol at our consulate. She was lost, I was told, on such and such a night with all hands on board. The captain had returned home two months ago.

I left my watch with the good farmer who had taken care of me as some recompense for the trouble and expense to which he had been put. I landed without any clothes but those I wore, and with only a few shillings in my pocket. But there was money due to me for my pension, and I took a cab to the paymaster's office to get it.

"William Thornley," said the clerk, looking at his list. "Will, he's dead—struck off the list two months ago. You're the man, you say. I'm sorry to say that only a treasury order will bring you to life again."

The personnel of the office was almost entirely changed since I was last in England. I went to the old office. One of my old chums was still there, and I found out. He looked at me, stared, burst into laughter. "What, you're not drowned, then?" he cried.

"Drowned? No, but precious near it. Who stopped my pension, pray?"

"Oh, some friends of yours came here—a sea-faring party and a pretty girl in deep mourning—a deuced pretty girl," said my friend, pausing.

"Well, they gave me a long account of you lost on board the Petrol. Why he came to me was that he remembered my name as a fellow who knew you, don't you see? By Jove, here they are!"

I was sitting with my back to the door and turned my head toward it. A young woman in black ran forward with a scream. I sprang to my feet and clasped Jenny in my arms.

Her father, it turned out, had been on the cliff and had followed the Petrol along the shore all that eventful night. It happily chanced that there was a crane used for raising blocks of chalk from a quarry half way down, and aided by some dockmen, he had descended by this means the face of the precipice and had caught hold of his daughter as she was swept away from me in the last mad rush of waters.

"I wish you'd have stopped drowned," said my friend between his teeth. But for all that he stood by me at my wedding.

—New York Press.

The Thirteenth Good Man.

John William Burgoon, afterward dean of Chichester, was the author of a book entitled "Lives of Twelve Good Men." He was undoubtedly the thirteenth good man himself. He was for some time vicar of St. Mary's—the university church, so strongly connected with the memory of Newman—and no sight was more familiar in Oxford than Mr. Burgoon's tall, thin figure and sawtooth face, with its somewhat owl-like features, his long college gown flying out behind him from the energetic rapidity of his movements. He was a scholar of high repute, devoting himself almost entirely to Scripture criticism, and, as is well known, becoming nearly rabid in his animosity to the revised version.

The dean was a most benevolent man, devoted to good works and eagerly seeking any opportunity of helping his fellow creatures, but he had withal a childlike simplicity of character, which, joined to his far-reaching philanthropy, often brought him into very unusual positions, such as his driving about for hours in London alone in a hansom cab, with a far from respectable girl, for whom he was trying to find a home. He spoke of it as if he had almost danced for joy when he got rid of her at last.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Bulow's Marvelous Memory.

I have referred to Bulow's astonishing feat of memorizing Kiel's concerto, which the man who wrote it could not accompany without notes. His accuracy was almost infallible. He was once rehearsing a composition of Liszt's for orchestra in that composer's presence without notes. Liszt interrupted to say that a certain note should have been played piano. "No," replied Bulow. "It is sforzando." "Look and see," persisted the composer. The score was produced. Bulow was right. How everybody did applaud! In the excitement one of the brass wind players lost his place. "Look for a flat in your part," said Bulow, still without his notes. "Five measures farther on I wish to be in G."—Bernard Boekelman in Century.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

"The influence of women upon the civilization of the world, could never be measured.

Because of her, thrones have been established and destroyed. The flash of her eye, the touch of her hand, and we have the marvellous power of women, glorious in the possession of perfect physical health.

Lydia E. Pinkham, by her wonderful discovery of the "Vegetable Compound," has done much to place this great power in the hands of women.

She has lifted thousands and thousands out of the misery brought by displacement of the womb, and all the evils that follow diseases of the uterus.

The "Vegetable Compound" restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures backache, strengthens the muscles, restores the womb to its normal condition, and you are changed from a physical wreck to the joy of your home and friends.

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

American Civil War Book and Grant Album. 77.271

A collection of half-tone re-
productions from photographs
designed to perpetuate the
memory of Gen. Grant, depict-
ing scenes and incidents in
connection with the Civil
War.

Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia
and Register of Important
Events for the Year 1895. 213.3

Asbjornsen, P. C. Tales from the
Field: A Series of Popular
Tales from the Norse. 64.1905

Becke, Louis, and Jeffery, Walter.
A First Fleet Family. 64.1651

A story purporting to be
based on fact, of the found-
ing of Botany Bay and the
first convicts sent there.

Boston Directory, 1896. 213.14

Brehm, Alfred Edmund, From
North Pole to Equator;
Studies of Wild Life and
Scenes in many Lands. 107.411

Papers or articles originally
read as public lectures on
animal life in many different
parts of the world.

Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich.
Philosophy of Right; trans.
by E. W. Dyke. 55.554

Herbert, Johann Friedrich. A. B.
C. of Sense Perception and
Minor Pedagogical Works;
trans. with Intro., Notes
and Commentary by W. J.
Eckoff. 84.392

"The keynotes of Herbert-
ism are:—special knowledge
of facts does not necessarily
make a good instructor; and
the talent to impart facts
does not necessarily make a
good educator."

Hogan, Louise E. How to Feed
Children: a Manual for
Mothers, Nurses and Physi-
cians. 103.692

Hume, Martin A. S. The Court-
ships of Queen Elizabeth: a
History of the Various Nego-
tiations for her Marriage. 95.552

Le Plongeon, Augustus. Queen
Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx.
The author is striving to
give ancient America its
proper place in the universal
history of the world by show-
ing the striking analogies be-
tween the languages, customs,
and traditions of the ancient
Mayas and those of the
ancient civilized nations of
Asia, Africa and Europe.

Lyall, David. Heather from the
Brae. 61.1062

Stories of Scotch life.
Magazine of New England History,
1891-3, 3 vols. 1.174

Pool, Maria Louise. Mrs. Gerald.
Rollins, Alice Willington. Un-
familiar Quotations. 51.614

Miss Rollins has made a
collection of the striking
thoughts and telling passages
she has come across in her
chance reading.

Thompson, Herbert M. Russian
Politics. 85.234

"Attempts to put the reader
in a position to understand
the conditions of life and the
problems of government that
exist in the Russia of today." Preface

Turner, Ross. Handbook to Ac-
company a Color Scheme for
the Undergarment. 103.695

Underwood, Lucien Marcus. Our
Native Ferns and their Allies.
This is the fifth edition,
much enlarged of a work pub-
lished in 1881 called "Our
Native Ferns and how to
Study them."

Yonge, Charlotte Mary. The Re-
lease; or Caroline's French
Kindred. 64.1642

A story of the French Revo-
lution.

E. P. THURSTON, Librarian.
Aug. 5, 1896.

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morrison of Worthington, Ind.,
"Sun," writes: "You have a valuable
prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can
cheerfully recommend it for Constipation
and Sick Headache, and as a general
systemic tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie
Stehle, 2822 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago,
has all run down, could not eat nor digest
food, had a backache which never left her
and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of
Electric Bitters restored her health and
renewed her strength. Price 50 cents and
\$1.00. Get a Bottle at J. G. Kilburn's drug
store, Nonantum, and Bernard Billings,
Newton Upper Falls.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

SCRIBNER'S.

The fiction number of Scribner's is gorge-
ously indeed with its beautiful cover design
by Will Low. "From the Error of
His Way," "Mrs. Loffler's Ride," "As
Strangers," "A Comedietta in One Act,"
"Charm He Never So Wisely," "Gregory's
Island," "Sentimental Tommy," "The
Maid's Progress," and "By the Committee"
are the titles that attract the story lovers.
Among all these interesting tales it is not
difficult to recommend this August story
book.

THE FORUM.

Thirteen interesting articles fill
the August Forum. J. B. Bishop's "Social
and Economic Influence of the Bicycle"
will once arrest attention. The Rev.
Julius H. Ward, a lifelong friend of
Harriet Beecher Stowe's, contributes an
interesting study of that well-loved
author's life. Under the forcible title,
"Imperative Reasons for Republican Con-
trol," three distinguished Republicans
present their case. Of considerable bio-
graphical interest in an article by the late
Julius Simon, "A French College Sixty
Years Ago," while the sociologist will find
some instructive statistics under the
somewhat flippant title of "The Matrimonial
Market."

LITERARY NOTES.

A new novel by Mr. Harold Frederic is
to be published immediately by D. Apple-
ton & Co. The title is March Hares, and
the story is said to be one of much origi-
nality and interest.

Yoki, the striking story of the New York
Ghetto, by Mr. A. Caban, recently pub-
lished by D. Appleton & Co., is to be
issued in England by W. Heinemann on
the strong recommendation of J. Zang-
will. Yoki has recently received the com-
pliment of an extended review by Mr. W.
D. Howells, who bestows emphatic praise
upon the author's work.

There is more Catarrh in this section of
the country than all other diseases put to-
gether, and until the last few years was
supposed to be incurable. For a great
many years doctors pronounced it a local
disease, and prescribed local remedies,
and by constantly failing to cure with local
treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science
has proven Catarrh to be a constitu-
tional disease and therefore requires
constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh
Cure, manufactured by F. C. Cheney &
Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitu-
tional cure on the market. It is taken in-
ternally in doses from 10 drops to a tea-
spoonful. It acts directly on the blood
and mucous surfaces of the system. They
offer one hundred dollars for any case it
fails to cure. Send for circulars and testi-
monials. Address,
F. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CLEOPATRA.

Thou fated sorceress of the Nile,
A kingdom crumbled at thy smile.

Men pledged their hearts and souls to thee,
Whose loveliness was fancy free.

Of all who felt thy lotus breath
Only a serpent knew not death.

And we, who write in modern times,
This style of Cleopatra rhymes,
Perhaps it scarcely need be said
We wouldn't, if thou wert not dead.

Or wonder if that asp did not,
Before he bit into the spot,
Take out in some good company
A life insurance policy.

—W. J. Lampton in New York Sun.

TOOK BOARDERS ON THE SLY

Flight of a Man Who Sought to Spare His
Landlady's Feelings.

"Every man who has ever looked for
country board within reasonable distance
of New York has experienced the wiles of
the suburban boarding house keeper in his
own way," said a broker yesterday, "and
I have come to the conclusion that my ex-
perience in New Rochelle several years ago
is a rather common one. I found a very
respectable appearing family up there who
told me that they were in reduced circum-
stances and therefore they would take my
family for the summer. Their rates were
about twice as high as those of the average
country hotel, but their house was con-
veniently located, and I took rooms and
board with them."

"The woman said that she had never
taken boarders before, and she didn't want
her neighbors in New Rochelle to know
that she had been reduced to taking board-
ers now. If I and my family didn't mind,
she would give it out that we were old ac-
quaintances, and that she had invited us to
pass the summer with her. This would be
a great favor to her daughters and herself.
They seemed like very decent people, and
I saw no objection to this plan. Their ta-
ble was a poor one, but our rooms were
reasonably comfortable, and we made the
best of it during the summer. When their
friends called on them, they always refer-
red to us as their guests, and, as we had
few acquaintances in New Rochelle and we
felt really sorry for the family, we didn't
treat them as paid boarding house keepers.
About a month after we opened our house
in town a friend of mine said laughingly:
'That was a long visit of yours with the
Joneses in New Rochelle.'

"Yes, we spent the summer there," I
replied.

"Well, you are fortunate to have ac-
quaintances in the country to entertain you
during the summer," he said, and then I
found that Mrs. Jones had told him that
we had been invited for a month and that
we had staid all summer. She had gone to
various people in New Rochelle and la-
mented the length of our stay, and even
hinted that it was an imposition.

"Now, that was a nice light to appear
in, wasn't it? My consideration for her
feelings had laid me open to this charge.
Of course my friends knew that it was un-
true, but I like to hear it in various forms
from acquaintances of mine ever since. I
have attempted to place Mrs. Jones in her
true character in self defense, and now I
will go only to regular boarding houses.
Several acquaintances of mine have had
similar experiences with landladies in re-
duced circumstances who were ashamed of
keeping a boarding house."—New York Sun.

Too Cool.

An instance of unusual and perhaps un-
wisely exercised "nerve" is related by C.
E. Ryan in his experiences with the wound-
ed in the Franco-Prussian war.

A young man, hardly more than a boy,
had been shot through the wrist, and an
amputation was considered necessary. He
was a vivacious, charming, young fellow,
with a beaming countenance and a twinkle
in his eye, and when they went into tell
him the verdict and take him to the opera-
tion ward he was smoking a cigar.

Not a whit dismayed, he got out of bed,
partially dressed himself and tripped brisk-
ly up the passage, smoking his cigar all
the while until he mounted the operation
table. His arm was amputated, but when
he recovered from the chloroform state he
refused to go back to bed until he had seen
his comrade's leg cut off.

"I want to see how it is done," said he
coolly.

Then he quietly smoked another cigar
and attentively watched every step of the
operation, and when it was over he and his
companion returned to their ward together.

A Monkey School.

There has been founded at Calcutta an
institution for the education of monkeys.
A young monkey is taken, and before him
is placed a set of blocks, on which are
painted in capitals the letters of the alpha-
bet. These blocks are, in fact, exactly
similar to those which children play with
everywhere in every country in the world, and
they are used in precisely the same way as
if the monkey was a young specimen of the
human race.

There is one professor for each monkey,
and the creature is taught by means of the
blocks to spell certain words. If the word
is "fruit," for example, the monkey, after
having learned to arrange the blocks so as
to spell the word quickly and without er-
ror, receives a bit of fruit as his reward.
The same exercise is repeated with other
words, and it is hoped that in time the
simians will master the art of reading and
spelling and understand English, if they
cannot speak it.—Pearson's Weekly.

He Made Allowance.

A French journal reports the case of a
man who entered a coffee house and sat
down near a customer who was reading
the morning newspaper which belonged to
the establishment.

"After you with the paper, if you
please," said the newcomer.

The other man nodded assent and went
on reading, but at the end of half an hour
had hardly finished the first column. Just
as the waiting customer was about mak-
ing a second and perhaps impatient appli-
cation, he noticed that the reader had lost
one of his organs of sight. His resentment
vanished.

"Ah," said he in a low voice, "I am not
surprised. The poor man has only one eye
and has to read everything twice over."

Using Hot Applications.

Have you ever tried to wring out hot
clothes—boiling hot clothes—for a neuralgia
or other sort of patient? If you have and
have had your hands burned in the process,
you will be glad to know that if you
plunge them first into cold water—ice cold
if possible—they can stand an incredible
amount of heat. Even boiling vinegar, the
hottest of liquids, may be approached with
calm nerves under such conditions.

Perhaps.

He—Why is it that unmarried women
are usually "girls?"

She—Possibly for the same reason that
married men are mostly "boys."—Brook-
lyn Life.

SOCIAL EFFECT OF BICYCLING.

Increases the Round of Pleasures—Knocks
Out Rotten Customs.

The skilled cyclist who has developed
the proper muscle and has got rid of the
sense of fatigue which haunts the begin-
ner, just as it haunts and daunts the man
who is learning to swim, can keep on his
bicycle all day, and if his frame is not shak-
en by a fall or his temper tried by the
pricking of those infernal tires he will re-
turn in the evening with his nerves in per-
fect order and his limbs as little tired as if
he had been strolling for the same time up
and down a terrace on a lawn. This means
that he can choose friends or do business
within half a county instead of within
two villages, and that his powers of loco-
motion at will are multiplied at least five-
fold, or in the case of the really skilled and
light eight or ten fold. That is a new
freedom, a great multiplication of power
for men, and especially for women, who,
we notice, enjoy it much more than men
do, and contrive somehow to avoid the
look of care which is the special mark of
the bicyclist, and we shall be curious to
note, when time has been given for the
change to operate fully, what its precise
effects are. They will not all be good.

They will probably increase the general
happiness, for, let the cynics say what they
like, friendship is a great sweetener of life
and pleasant conversation one of the few
really enjoyable occupations, but they will
impair neighborliness, which rests in a
degree we none of us like to formulate up-
on the sense that we must not quarrel
with or avoid, and even sharply criticize
those among whom it is our lot to live.

The constant habit of the bicycle dissi-
pates the mind just as a constant immer-
sion in society does and for the same rea-
son—it renders reflection less frequent
and less enjoyable. Why think when you
can reach a pleasant circle five miles off
in half an hour and with no perceptible
fatigue? Let those who doubt that this ef-
fect will be produced, let the country man
in the curious increase the cycle is causing
in the habit of meeting at lunch, and indeed
in the substitution of lunch for dinner.

You cannot cycle back on a dark
night with your wife or sister in full
dress, but you can lunch at 2 o'clock and
cycle back in the cool of the evening with
great enjoyment and no danger.

Cycling, in fact, will increase the sen-
tence and mobility of country society,
to the increase of its pleasures and the loss
of much of its steadfastness and quiet. The
ancient "rootedness" of the countryside
will be greatly diminished, and we are old
fashioned enough to believe that in that
quality was much not only of charm, but
of utility.—London Spectator.

London Three Hundred Years Ago.

It is with difficulty that London life 300
years ago can be imagined, and London
itself has changed as much as the life of
her people. In those days it was no exag-
geration to speak of "silver footed Thame-
sis." The river was a place for bathing,
fishing and boating. Hundreds of water-
men plied between the city and the south-
ern bank. Old St. Paul's dominated the
city and provided a recognized but unsuit-
able meeting place for business men and
promenade seekers. It was the customary
promenade for citizens and courtiers, sol-
diers and poets, the fashionable and the
disreputable worlds. The citizen lived
over his shop with his family and appren-
tices. The city was the center of an im-
mense and gayly colored life. In afternoons
there were the performances at the thea-
ters on the banks, the Globe, the Hope,
the Rose, the Swan and Paris Garden, all
of which were in the neighborhood of
Southwark, and might be reached either
by old London bridge or by taking one of
the crowd of small boats that were in at-
tendance. The traffic between the city and
the theaters was the mainstay of many of
these watermen, and when, owing to the
prevalence of the plague, the playhouses
were closed, the loss of custom naturally
affected them severely. There is a curious
picture extant at Dulwich college, in
which the "servants and players" of Lord
Strange beseech the privy council to with-
draw the restriction upon their theater,
and this is made one of their pleas:

"And for that the use of our playhouse
on the Bankside, by reason of the passage
to and from the same by water, is a great
relief to the poor Watermen there, and
our dissolution thereof, is to the said poor
Watermen, and in manner an undoing;
as they generally complain, both our
and their humble petition and suite there-
fore to your good Honors is that you will
be pleased, of your special favour, to recall
this our restraint, and permit us the use
of the said playhouse again."—Gentle-
man's Magazine.

Facts About Colors.

According to information given by a
German officer, an experiment was recent-
ly made in Europe to determine what color
in a soldier's uniform is the least conspicu-
ous to an enemy. Of ten men two were
dressed in light green uniform, two in
dark gray, two in green, two in dark blue
and two in scarlet. All were then ordered
to march off, while a group of officers re-
mained watching them. The first to dis-
appear in the landscape was the light gray,
and next, surprising as it may seem, was
the scarlet. Then followed the dark gray,
while the dark blue and the green re-
mained visible longer after all the others had
disappeared. Experiments in firing at blue
and red targets, according to the same au-
thority, proved that blue could be more
easily seen at a distance than red.—St.
Louis Post-Dispatch.

Making Beds.

The practice of having beds made in the
early morning, though exceedingly tidy, is
one which should not be encouraged, for it
is bad. Constantly we see a bed made half
an hour after the sleeper has left the room,
wherefore all the exhalations from the
skin during the night are confined beneath
the sheets and are inhaled again when the
bed is next used. It is an excellent prac-
tice and one which ought to be encouraged
in all young people to turn off the clothes
of the bed immediately on rising. The
mattress, too, should be turned back, so
that all may be properly aired and quite
cold before being remade.

Given and Taken Away.

A tiny bridesmaid at a wedding the other
day surveyed the departing bride and
groan with a gloomy brow. "Oh, dear,"
she pouted. "Sister was going to get mar-
ried today and have lots of fun. And now
that man's taken her away."—New York
Times.

Pocahontas is described as having fea-
tures as regular as those of a European wo-
man. She is said to have had a lighter
complexion than usual among Indian wo-
men.

The great error is placing such an esti-
mate on this life, as if our being depend-
ed on it and we were nothing after death.—
Rousseau.

Great

Sales proved by the statements of lead-
ing druggists everywhere, show
that the people have an abiding confidence
in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Great

Cures proved by the voluntary state-
ments of thousands of men and
women show that Hood's Sarsaparilla ac-
tually does possess

Power over disease by purifying, en-
riching and invigorating the
blood, upon which not only health but life
itself depends. The great

Success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in
curing others warrants
you in believing that a faithful use of Hood's
Sarsaparilla will cure you if you suffer from
any trouble caused by impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.
Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy
to operate. 25 cents.

Mrs. Popkin's Thanksgiving

is the title of a story written
for the manufacturers of

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT,

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.

Agent for the GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand-bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Dr. E. C. Leach is at Bayside, Hull.
—Mrs. S. F. Smith is visiting at Andover, N. H.
—Miss Lillian Farrar is visiting at Wrentham.
—Mrs. T. A. W. Bird is at Pocasset for a few days.
—Mr. Geo. E. Huse is on a steamboat excursion.
—Mrs. Bridget O'Brien is ill at the Cottage hospital.
—Rev. Dr. Huntington has returned from Deer Island, Me.
—Mrs. S. G. Steeves is reported as improving in health.
—Miss Ella C. Wilson has gone to Beverly Farms for a visit.
—Mr. William Macomber and family are summering at Cotuit.
—Miss Billings has returned to her home in North Leominster.
—Mr. L. E. Murphy's mother from Montreal is visiting him.
—Miss Edith F. Hall of Oak Hill is at Marblehead for a month.
—Dr. Wm. Butler and family are at Ocean Grove, New Jersey.
—Robert Weir has added two nice coupes to his carriage department.
—Mr. George Hughes returned Wednesday from Peak's Island, Me.
—Mrs. Maria C. Woodman left last week for a visit to Hampton, N. H.
—Mr. E. F. Hamlin and family are enjoying at outing at Plainfield.
—Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Thayer are staying at Craigville for a few weeks.
—Mr. J. E. Richmond and family have returned from North Scituate.
—The family of Mr. George Richardson are summering at Kennebunk beach.
—Mr. A. S. Stearns and family of Gibbs street are guests at Kearsarge, N. H.
—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warren of Langley road have returned from Nantucket.
—Mr. H. H. Reed and family have returned from an outing in Walpole, N. H.
—The young people of Oak Hill held a picnic in Wiswell's grove on Wednesday.
—Mrs. E. J. E. Thorpe and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, are at Putnam Heights, Ct.
—Patrolman and Mrs. Richard Taffe are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.
—Mr. William Rice and family are passing the month of August at Franconia Inn.
—Mrs. Weaver and her daughter, Miss Ethel Weaver, are visiting at Newmarket, N. H.
—Prof. J. M. English and family are spending the month of August at Kennebunk, Me.
—Mr. S. V. A. Hunter and family of Lake avenue are summering at South West Harbor, Me.
—The Misses Florence and Emma Spear have returned from a visit at South Framingham.
—Hon. Alden Spear, with a party of other gentlemen, left this week for a salmon fishing trip.
—Patrolman Charles Young resumed his duties at Chestnut Hill last week after a two weeks vacation.
—The Hon. J. R. Leeson, accompanied by his son, Robert, is at the Profile House for a prolonged stay.
—The Misses McGrady, Coleman, Cassidy and Reagan left Saturday for an outing at Peak's Island, Me.
—Rev. E. Y. Mullins, pastor of the First Baptist church, is visiting with his family at New London, N. H.
—Mr. Samuel Ward returned this week from Eggemund, Me. His family are expected later this month.
—Mr. Moritz Hauptmann Emery is passing a few days with his aunt, Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin, in Bangor.
—Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Hovey of "The Burrs," Chestnut terrace, have left for an outing at Narragansett Pier.
—Hovey and Hobart won in the tennis tournament at Narragansett Pier, the finals being played yesterday.
—Rev. D. A. Morehouse supplied the pulpit in Waltham last Sunday, and will preach in Melrose next Sunday.
—Mr. Samuel Shannon and family have left Rye Beach and gone to Franconia Inn for the remainder of the season.
—Mr. J. O'Kane of Brookline has commenced the erection of a house on vacant land near the corner of Beacon and Homer streets.
—It is reported that Edward H. Mason Esq., has bought the Joseph Parker place on Lake avenue, and that Mr. Parker will remove to Malden.
—A horse belonging to Warren's express was overcome by the heat Monday afternoon, and died on Beacon street near the Chestnut Hill reservoir.
—Crystal Lake proved a great attraction for boys during the hot weather, and large numbers were seen each day enjoying the pleasures of a cooling swim.
—There are letters in the postoffice for Mrs. S. D. Chapman, A. W. Davidson, Miss Nellie Orr, Emily E. Parker, Mrs. Wm. G. Teller and Theo. E. Frye.
—The Rev. Dr. Furber and Mr. John Ward left on Tuesday for Halifax and St. Johns. They intend to ascend the river St. Johns and will return in about two weeks.
—The stay-at-homes were prepared for most anything when the thermometer at the corner of Pelham and Centre streets registered 99 in the shade at 2.15 Tuesday afternoon.
—Mrs. W. K. Giles of Parker street had a "Night Blooming Cereus" blossom last Saturday evening, and at 9 o'clock one of the blossoms measured over fifteen inches in diameter.
—Mr. G. H. Loomer, dry goods dealer in Bray's block, is now the sole agent in Newton Centre, for the noted Butterick patterns, and will keep a full line to accommodate the public.
—A horse belonging to Thomas Frost dropped dead in front of the Newton cemetery gate Sunday afternoon. The animal had been driven over 25 miles and was overcome by the excessive heat.
—The coolest person in Newton Centre last Wednesday, was a curly haired six-year-old boy, who walked the streets clad only in his night gown. A number of other children followed, jeering him but he didn't mind it.
—Mr. B. W. Smith of the reading room was 80 years of age last Sunday. He has now taken a trip to New York, New Jersey, and a few other places for a little vacation from his work, intending to return in about two weeks.
—It is expected that the work of hanging the wires for the electric line, which will connect with the Commonwealth avenue

boulevard cars and continue to Boston, will be completed tonight. If the work is finished the cars will begin running on regular trips tomorrow.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. J. E. Titus has gone to New York.
—Miss Millie G. Hooker is at Nantucket.
—Mrs. N. O. Robinson has gone to Ware, Mass.
—Miss Helen J. Boyd is at No. Munroe, Maine.
—Mr. C. C. Small and family are at Gloucester.
—Mr. F. W. Johnson of Eliot has arrived home.
—The Misses Grace and Lillian Lamkin are at Lowell.
—Mr. E. R. Tarbell and family are at Laconia, N. H.
—Miss E. Frances Cook left Saturday for Alton Bay, N. H.
—Miss E. L. Cushing is at the Wachusett House, Princeton.
—Connellman Hutchinson and family are at Bethlehem, N. H.
—Miss Mabel Fountain is at home after an absence of several weeks.
—Mr. G. B. King and family have returned from No. Woodstock.
—Mr. Richard Wright has resumed his duties at Mr. Moulton's store.
—Mr. Chas. Spaulding has arrived home from his business trip abroad.
—Mrs. S. C. Cobb is at the Mountain View House at Whitefield, N. H.
—There will be no services at the Methodist church for the remaining three Sundays in August.
—Rev. Lawrence Phelps will have charge of the services at the Congregational church next Sunday.
—Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Bailey, and Miss Isabel D. Bailey are at Chocoma, N. H., for the month of August.
—Miss Locke had her stock of goods in one portion of her store, damaged by water, on Sunday last, from a leak of water from the tenement above.
—Some of the members of the Newton Highlands Fishing Club have gone on a carriage drive to the mountains, and will be absent about a week.
—Miss Sadie Thompson has returned from Breezy Point, and will go to Onset Bay. Mr. Sanford Thompson will stay a few days longer at the Moosilauke, Breezy Point.
—A species of cut worm has made sad havoc with the lawn at Eliot station, the roots of the grass having been eaten off, so that the turf can be easily removed by the hand.
—Miss Chatfield has returned from Waltham, where she has been visiting a sister. We hear that the Chatfield estate has been leased to a former resident of the Highlands, who will occupy about Sept. 1st.
—Miss Scott, who has her home at the Eliot cottage for nurses, at Eliot, was instrumental in saving the lives of two persons at Cottage City, who were bathing, an account of which was in some of the Boston dailies.
—Ancient Order United Workmen, Oak Leaf Lodge, No. 14, will meet on Wednesday, Stevens' building. Beneficiary Order paying \$2000 at death of its members. For application blanks and other literature apply to William L. Thompson, Recorder, Newton Upper Falls.

—The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Eaton, who had been playing, dropped the needle on the floor, and while walking across the floor soon after, ran against the needle, which penetrated one of her toes, breaking off a portion, which was removed by Dr. Wilby.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

—Mrs. Brewer is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Lyon.
—Mr. James McAllister of Waban is enjoying this week in New York.
—Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Littlefield spent part of this week visiting in Franklin, Mass.
—Our streets are cleaned nicely now Saturdays, the movement being a new one for this place.
—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Farrell lost their infant child, a boy, aged about three months, Monday.
—Mr. Henry Vrett and family will spend the next two weeks at Cottage City, where they have rented a cottage.
—The electric were "tied up" for about an hour and a half, Tuesday afternoon, by an accident at the power house.
—The Twilight and B. B. C. will contest for supremacy on Crehore's field, Saturday afternoon, with the Levettes of Boston.
—Daniel F. Warren, expressman, lost a valuable horse returning from Boston, Monday, by the effects of the excessive heat.
—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Turner, Cedar street, at 4 p. m., Aug. 13, their daughter, Miss Isabelle, was united in marriage to Mr. Frederick W. Hudson of Needham. Rev. O. R. Miller officiated.
—During the remaining Sundays of Aug. there will be preaching at the M. E. church only in the evening at 7 o'clock, but Sunday school will be held as usual. Next Sunday evening Rev. Thos. Hollington of Boston will preach.
—The Twilights won their second game with the Hawthornes of Roxbury at Crehore's field, Saturday afternoon, the local nine clinched a victory in the first inning by scoring seven runs and giving the contest a onesidedness that made it uninteresting. The contest ended with the score 11 to 8.

NONANTUM.

—Tuesday morning, in the Newton police court, Frank Basselo, who failed to appear Monday when his case was called, was arraigned on a charge of maintaining a liquor nuisance in this place. The case was continued until Friday. Basselo was arrested Tuesday evening.
—Nonantum Sports Saturday, Aug. 8.
The employees of the Nonantum Worsteds Co. held some very interesting games on the Newton Centre grounds.
Half mile bicycle race won by P. Minnock on a Wettergreen special fitted with New Brunswick tires, J. McNeil second and G. Hall third. In the 100 yard dash Wm. Scott was first and T. Wilson second. The broad jump was won by J. Delaney, distance 18-1-2 feet. In the 220 yard dash there were 8 contestants. P. J. Beart crossed the tape first with J. Booth a close second and T. Wilson third. The three-legged race was won by Booth and Delaney.
After the athletic events a ball game was played by teams captained by Mr. T. Wilson and Mr. C. Dempsey. This was the second time these teams had crossed bats, Wilson's team winning the first game and after a hard struggle succeeded in again defeating their opponents by the score of 18 to 15.
The feature of the game was the brilliant fielding of Eddie Neville in left field.
Great sales prove the great merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and great merit enables it to accomplish wonderful cures.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Mr. Edward Newell has returned from Waterville, Me.
—Mr. Stephen Morgan has been visiting in Mystic, Conn.
—Mr. and Mrs. William Warren are at Chichester, N. H.
—Mr. Joseph Taylor and family are enjoying an outing in Maine.
—Mr. Fred Kempton has returned from his vacation trip spent in Nova Scotia.
—Mr. Daniel Hurley of High street is entertaining friends from Pennsylvania.
—Miss Ethel Folan of Summer street has returned from a visit at Philadelphia.
—Mr. William Dyson attended the Markketmen's picnic held at Lake Walden this week.
—The Newton Rubber Co. has been forced to close its factory because of the excessive heat.
—Miss Florence Hildreth, daughter of Dr. Hildreth, is at New Ipswich, for the month of August.
—A party of overseers from the Pettee Machine shops enjoyed an outing at Bass Point, Nahant, last Saturday.
—There are letters in the postoffice for Miss E. H. McLeod, Gertrude Foster, C. S. Dale, Joe Deneault, Allin Holdin and Anna Carlson.
—Mr. George Osborne has returned from Providence, R. I., where he attended the annual re-union of the regiment of which he was a member during the civil war.
—Last Saturday, members of St. Mary's church enjoyed the annual field day at Medway. Base ball, sports and dancing made up an excellent program for the day's enjoyment.
—Mr. Edwin Cooper, a well known resident who was thrown from his carriage, Friday morning, sustaining severe injuries, died at his home on High street, Sunday afternoon. He was about 30 years of age, and quite prominent in social circles. He was engaged in the grocery business in this place. He leaves a wife and one child. The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at his late residence on High street. The services were largely attended by friends and neighbors of Mr. Cooper, by whom he was highly respected. Delegations were also present representing Newton Lodge, I. O. O. F., and several musical organizations with which he was connected. The services at the house were conducted by Rev. Mr. Fellows, and appropriate selections were rendered by a quartet. The interment was in the Newton cemetery, and the services at the grave were conducted according to the Odd Fellows ritual.

—Mr. C. D. Yonker, a well known druggist of Bowling Green, Ohio, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, for I am certain that it will always please them. I sell more of it than all other kinds put together." For sale by H. Hudson, Newton; J. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

WABAN.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Heaton have been away the past week.
—The drinking fountain is among the missing this week.
—Mr. W. F. Goodwin is recreating at Northport, Saturday Cove, Me.
—Mrs. M. A. Dresser and Miss Mayoly left last Monday for the coast of Maine.

—Prof. Clark of Windsor Hall School has been making some alterations on his house on Windsor road.
—Mr. G. W. Whitten returned Wednesday from Reading, N. H., where he had been spending the past week.
—The house on Windsor road, which Mr. W. C. Strong is building for himself, promises to be a beautiful and attractive one.

—Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Roscoe have returned from Northport, Saturday Cove, Me., where they have been spending the past three weeks.
—The severe lightning of one evening last week did some damage to the residence of Mr. J. Korabach, Chestnut street. The roof and chimney received the stroke.
—There are letters in the postoffice for Mr. H. M. Eaton, Mr. Theo. McKell, Mr. H. Wagner, Miss Alice Greewoor, Mr. R. N. Dunn, (2), Mr. P. E. Davis, C. K. Beecham.

—The "Hano House" on Waban avenue, which has been vacant since erection, is being prepared for occupancy by the Agents Mr. F. H. Childs. It will be used as a dormitory to Prof. Fish's "Waban School."
—The ground is broken for the new church on Beacon street, and the cellar is being erected by Jere Cotter & Sons contractors. It is a pretty location and the hopes of those who have labored so diligently will be happily realized before winter comes again.

Bucklen's Arnica Salva.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Bumps, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chillsbains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively Cures. Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. G. Kilburn, Nonantum and Bernard Billings, Newton Upper Falls.

Not As Bad As That.

[From the Texas Sittings.]
Servant girl—The gentleman boarding at your house gets such a lot of letters. I wonder if they are all from ladies?
Second servant girl—They are not from ladies. He is an honorable gentleman. All the letters he gets are from people he owes.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Largest United States Government Food Register.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

AFTER BANK HOURS.

MOST IMPORTANT WORK DONE AFTER CLOSING THE FRONT DOOR.

How the Money is Counted and Sorted. Care Exercised to Avoid Mistakes—Bills That Are Worn and Soiled Are Sent to Washington or the Subtreasury.

On stepping into any of the large banking houses down town one is almost wickelily tempted to liken the functionaries behind the bars to so many caged animals. But the sharp, quick, intelligent faces of these men forbid the thought. Once inside these iron bars and permitted the privilege to pierce the inner depths, an ordinary individual finds much to awaken wonder. This is particularly true of both the paying teller's and receiving teller's departments, whose workings indeed are peculiarly in unison. Here the fragments of silken tissue, that pass daily through our hands as dollar bills, are undergoing a strictly systematic discipline, each bill being rigorously scrutinized and carefully handled and dealt with according to its just deserts, good or bad. The position of the paying teller's assistant is one which requires the strictest precaution and unfailing attention of him who holds it—a quick, alert mind and active brain capable of doing at least half a dozen things at the same time. This clerk's hours are irregular and tiring—some days long, some short, much depending upon the deposits made through the day.

The banking hours are usually from 8:30 in the morning to 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the majority of people are under the impression that there is nothing more to do at the latter hour but for the book-keepers to close their great volumes and the teller to lock up the safe and all retire simultaneously. But if you who hold this notion of bank clerks' hours should happen into the bank two or three hours later they would still find these men as busy as bees and steeper in work if possible than at high noon.

Among most of the important banks of the city the deposits made daily average from 800 to 400, some of which are unduly large. It is a little startling to see the deposits made by some of the well known firms of this city at holiday time, as well as by the railroad companies after the many legal holidays, but more strikingly is it so with the deposits of some of the large dry goods stores after one of their celebrated "mark down sales" or "bargain days." Many of these latter deposits, if piled up separately, would form a series of little pillars that would put a man of 6 feet completely in the shade, each valuing from \$10,000 to \$50,000 and composed chiefly of \$1 and \$2 bills.

The receiving teller on taking in the smaller or sundry deposits passes them over to his assistant, while quick eyes scan their contents, examining and proving each one separately as he does so. These in turn pass the bills to the paying teller's assistant, from whence they spring to either glorious resurrection to make once more the circuit of the globe or forever sink in oblivion. But before reaching its final destination in the bank—the safe—each individual deposit has gone through the supervision of at least three people. Thus are avoided, as far as possible, all errors or mistakes and traced if there be any such to their original source. Thus the bank officials, ever cautious, suffer themselves to run no risks.

Having received orders from the paying teller as to how he wishes the drawers and safe stocked for the day, his assistant begins at once to unbind the fetters of the dense piles, and soon the desks are strewn with this big display of wealth. It presents a patchwork appearance of singular character. He takes the large deposits separately and with wonderful skill and energy and with still more wonderful patience wades through the mazes of the mass, a seemingly never ending task, and, to say the least, a most tedious one. He starts off to make up \$500 packages of \$5 and \$10 bills, throwing out in systematic order the ragged and time worn bills of all denominations. Each bill is carefully examined, separately and with wonderful skill and energy and with still more wonderful patience wades through the mazes of the mass, a seemingly never ending task, and, to say the least, a most tedious one. 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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXIV.—NO. 47.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1896.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR.

If You Want
Good Butter, Cheese,
or Fresh Eggs,
BUY OF
LERNED & SON,

23 Sudbury Street, Boston,

Is a Well-known Expression That Tells the Story.

Twenty-two years' experience enables us to select
and sell the BEST QUALITY at LOWEST MARKET
PRICES.

First National Bank
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Capital \$100,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits 20,000

J. H. NICKERSON, President.
AUSTIN R. MITCHELL, Vice-President.
EDWARD P. HATCH, Cashier.

We offer our depositors every facility for the transaction of their
business consistent with Safe Banking Methods.
Safety Deposit Boxes to rent, and storage for Silver and other
valuables in new Fire and Burglar Proof Vaults. Special Rates for
August and September.

Thomas White & Co.

Fine Boots and Shoes For Ladies,
Gentlemen, and Children.
Fine and Medium grades of all the different kinds of Boots, Shoes
and Rubbers at POPULAR PRICES. Fine quality of Boys', Misses' and
Child's goods at lowest prices.
See our *Fancy Oxfords*.

52 and 54 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.

STOVES

and every variety of

Household Goods
—AT—
BENT'S FURNITURE ROOMS,
64 Main St., Watertown.

Chauncy-Hall and Berkeley
SCHOOLS
Boylston, cor. Berkeley Sts., Boston.

The consolidation of Chauncy-Hall, the
oldest Boston Private School, with the
Berkeley School is the union of two
strong forces, forming an institution of the
highest order, to be known hereafter by
the older name.
Thorough preparation for Colleges and
Professional Schools. Full Grammar and
High School courses. In all classes Special
Students are received.
Opens Sept. 21. Send for '96 Catalogues.
TAYLOR, DEMERITTE & HAGAR.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Miss N. L. DOHERTY,
370 1/2 Washington St., opposite Thornton,
Newton, Mass.

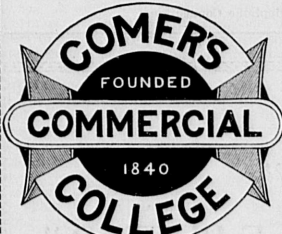
Mr. Cutler's Preparatory School

New and Improved Quarters.

Mr. Cutler has engaged for his school rooms
the whole of the southern side of the second
floor in the N. R. E. Association's Block—now
building on Centre street, and to be completed
by autumn. The premises will include ample
wardrobe and toilet accommodations, besides
spacious school-rooms with an open fireplace
in each. The heating, ventilating, and sanitary
arrangements have been carefully studied, and
will follow the most approved methods. Al-
though the rooms will be considerably larger
than those now occupied, the limit of number of
pupils will remain the same.
The sessions of the next year will begin Sep-
tember 14th. For admission or information ap-
ply to or address Mr. E. H. Cutler, Linder Ter-
race, Newton.

MADAME E. SCHMID,
Ladies' and Children's Hair
Dressing and Shampooing and
Human Hair Goods.
Methodist Building, Room 44,
Waltham, Mass. Take elevator.

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Oldest and Most Successful
in America.

50th Year Opens Sept. 1st., 1896.

Business and Book-keeping,
Shorthand and Typewriting.

Individual instruction; experienced teachers;
certainty of employment; special club rates;
our record of 55 years and over 30,000 pupils
speaks for itself; prospectus free; visitors
welcome.

Thorough, Practical, Reliable.
Comer's Commercial College,
666 Washington St., cor. Beach, Boston, Mass.

ARTISTIC WALL PAPERS.

The most complete stock of fine
and medium grades of Wall Papers in Boston
at the lowest prices. A specially fine line
of French, English and Japanese papers,
20 per cent. lower than any other house
in Boston.

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Next Door to Washington Street.
Telephone No. 3797, Boston.

Shirts Made to Order

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Best Material.
First-class Work.

Superior Shirts, \$1.50. Best Dress Shirts,
\$2.00.
Will call on customers at such time and place
as will suit their convenience.
Repairing is done neatly and promptly.
New Bosoms, 50c.; Neckbands, 15c.; Wrist-
bands, 15c.; Cuffs, 30c.; Collars, 25c.; Centre
Plates, 25c.
Badly fitting shirts made to fit well.

E. B. Blackwell,
43 Thornton St., Newton, Mass.

NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington street.
—Miss Susie Atkins left this week for
Truro.

—Mr. A. S. March and family are at the
Prescott, King's Beach.

—Bicycle repairing at Hodgdon & Jones,
326 Centre street. 40 tf

—Rev. W. A. Lamb left this week for a
trip to California.

—Miss Katie Crafts is spending her two
weeks vacation at Taunton.

—Mr. M. P. Springer and family left this
week for a vacation trip.

—Mr. C. C. Allen and family are enjoy-
ing a vacation in Canada.

—Mr. H. Geisendorff has returned from
a business trip to Chicago.

—Mr. S. G. Howe and family of Tremont
street left this week for Osterville.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Atkins have re-
turned from a trip to Squirrel Island, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Trowbridge have
returned from a month's stay at Franconia.

—Mr. Geo. Hall and family of Elmwood
street have gone to the mountains.

—Mrs. W. F. Bowman of the Hunnewell
returned on Monday from Osterville.

—Postmaster Morgan has been enjoying
his vacation at Brant Rock the past week.

—Mr. Henry McLean and family are
summering at the Mitchell Cottage, Hull.

—Miss Catherine Joyce of Thornton
street is spending her vacation at Deering,
Maine.

—Mr. James Irving of Atkins' store is
spending a vacation of ten days at Nan-
tasket.

—The Eastman S5 Pocket Kodak 1896
model for sale at Mason's Jewelry Store,
Eliot Block. 38 tf

—Mr. Washington Warren has returned
from a business trip to Michigan and other
western states.

—Mr. C. H. Stone, who has been on a
walking tour through the White Mts. has
returned home.

—Mr. H. R. Mandell and family of Hun-
newell avenue returned this week from
Bridgewater, N. H.

—Fine French and hall clock repairing
in all its branches at W. A. Hodgdon's,
French building. 28 tf

—Mr. Oscar Simmons is spending his
vacation with Mr. Frank Phelps, at his stock
farm at Saugerties, N. Y.

—Mr. F. O. Barber and his son returned
Tuesday from their wheeling trip through
Maine and New Hampshire.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Tillinghast
are to visit Switzerland and Holland during
their European travels.

—Mr. Fred A. Gay and family have left
Beach Bluff and will be at the Muscho-
paupe House, Rutland, until Oct. 1st.

—The National Bank grounds are being
carted away, this week, but so far no gold
has been discovered.

—Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Moore and Miss
May Moore of Hunnewell Hill returned
this week from their European trip.

—Howard A. Sheppard is a member of a
coaching party who are doing the White
Mountains in a coach drawn by six horses.

—Aban Trowbridge & Co. have rented
Mr. Ferris' new house on Hunnewell
avenue to Mr. Chas. Ashcroft of Malden.

—Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing
called for and delivered. All work
guaranteed. Theo. L. Mason, Eliot
Block.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hector E. Lynch of Boyd
street are summering at Gun Rock, Nan-
tasket.

—Cards have been issued announcing the
marriage of Miss Florence Mabel Stiles to
Mr. J. Frederic Ramsdell, Tuesday, Aug.
15th.

—Baggage-master George Morgan, who
has been quite ill with acute rheumatism,
is slowly recovering and is able to walk
with the aid of crutches.

—Mr. E. R. Burbank, who is spending
the month at Bethlehem, was on Mt.
Washington, Monday night, where the
mercury went down to 38 degrees.

—Brains plus new type, plus fresh stock,
plus skilled workmen, plus new ideas,
equals fine up-to-date job printing; the
kind you want, the kind done at the
Graphic office.

—Charles H. B. Breck has bought from
the owner, Nora Hynes, a lot of about 970
square feet, adjoining his other property,
for a consideration of \$800. The land is
on Nonantum street, Brighton.

—The Newton Cycle Club will have a
road race, Sept. 19th, for which several
handsome prizes will be offered. The
race will be over a ten mile course and the
success of last year is expected to be re-
peated.

—A vacancy exists in the school board,
caused by the death of Mrs. Abbie E.
Davis of Ward Three. A special meeting
of the board will be called in a few days
for the purpose of appointing a committee
to report a list of candidates at the Sep-
tember meeting.

—The absence of so many Newton
people does not seem to affect the bicycle
business, and all the dealers report busi-
ness as flourishing. At Seelig's repair shop
on Pearl street, three men are kept
busily at work so great is the amount of
repair work on hand.

—There are letters in the postoffice for
Henry DeWolfe, Charles H. Collins, C. W.
Converse, Peter King, James Madden, A.
Frank Magowan, George Welch, Kitty
Broderick, Carrie Chapman, Katie De-
vaney, Miss S. J. Ewing, Judy Sarade and
Sarah Thompson.

—Frank Adams, employed by A. V. Har-
rington, met with a severe accident on
High street, Waltham, recently, by a
collision with a carriage driven by two
men who were intoxicated. He was
thrown from his wheel and so severely in-
jured that he was unconscious for some
time. He was attended by a physician,
and is now able to walk with a cane.

—There has been a great number of
seekers after houses to rent in Newton,
this week, and one real estate dealer has
been notified out at all times of the day
showing people about. The number of
houses to be let is small, and few of them
are modern, but houses in Newton are in
such demand that renters may think them-
selves fortunate to secure anything, and it
looks as though there would not be a
vacant house left, before many days. The
five cent fare to Boston is a great attrac-
tion.

—The scaffolding has been removed from
the new Associates block, corner of Centre
street and Centre place, and the work on
the interior is being pushed, in order to
have it ready as soon after September 1st
as possible. There are four stores on the
ground floor, of which Fred A. Hubbard
will occupy the corner one, and Mr.
Cutler's school will occupy a large portion
of the second floor, the remainder being
divided into offices. The block is a very
handsome one, though its appearance

would have been improved by the addition
of another story.

—Miss Minnie Coolidge of Charlesbank
road is at Castine, Me.

—Mr. Fred Rogers is enjoying his vaca-
tion at Holderness, N. H.

—The Misses Spear of Walnut Park have
returned from Fryeburg, Me.

—Miss Belle Barnes of Channing street
is a guest at Holderness, N. H.

—Master Horace Brewer of Williams
street is spending his vacation at Auburn,
Me.

—Mr. F. H. Howes and family of Bill-
ings park, leave soon for an outing in
Maine.

—Mr. Arthur Tobey of Boyd street re-
turned today from a vacation trip at Bran-
don, Vt.

—When returning from the beach, call at
Burns, Cole's block, and get an artistic
hair cut.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wheeler of Church
street are being congratulated on the birth
of a child.

—Mr. Arthur Hudson, Jr., returned this
week from Shady Nook Farm, East Wake-
field, N. H.

—Miss Helen H. Bartlett of Church
street returned this week from Bar Har-
bor, Me.

—Miss Esther Stone of Thornton place
is spending her vacation at her home in
Ashburnham.

—Miss Florence Gilbert of Sioux City,
Nebraska, is a guest of Miss Brigham of
Church street.

—Patrolman and Mrs. Richard B. Con-
roy are receiving congratulations on the
birth of a son.

—Mr. A. B. Cobb and family of Centre
street returned Thursday from an outing
at East Gloucester.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mars of Church
street left Monday for a visit in Dar-
mouth, Nova Scotia.

—Mr. S. E. Warren and family returned
this week from Sandwich, N. H., where
they have been for the summer.

—Mrs. Howard, formerly of South
Framingham, is occupying the house at the
corner of Baldwin and Vernon streets.

—Mr. Harry Mason left Monday for a
trip through Canada. He will return home
by way of the Great Lakes and the Hudson.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Christie of Cot-
ton street will observe the 25th anniversary
of their marriage with a reception this
evening.

—Miss Dana will be at 48 Centre street
after Sept. 8, to receive applications for her
school for young children, which will re-
open Oct. 5. 37 3c

—Good work draws good trade. This is
why Frank T. Feled is going to increase the
number of barbers; 4 first-class workmen
at 66 Elmwood street, Eliot block.

—Mrs. P. Y. Hoseason and daughter and
Miss Carrie Hutchinson of Carleton street
left yesterday morning for Lyndon, Vt.,
where they will spend two weeks.

—Mr. Justin Whittier has leased the
house on Washington street, Hunnewell
Hill, formerly occupied by Mr. Wentworth,
and expects to occupy it next month.

—Mrs. Walter Hunnewell Stearns will
give a recital at the Atlantic House, Nan-
tasket, this evening. The affair is under
the patronage of Newton residents of
Jerusalem Road.

—Mr. E. N. Brewer and family of Wil-
liams street left Wednesday for Auburn,
Me., where Mrs. Brewer will attend the
funeral of her mother. They will stay at
Auburn for a while.

—The first Sunday meeting of the Y. M.
C. A., since the rooms were closed for the
summer, will be held next Sunday. It will
be led by Mr. W. D. Rich. Music will be
furnished by J. D. Williams, cornetist,
and Miss Cummings, pianist.

—A horse attached to a light delivery
wagon, the property of the Newton Cash
market, ran away on Washington street,
Tuesday morning. It started at Waverly
avenue and was captured in the square be-
fore any damage was done.

—A pile of derailed gravel cars near
Allston delayed all local trains on the Bos-
ton and Albany line Thursday afternoon.
The accommodation which leaves Boston
at 4.15 was 30 minutes late, being com-
pelled to return to Boston, after reaching
Allston, and continue over the outward
bound express tracks.

—Music in Grace church Sunday night:
Professional, "All hail the power of Jesus
Magdalen."
Nun Dimittis.
Offering to 4.
Recessional, "O mother dear Jerusalem."
Seats free.

—The residence of Col. and Mrs. Willard
D. Tripp on Boyd street was the scene of
a very pretty home wedding Wednesday
evening, the occasion being the marriage
of their daughter, Miss Marion Beatrice
to Mr. Harry Dexter Allen. The ceremony
was performed at 8 o'clock by the Rev. S.
L. B. Spear and a reception followed from
4 until 10 o'clock. Mr. Albion C. Brown
of Boston acted as best man. The bride
was handsomely gowned in tulle and lace,
ep train, trimmed with point dulle lace.
She wore the customary tulle veil,
and the bridesmaid, Miss Mary E. Allen,
wore a white gown with a lace train. The
veil was caught up with lilies of the valley,
and she carried a bunch of the same
flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Allen received the
congratulations of friends, standing in a
lower parlour and terms over which was
hung a beautiful floral bow and arrow.
Many handsome gifts were received which
completely filled one room.

Autumn in the Green Mountains.

Two of the most enjoyable months of the
year in Vermont are September and
October. In June the hills and valleys are
rich in the deep, yet brilliant, tinge of
their verdure and every feature of the
landscape is indicative of a fullness of life
that is intoxicating to the senses. In the
more ardent summer months visitors are
attracted by the cooling lake breezes, the
refreshing shades and the opportunities
for indulging in health-giving sports; but
it remains for the Vermont autumn to fur-
nish a fitting climax to the season's attrac-
tions.

With the last days of September the
foliage on the green hills begins to put on
its more pronounced and attractive tints
and soon one can look in no direction with-
out seeing the most beautiful leaf-pictures
in crimson and emerald, gold and brown of
varied hues. To scenes which charm and
captivate the eye is added an atmosphere
that is in itself a tonic and it is little
wonder that many of the summer visitors
to Vermont remain during the month of
September and some until far into October.
This year the Central Vermont railroad
makes its special reduced rate tickets good
going to Vermont until September 30 and
good returning until November 1, as an in-
ducement to autumn tourists who may
desire to see the Green Mountains in all
their autumn glories, one of the grandest
panoramas upon which the human eye can
rest.

SOME COLONIAL RELICS.

THE SITE OF THE OLD RED TAVERN DIS-
COVERED—THE OLD STAGE COACHES OF
OTHER DAYS.

In digging for the cellar of the new bank
building, the workmen have uncovered a
relic of old colonial days, in a portion of
the wall, and the foundation of the brick
oven, of the old red tavern that stood on
that spot. The tavern itself was moved
away some fifty years ago, to make room
for the bank, and was occupied by Mr.
Aiken, but in the widening of the street it
has again been removed. Mr. B. F. Bacon,
cashier of the bank, says he can remember
the old tavern well and scenes connected
with it, as it was his home when a boy, his
father being the landlord. The Upper
falls stage used to draw up before the
tavern at 9 o'clock every morning, to get
the mail for Boston, the postoffice being
just across the street. That was before
the days of the railroad, and passengers by
the stage were not very numerous. The Hol-
liston & Mendon, sometimes called the
Uxbridge stage, also passed through New-
ton twice a week, and the people of those
days thought they had all the rapid transit
facilities any town could ask. Mr. Bacon
says he can remember the old militia
sallehuts, with the tavern, on their
annual field day, which was a great event,
the militia appearing in hats and boots
dressed with red paint, and after the
march, paying a visit to the tavern bar, as
there were no prohibitionists in those
days, and the "grog" was not doctored like
the modern poison.

The Worcester coach went through
Watertown, the Worcester stage route
being on that side of the river.

Mr. Bacon says he can remember per-
fectly the first train that went over the
railroad, one afternoon, when a horse and
coach was struck at what is now the Wash-
ington street crossing, and the great excite-
ment caused by the accident. Some years
after the Uxbridge stage was struck at the
same crossing by the "Long Island Ex-
press," one of the wheel horses killed,
and the stage overturned into Lemon
brook. No one was hurt, but the affair
caused a great protest against such a
dangerous message to travel.

What the good people would have thought
if they had been told that a hundred or
more trains would pass over that same
crossing every day is a problem, but they
probably would not have believed it, as
most people thought the building of the
railroad a reckless waste of money, and
riding on its cars a needless tempting of
Providence.

Some of the bricks out of the old wall
have been preserved as a curiosity, as they
were imported from England, like all bricks
used at that time, and were coarser and
more irregular than our modern bricks, though
of much the same shape otherwise.

The old well which supplied the tavern
with water for domestic purposes, and the
thirty horses of travellers, has also been
uncovered, but it is to be feared that its
water was not popular for drinking pur-
poses, unless as a "chaser," as the men of
those days took their straight.

The present bank building, which suc-
ceeded the old tavern, has stood on the
site for 48 years this October, but prob-
ably before that month comes it will be
moved to the other side of Cole's block.

The Boston & Albany.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:—

The large patronage received by the new
electric cars, is ample evidence of the dis-
satisfaction of our citizens with the accom-
modations provided by the steam railroad.

For some time it has been a common and
frequent remark, by our residents, that the
most uncomfortable part of their use of the
steam cars, has been the few minutes oc-
cupation of the cars during the time the
train is in the Boston station; the cars
are frequently stood many hours,
sometimes all day, exposed to the hot sun in
the "yard."

The station itself is poorly lighted and
ventilated and after a hot day's travel, the
passengers in using the steam cars under
above conditions, are subjected to an in-
fliction of heat, which is a very serious
matter. The B. & A. should brace up, to
show their passengers, that they propose
to treat them as human beings, otherwise
the electric, will have a soft thing, by
reason of their negligence. The signs at
the station are in need of a fresh coat
of white paint to render them of any
use, to those wishing to take a train.

A few days ago, the writer arrived at the
Newton station to take an early train,
and while waiting on the platform, while
waiting on the platform for the train, ex-
posed to a heavy summer rain, it appeared
strange to him that no attempt had been
made to utilize the old church as a tempo-
rary shelter. It is understood, that the
least one winter will pass before we have
regular station privileges and accommoda-
tions and the prospect of having to wait
at an exposed platform exposed to a cold
winter's storm, is not conducive to tran-
quility of mind or comfort of body.

It is well known the job of changing
tracks is a big and slow one to complete,
but it is desirable that it be performed
with as little discomfort to passengers as
it is possible to do.

NEWTON REAL ESTATE.

During the summer real estate in New-
ton has been rather quiet, and the brokers
had little to do but enjoy their vacations.
But the approach of another busy season
and cooler weather has caused a lively de-
mand for houses in Newton, and people
desiring a permanent home are beginning
to look over the desirable building land in
the Newtons.

The past week the local brokers have
been busy showing their visitors about,
and the beautiful locations along the boule-
vard have been the centre of interest.

Bowker & Wills have made the first im-
portant sale since the season opened, and
have sold for J. F. O. Wilkins of Boston a
lot of about 14,000 square feet of land on
Beacon street, Newton Centre, next to the
estate of Dr. Sylvester. The purchaser,
Moses W. Merrill of Newton Centre, will
shortly commence building.

This is one of the most valuable lots in
the centre of the village, and has been held
at 30 cents per foot. The price paid was
very near that figure.

Windsor Hall School.

Dr. Charles H. Clark has purchased Mr.
Strong's handsome residence on Windsor
road, Waban, and has fitted it up for a
preparatory school for girls. It will be
opened Sept. 23rd, and girls will be thor-
oughly prepared for Radcliffe, Wellesley,
and other colleges, while generous pro-
vision is made for pupils who do not in-
tend to take a college course. Boarding
pupils will be received as members of the
principal's family, and day pupils will find
the school easily accessible by trains on
the circuit.

Waban is delightfully situated for such
schools, and Dr. Clark will have the best
wishes of Newton people, as such schools
are a great addition to the city.

LAST NIGHTS FIRE.

CHESTER GUILD'S HOUSE ON SARGENT
STREET BADLY DAMAGED.

Shortly before 10 o'clock last evening an
alarm was rung in from box 82 for a fire in
the handsome residence of Chester Guild
on Sargent street.

The fire was discovered by a lady who
lives near by and who was returning home
at the time. She notified some neighbors
and immediately an alarm was sounded.

When the department arrived flames were
bursting through the roof and from all ap-
pearances the house was doomed. Ladders
were put in position and the aerial was for
the second time brought into use.

Never before did it render such efficient
service. It seemed hardly a minute before
ten men had ascended by means of it and
were making a fierce fight to subdue the
flames.

In the meantime the back door had been
forced open and up the back stairway a
line was run to the second floor where the
fire started. Working with such rapidity
as this, Chief Randlett and his men man-
aged to confine the blaze to the upper
stories and within a short time they had
the fire under control.

Upon the arrival of the patrol wagon
Sergeant Clay dispatched four men to cover
all the furniture, bric-a-brac, etc., with the
large canvas blankets that are carried on
the wagon. The police worked actively
and through their efforts much valuable
property was saved. That their work was
appreciated is shown by the card of thanks
received from Chief Randlett.

Mayor Cobb was present and personally
aided in directing the work of managing
the fire.

The apparatus made excellent time in
reaching the fire notwithstanding the long
uphill pull. Fortunately two engines re-
sponded to this box which made a second
alarm unnecessary.

The cause of the fire is a mystery al-
though an investigation was made at the
house this morning by the Mayor, Chief
Randlett and City Marshal Richardson. A
fuller investigation will be made in a few
days. The fire originated in the linen
closet, or directly in front of it, on the
second floor. It was thought at first that
the fire was of incendiary origin as a
ladder was found leading to a second story
window at the rear of the house. The
window was found to be locked and there
were no other indications that the fire had
been set. The family are away for the
summer and the house is in the hands of
the carpenters and painters who seem to
have perfect control of the house. It is
thought possible that a spark from the pipe
of some workman about the house had
ignited a pile of waste and that the blaze
had been smouldering until it was dis-
covered.

A GOOD SNAKE STORY.

FIGHTING AN ARMY OF SERPENTS
WITH BUCKETS OF LYE.

Driven From the Woods by Fire, the Reptiles Attempted to Capture a House and a Pigeon—How Two Black Snakes Rocked the Same Cradle.

New Jersey is not a part of Ireland. This can be proved, for tradition says that St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of the Emerald Isle, but poor "Spain" seems to be blessed with the snakes and cursed by having no patron saint. "The woods are full of them." This expression originated in New Jersey, and is the facetious way the inhabitants have of referring to the creeping vermin that make the undergrowth in the pine woods their habitat.

The forest fires that swept over the woody portions in this vicinity had the effect of driving the suffering snakes from their leafy homes and bringing them out into the open. Fortunately for our residents, these are for the most part the harmless black or pine variety, not being supplied with any poison fangs. Still a snake is a snake, and people hate them as an incarnation of the old serpent of the garden of Eden.

On the outskirts of this place John Sams lives with his wife and baby, a little boy of about 9, and a couple of Jersey dogs, and tills a ten acre scrub lot. He is a quiet, unassuming man, much given to minding his own business, doing the best he can with the little farm and occasionally walking over to the store for his household goods. One day it struck him that, being out of tobacco and a few other necessities, he could spend an hour or two more properly in going across. So, cautioning his wife to watch out for the fires that were burning to the west and southwest, and telling her that he would be back in an hour or two, he started.

Mrs. Sams put the baby in the cradle and started to attend to some light domestic duties, little Johnny playing around. "Johnny, run down to the store and bring me up a little wood, will you?" his mother said, cautioning him to hurry up and not stop to play. Ten minutes went by and Johnny not returning Mrs. Sams, with a look at the baby, went to hunt him. As she stepped out of the house she almost trod on a snake, but she grabbed a poker, and after dispatching the varmint she started for the wood shed. Then came a loud yell of "Mother, mother, come quick, the pigeon is full of snakes!" and a terrible squealing in the vicinity of the barn told the rest. Mrs. Sams started for the pen to see the child looking over the fence, and, as she said afterward, watching the antics of about 300 black snakes.

They had been driven out of the woods by the fire, and Sams' place was the first they arrived at. The pen seemed literally alive with them, and the pigs were screaming and dancing around, springing up into the air and jumping on the writhing mass with their sharp pointed feet. The snakes were large, however, and the pigs, while doing their best, were unable to overcome them. Bidding little Johnny come with her, Mrs. Sams started back to the house. She had been making some soap, and the kettle of hot lye still stood on the ground. She seized a bucket and poured out a quantity of the lye, and gave Johnny a smaller pail, and quickly hurried to the pen and commenced to throw it in among the writhing snakes and squealing porkers. So well did she perform her work that the snakes not killed were soon obliged to wriggle hissing away. Almost worn out, Mrs. Sams then started back to the house.

The lively Johnny was on ahead, delighted with the skirmish and evidently wishing for more. As he reached the dwelling in advance of the mother she heard him call, "Gee whizz, mom, here's more in the kitchen." The scene in the house was like the one at the pigeon, although the snakes seemed to feel that they were more at home there than farther away, for they hissed threateningly when Mrs. Sams and Johnny tried to go in. This time, after throwing a few more buckets of the hot lye around, she started in with a hay rake to gather them up and out, but there were many live ones there that twined themselves about her and Johnny until they were badly bruised. In the middle of this Sams fortunately came back, and taking a hand soon succeeded in pulling the snakes away from his wife and boy. "Where's the baby?" he asked. With a shriek the mother started for the other room, having forgotten in the excitement all about it.

There was the baby, sitting up in the cradle, looking fondly at a little black snake that was crawling over the covers of the crib. At the foot of the cradle were two tremendous fellows, reared upon their tails, who, Sams says, were trying to rock the cradle. "I tell you," he said, "it would have been damn funny if it had not been so dangerous. I could a' stood there and watched them for an hour, but I was afraid they might crawl in the cradle and crush the kid. You see, they were big, and the cradle was an old one, with knobs at the four corners, and the snakes were twisted around the knobs and had their tails on the floor, and first one would push and then the other, and I tell you it was a pretty thing to see. I think the little snake belonged to them, and they seemed awfully tickled to have it gettin a ride, and as for the kid, well, she was just as cute with it, a-buggin it up and a-buggin and crawling. I tell you, I hated to touch 'em. However, I snatched it up and gave it a fling that killed it. And, do you know, those other two fellows started in on me. I'm pretty strong, so it didn't take long to do 'em up. Big? Well, yes, one was 9 feet and the other 7. Big? Yes, sir, biggest ones of the lot."

I asked Sams how many were killed altogether by himself and wife, and he said they raked 32 out of the kitchen, 3 in the other room, 1 outside and found about 80 dead ones in the pigeon. "The funny part of it," he said, "was that the lye took every hair off the pigs, and I told him that if it had only been killin time we would a' had no need of scaldin 'em."—Egg Harbor (N. J.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Men Who Walked on All Fours.

In the kingdom of Poland there was formerly a law according to which any person found guilty of slander was compelled to walk on all fours through the streets of the town where he lived, accompanied by the beadle, as a sign that he was disgraced and unworthy of the name of man.

At the next public festival the delinquent was forced to appear crawling upon hands and knees underneath the banquet table and barking like a dog.

Every guest was at liberty to give him as many kicks as he chose, and he who had been slandered must toward the end of the banquet throw a picked bone at the culprit, who, picking it up with his mouth, would leave the room on all fours.

The Gold Reserve.

To the Editor of the Graphic:—

We are informed that the gold reserve has again fallen nearly to the hundred million figure, which is called the danger line, and the banks and gold syndicates who have agreed to maintain the reserve until "after the election" will evidently have to put up again.

I am a sound money man, but I look in vain in the sound money papers, or in the speeches of the sound money orators, for any plans for a remedy for this vicious condition of our national currency.

They are so much taken up with repelling the assaults of the free silver men that they seem to have no time to propose any needed reform in our currency system.

The syndicate have agreed to keep up the gold reserve until after election, but does any one doubt that there will have to be another bond sale immediately after the election, no matter who gets in? Indeed, it looks as if bond sales would have to be resorted to indefinitely, until some change is made in the system.

The gold syndicates of course favor these bond sales, as they make money out of them, and they will never favor a remedy. They can organize raids on the treasury, reduce the gold below the limit, and then step in and make several millions out of the bonds, just as they have done in the past.

Our sound money men point to England as the country to be imitated on currency matters, but they do not have bond sales to maintain the gold reserve, and their national treasury is not at the mercy of gold speculators.

Senator Sherman, our great financier, is very eloquent in replying to the assaults of the free silver men, but if he has proposed any remedy, I have not seen it. Other Republican leaders have also nothing to say on this question, and their ideas on the financial question seem to be exhausted.

Even the great McKinley himself seems to have no idea except that the currency must be kept on a gold basis. But he has until so very recently studied nothing but the tariff, that he may be excused.

The free silver men are the only ones who propose any sort of a remedy, and absurd as it may be, would it prove any more expensive to the country than this attempt to keep gold in a leaky treasury?

The silver men claim that the whole sound money campaign is managed by the gold syndicates, both here and in Europe, whose interest it is to maintain the present condition of things. And, judging from the total lack of any agitation of a remedy for the present condition of things, this claim is not so very unreasonable.

Our currency system is a direct inheritance from Republican rule, and perhaps that is the reason Republicans feel obliged to uphold it, but as President Harrison says, every one can get gold out of the treasury, and no one is obliged to pay it in, and consequently the gold reserve is always a menace to our prosperity.

If the sound money men would cease calling names, and present some sensible measures of reform, they would do more to offset the arguments of the free silver crowd.

NEWTON, Aug. 17, 1896.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Work on the Boston & Albany.

Each day sees the beginning of some new portion of work on the big ditch of the Boston & Albany.

This week was begun the work of excavating for the abutments of the Richardson street bridge. A large trench is being dug on the north side of the track and work on the south side trench will be begun shortly. The ground is in such a condition that work can be rapidly pushed without the blasting of any ledge or stone.

The bridge is to be of the same pattern as the partially completed bridge at Rowe street, Auburndale, and will extend from Richardson street over the tracks to Washington street. As soon as it is completed the Centre and Washington street crossings will be closed. This may prove somewhat inconvenient but is about the only thing that can be done under the circumstances.

It has not been officially decided whether a temporary depot will be erected near the Armory hall or not. The chances are that something of the kind will be done, for when the winter supply of coal arrived at the Newton station this week orders were given not to unload the cars. This is more encouraging than rumors that are often heard and many are confident that some sort of a shelter will be erected before the snow flies.

My little boy, when two years of age, was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and luckily procured part of a bottle. I carefully read the directions and gave it accordingly. He was very low, but slowly and surely he began to improve, gradually recovered, and is now stout and strong as ever. I feel sure it saved his life. I never can praise the Remedy half its worth. I am sorry every one in the world does not know how good it is, as I do. Mrs. Lina S. Hinton, Grahamsville, Marion Co., Florida. For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

What He Said He Said.

Mr. Billus had broken three or four matches in trying to light his cigar, and he made a hasty exclamation.

"What did you say, John?" inquired Mrs. Billus.

"I said 'Diamond match,' " replied John. "I thought you were swearing," rejoined the lady, eying him with a suspicion that was not wholly silenced.—Chicago Tribune.

Sent it to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Eschensen, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co., at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by A. Hudson, Newton; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

Do not wear impermeable and tight-fitting hats that constrict the blood-vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will find it a help.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

AN OLD FAVORITE WITH NEW FEATURES.

The publishers of the old standard eclectic weekly, *Littell's Living Age*, founded by E. Littell in 1844, are about to introduce several new and valuable features in their magazine. The most important of these is a Monthly Supplement, given without additional cost to the subscribers, which will contain readings from American Magazines, Readings from New Books, and also a list of Books of the Month. It is also proposed to extend their field by giving occasional translations of noteworthy articles from the French, German, Spanish and Italian reviews and magazines. A year's subscription to *The Living Age*, will then include more than thirty-five hundred pages, filled with the best things in current periodical and general literature, and making four large volumes, for only six dollars. To new subscribers remitting before Nov. 1st (in which month the first of the new features will be introduced) will be sent gratis the intervening weekly issues from date of payment. Address, *The Living Age Co.*, 131-2 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

THE ATLANTIC.

The "Atlantic" Monthly for September will contain an important article bearing on the political campaign—one on "The Election of the President" by the historian, John B. McMaster, and the other a very striking paper on "The Problem of the West" by Professor Frederick J. Turner, of Wisconsin. He traces the apparent Eastern and Western sectionalism and maintains that the true Americanism is the man of the Middle West. The economic reasons for a divergence of opinion, on the currency question for instance, are so clearly indicated that the article is particularly illuminating as a study of opinion as shown in the present campaign. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has written a new novel "Marm Lisa," which will be begun in the September number, and finished in three instalments. Charles Dudley Warner, in "The Story of Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Booker T. Washington, the colored educator, describes "The Awakening of the Negro."

Think It Over.

Have you ever heard of a medicine with such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla? Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, has proved, over and over again, that it has power to cure, even after all other remedies fail? If you have impure blood you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do you good.

A Chicago Novelle.

[From the Chicago Dispatch.]

CHAPTER I.

At 10 o'clock in the morning the cashier of the wholesale leather house of McMurtry & Co. was seized with cramps. It was the first symptom of those distressing collapses, which followed so swiftly, and which made the terrible heat of the past 48 hours such a deadly thing.

At noon the bookkeeper gasped and succumbed.

CHAPTER II.

At 1:30 o'clock the stenographer announced that he must go and put ice on his head, or his dissolution would follow.

He was given permission to save his own life. A rag could not have been limper.

At 2 o'clock the three salesmen suddenly succumbed together. They attributed it to some soda water of which they had incautiously partaken.

Mr. James McMurtry was now left alone, save for the presence of one small office boy.

Presently he arose and put on his hat, with a determined air.

"Tommy," he said, "I guess you and I would better go to the ball game, too."

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed when the languid, exhausted feeling prevails, when the system is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, indigestion, constipation, dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. N. G. Kilburn's Register, Boston, and Bernard Billings, Newton Upper Falls.

Boston & Albany Finances.

The annual report of the Boston & Albany railroad for the fiscal year ending June 30 last is on the whole a very encouraging document. Notwithstanding the business depression more freight and passengers were transported than during the previous year, the number of passengers carried being 12,788,327, against 12,151,670 the year before, and the tons of freight numbering 4,122,412, against 3,994,340. Gross receipts were \$2,809,329, against \$2,439,866 in 1895. Expenditures were increased, however, \$32,504 to \$6,911,865 and this left a reduced net income which sufficed, however, to meet all charges and the surplus per cent dividend and leave over a small surplus, \$22,786. Chief among the extraordinary expenditures of the year was the item of \$389,237 for separating the grade crossings in Watik, and the one of \$235,399 for depressing the tracks at Newton. Altogether \$886,624 was expended by the road during the year to eliminate grade crossings.

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Full size 50c.

ELY BROTHERS, New York City.
Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement. "It is a positive cure for Catarrh as used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

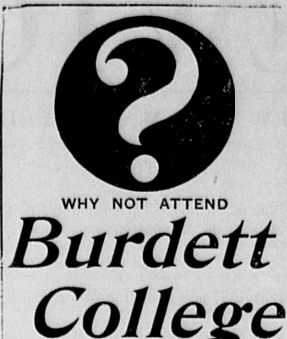
Where do they Get the Fruit?

To the Editor of the Graphic:—

There are at this season a number of boys moving through the streets of our city equipped with sacks, which generally are filled with fruit; meeting several of them one morning, an inquiry as to where they obtained the fruit was answered by, "a man gave it to us."

It is manifestly impossible to verify such statements by any means except to require the boys to return with the inquirer to point out the individual from whom the gift was obtained, but the writer was pleased to observe that one of our police was willing to take a walk on a hot morning to obtain such information. It is desirable to prevent petty thieving, but it is a large job to handle the numerous boys who can and will indulge in such an infraction of our laws.

Mr. Nataniel Mortenson, a well-known citizen of Ishpeming, Mich., and editor Superior Posten, who, for a long time, suffered from the most excruciating pains of rheumatism, was cured, eight years ago, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, having never felt a twinge of it since.



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Family Orders a Specialty.

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J. F. Payne's Drug Store, Newtonville.

Pure Milk

SUPPLIED DAILY FROM
Prospect Valley Farm

One cow's milk supplied when desired.

H. Coldwell & Son,

WALTHAM, MASS.

A "JUNK SHOP,"
A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" and
A "HUNCHBACK,"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc. A "blacksmith" is a bungle-some printer. "Two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink. "Rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper. A "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

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in our job printing equipment, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A \$5 BILL WILL

get 1000 note-heads and 1000 envelopes PROPERLY and APPROPRIATELY PRINTED.

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Leave Newtonville 9:30 A. M., Boston 2:30 P. M.

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You can always find one of Holmes' Expressmen at their stand, NEWTON BAGGAGE ROOM, from 6:30 A. M. to 8:30 P. M., where a call may be left, or leave orders at G. F. Atkins', Grocer, or by telephone call to Hubbard & Procter, Apothecaries.

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Leave Newton 7:30 and 9:30 a.m. Leave Boston 12 m. and 3 p.m. Newton Office: 334 Centre St. Order Box: Newton City Market.

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ARTHUR HUDSON,
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NEWTON, - MASS.

Try the Marie Tempest Cigar.

DON'T LET THE WORLD KNOW YOU'RE DOWN.

The world is wide—remember this.
Don't shrink from fate's deep furrowed frown.
Woe fortune with your brightest smiles;
Don't let the world know when you're down.

It spoils your chance for future deeds
To frame your face with dull care's crown.
Brace up, and higher hold your head;
Don't let the world know when you're down.

The world will bow in servile zest
To one who wears it with a frown.
Toss up your head and flash your eye
Don't let the world know when you're down.

If scandal's lip would seek to stain
The name you hold as honor's crown,
By your own life refute the lie;
Don't let the world know when you're down.

If bare your purse, your heart most sad,
Your life near crushed by sorrow's crown,
Then mask them well with just and song;
Don't let the world know when you're down.

THE ASSES' SPRING.

In a green little glen enclosed by steep rocks there bubbles up a cool, bountiful spring called the Asses' spring. Over it is a protecting roof, on which swings a tin weather vane made in the shape of an ass. Every summer morning pale city maidens gather round this spring, under the supervision of anxious mothers and careful aunts, to drink the cool water from dainty little glasses. The men, too, visit it, not invalids only, but stalwart young fellows, with dark skins and fierce moustaches. The white haired old soldier who has come and gone with the swallows for the last 80 years; the sentimental, enigmatical dandy, with long straw colored locks; the mysterious widower in deep mourning; the jack of all trades, very much in demand on rainy days because of his skill in performing clever tricks, such as causing money to vanish or guessing any card that may be selected from the pack, all these persons are to be found at the spring, so there is nothing wanting to make it a genuine so called summer resort. Wait—we had almost forgotten the most important person—the landlady of the Golden Goose. She reigns supreme, is a good cook, and treats rich and poor with the same good humored roughness.

There has been a great deal of discussion about the origin of the name of this spring. Some say that the stamping of a thirsty ass in search of water caused it to gush forth. Others declare that it got its name from the fact that its waters are as beneficial to invalids as asses' milk is. But both theories are wrong, as any one who reads this story to the end will plainly see. Many, many years ago, when the largest tree in the forest was only a tiny germ hidden away in some brown acorn, nothing was known of the wonderful healing powers of this spring. The visitors who gathered round it were the wild animals of the forest, or the cattle that grazed in the meadows, or shepherds and woodcutters, huntmen and charcoal burners. The men praised the cool, clear water, and so did the animals in their own language.

One day two animals were standing by the spring, one on one side and one on the other. He was an ass, she was a goose, both in the first bloom of youth. They exchanged a silent greeting and quenched their thirst. Then the ass approached the goose and shyly asked, "Mademoiselle, may I go with you?"

She nodded and would have blushed if she could have done so. Then they walked on side by side through the meadow, talking of the weather. They had gone some distance when the ass stopped and inquired, "In what direction do you wish to go, mademoiselle?"

The goose looked mournfully at her companion and murmured: "Ah, if I only knew! I am the most unhappy creature in the world." The ass questioned her further and begged her to tell him her troubles.

"My name is Alheid," she said, "and I come of a distinguished family. One ancestor was one of those holy geese who saved the capital. You know the story, don't you, sir?"

"Yes," the ass answered hesitatingly. To tell the truth, he had never heard it, but he did not like to hurt his friend's feelings.

"Another of my ancestors was a warm friend of the holy Martin," she continued. "According to the legend, she is said to have given her life for him. I will not dwell upon my ancestors, however, but speak of myself. I, with 11 brothers and sisters, first saw the light in a farmyard, where my mother lived in a position befitting her rank. I was her favorite child, for in our family the youngest is always the most talented."

"Just as it is with us," the ass remarked.

"I spent my happy childhood in playing in the village pond or in the ponds of the castle garden in company with the young swans, from whom I learned that grace of motion that has been so much admired. I had lost the first yellow dew of youth and had blossomed into a fair young maiden when one day an old man appeared in the farmyard. He had a hooked nose, his forehead was ornamented on either side with two shiny black curls, and he had a pack slung over his shoulder. The peasants' wives and the servants crowded round him, gazing with delight at the gay ribbons and kerchief displayed to view. To make a long story short, I was caught, my wings and feet were tied together, and I was given to the stranger in exchange for a blue handkerchief with red roses. Sad days followed. I was imprisoned in a narrow coop and stuffed with barley to fatten me. I saw with horror that I was growing fatter each day, and not even the grief that I felt at my unhappy position could prevent it."

Here the ass glanced at his companion's figure and vowed that he had never beheld so graceful a goose. Alheid gave him a grateful look and continued:

"Last night—I shudder yet when I recall it—I heard a cry of terror, which seemingly came from the throat of one of my companions in misfortune. I saw a pair of eyes glowing in the darkness and heard the death rattle—a fox was about to break into the henhouse. With the strength born of despair, I forced myself through the bars of my prison and was free. I flew to this valley, where I must try to support life as a wild goose until winter comes, when perhaps I may find some modest position as a snow goose."

Alheid sighed deeply as she finished her story.

"My fate is very much like yours, Mlle. Alheid," said the ass. "Do you see the black cross that ornaments my shoulder? That tells you the whole story. I am of the race of palm asses, and my name is Boldewin. I can trace my ancestors back to the time of Noah's ark. Balaam's ass and the ass with whose jawbone Samson slew 2,000 Philistines were my forefathers. I will merely mention that ass, the philosopher, who starved to death between two bundles of hay, who was also of my race, and I will not dwell on the merits of an-

other ambitious ancestor who founded the race of mules. My parents belonged to a monastery and carried the pious monastic when they rode forth to seek alms. My elder brothers and sisters served in the same way. But the fathers sold me to the cloister miller, and I, an ass with the black cross on my shoulder, saw myself forced by rude men to carry common meal sacks! I bore this in silent submission for some time. But last night I was driven to desperation by the harsh treatment of a miller's boy, and I burst my bonds and escaped to this peaceful valley, where I found you, sweet Alheid, by the cool waters of the spring. Here I shall remain for the present and as a wild ass lead a calm and contemplative life."

So the ass and the goose remained in the valley. They saw each other every day, and each soon discovered that life would be unendurable without the other. They were happy and yet sad; happy because they loved and knew that their love was returned; sad because they realized that they could never belong to each other.

"Ah, why was I born a goose!" mourned Alheid.

"Oh, if I were only a bird!" the ass sighed, and he knew very well what kind of a bird he wanted to be.

Weeks passed. The ass became visibly thinner, although there was no lack of nourishing food in the valley meadow, and the goose lost the bright red of her bill, and her eyes had a pathetic expression.

Now there was an old owl living in a hollow stone in the forest. She was the wisest woman far and wide, and the animals often went to her for advice. The ass confided his trouble to her, and when she had heard his story she said: "I cannot help you, but wait until midsummer day. Then the wise wishing fairy comes to bathe in the spring. Tell her your trouble. Perhaps she can grant your wish, for she is a mighty magician."

The ass returned with a lighter heart. One midsummer eve, when Alheid the goose had gone to the thicket where she slept, he concealed himself near the spring to wait for the fairy. He did not have to wait long. She came flying down in a mantle of swan feathers, which she threw aside on reaching the spring. Then she bathed her white limbs in the cool water. The ass waited with the patience of his race until she emerged from her bath. When she had seated herself on a stone and begun to comb her hair, Boldewin drew near, patted the ground three times with his forefoot in greeting and besought her to change him into a gander.

The fairy shook her head doubtfully. "That is a singular wish," she commented, "but I can grant it, and I will." Then she whispered to the eagerly listening ass: "When the sun rises tomorrow morning, you must pick seven daisies and eat them in silence, then dip your head in the spring, and you will be changed into a fine young gander. Now, go your way and leave me to myself."

The ass thanked her most gratefully and took his departure. He did not close his eyes all night, and as soon as the mountain peaks caught the first pink flush of the rising sun he was up and away to seek the daisies. When he found them, he hurried to the spring, dipped his head into the water, and on drawing it out he saw to his surprise the form of a stately gander with an arching neck reflected in the mirrorlike spring. He flew to the thicket where the goose had her dwelling. "Alheid, my dearest Alheid!" he cried. "Where art thou?"

"Here, my beloved," came the reply, and a dainty little ass danced out of the thicket.

Dumb with amazement, the two horror-stricken lovers gazed at each other. "Oh, when I was!" groaned the gander.

"Oh, goose that I was!" moaned the little ass.

The hot tears rushed to their eyes, and the weeping Alheid told how she had followed the wise owl's advice and gone to the wishing fairy, who had granted her prayer and turned her into an ass. Then the gander, in words broken by sobs, told of his adventure. I am sure the midsummer day had never shone on two more despairing creatures than our two lovers.

But time lessens all grief. Their wild despair gave way at last to silent endurance. A hope still remained to them. Perhaps the wishing fairy, on her next visit to the spring, could be induced to restore one of them to his former shape. But a whole year must pass before that could happen. Till then—patience.

The winter, which brought suffering and peril to the two anchors, finally passed, and the warm spring smiled on the land. The sun climbed higher and higher, and at last midsummer came. This time the lovers went together to the wishing fairy and told her their troubles.

"That is very unfortunate," she said when she heard the story. "I cannot change you back, gladly as I would do you the service. But I will tell you what I can do. How would you like to become human beings? To make a man out of an ass and a woman out of a goose would not be at all difficult. I could do that. Does it suit you?"

"Yes!" cried Boldewin and Alheid with one voice.

The fairy muttered a few mysterious words, then commanded the lovers to dip their heads into the spring. They obeyed, and when they raised them again Boldewin was a fine young fellow, with a frank, pleasant face, and opposite him was a charming little woman, with delicate red lips and the tenderest eyes.

They threw themselves at the good fairy's feet and kissed her hand in gratitude. Then their own lips met, and they murmured words of love to each other. The fairy, seeing that she was not wanted here, wrapped herself in her feather mantle and flew away.

The two young people remained in the valley. Boldewin built a house, and there they passed a happy life. Every year a child was born to them, sometimes a boy and sometimes a girl. None of the villagers living around them ever suspected that Boldewin had once been an ass and Alheid a goose, for they were as sensible as their neighbors. They did not spread the story of their transformation abroad, for it might have prejudiced people against them. Only when they realized that their end was near did they confide the secret to their eldest son. He it was who built the inn of the Golden Goose and named the spring the Asses' spring, in memory of his parents. And house and spring are known by those names to this day.

If you wish to learn how the healing power of the water was discovered and how the valley became gradually settled, you can read it all in the book which the landlady of the Golden Goose sells to the summer visitors.

The wishing fairy disappeared long ago, probably because the little valley had become too noisy for her. But nearly every year it still happens that a young couple meet at the spring—a couple who are made for each other, just as were the hero and heroine of our story.—From the German For Short Stories.

SOME PECULIAR PIES.

A Dwarf Was Served Up In One For Charles I.

One of the most curious pies ever prepared was that which the Duke of Buckingham placed before Charles I and his queen when they visited him at Burleigh-on-the-Hill. On that occasion Jeffery Hudson, the dwarf, who was so enraged by a gentleman whom he had challenged to a duel appearing on the field armed with a syringe, was served up in a cold pie.

Pies were always a strong point of mayoral banquets, and the recipe of a city of London pie has been handed down to posterity from the sixteenth century. The recipe runs as follows:

"Take 8 marrow bones, 18 sparrows, a pound potatoes, one-quarter pound eringo, 2 ounce lettuce stalks, 40 chestnuts, one-half pound dates, a peck oysters, one-quarter pound preserved citron, 3 artichokes, 12 eggs, 2 sliced lemons, a handful of pickled cherries, one-quarter ounce whole pepper, one-half ounce sliced nutmeg, one-half ounce whole cinnamon, one-quarter ounce whole clove, one-half ounce mace and one-quarter pound currants. Liqueur, when it is baked, with white wine, butter and sugar."

It looks very much as if the catalogue of ingredients of this wonderful pie had only been concluded through the inventor forgetting any other articles of diet that he could put in.

Rich as the last mentioned pie sounds, it was not so rich as the simple bran pie that an eccentric old gentleman placed before his tenants at the annual luncheon he gave them, for, besides the homely bran, golden coins of the realm were included in the concoction, which made it peculiarly savory.

Late in the last century the Newcastle Chronicle had the following item of news: "Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick last by ship for London for Sir Henry Grey, Bart., a pie, the contents whereof are as follows, viz: Two bushels of flour, 20 pounds of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcock, 6 snipe and 4 partridges, 3 meat tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds and 6 pigeons; it was near 9 feet in circumference at bottom, weighed about 12 stone, will take 2 men to carry it to table; it is neatly fitted with a case and 4 small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table."—London Tit-Bits.

SCENERY OF GUIANA.

It Is More Enchanting Than the Imagination Can Picture.

Whatever discomforts the traveler may have to undergo in journeying through Guiana, he is compensated for them by the scenery, which is more enchanting than the loftiest flights of the imagination can picture. As soon as you leave the low swamps at the great mouth of the Orinoco the land rises gradually toward the Imataca range, the peaks of which are clearly outlined against the clear tropic sky. Still farther into the interior, following the windings of the Rio Cuyuni, the green banks of which are bright with scarlet passion flowers, you see more mountain peaks and innumerable cascades and waterfalls, tumbling and roaring over rocks that raise their black heads above the surface of the water. On all sides countless parasites intertwine themselves in the most intricate and fantastic fashion around the branches of the lofty trees.

It was my good fortune to reach one of the loftiest of the Imataca peaks just at sunset, the hour that most impresses all travelers. To the south and east, as far as the eye could reach, the scene was one of indescribable beauty and grandeur. Below, the great Cuyuni, unknown to the world for so many generations, but now with a name in history, wound in and out of the valley like a serpent of a thousand colors. The soft rays of the afternoon sun, glimmering through the mist of waters, fell upon the river in showers of rubies, sapphires and diamonds. Soon darkness closed upon the valley, for in the tropics the twilight is as brief as it is entrancing, and on all sides the tiny campfires of the Indians twinkled like myriads of fireflies. Now and then the stillness was broken by the night cry of some wild animal in the distant jungle.—W. Nephew King in Century.

Water as a Medicine.

The human body is constantly undergoing tissue change. Worn-out particles are cast aside and eliminated from the system, while the new are ever being formed from the inception of life to its close.

Water has the power of increasing these tissue changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. Persons but little accustomed to drinking water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease, which, if once firmly seated, requires both time and money to cure.

People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This very materially assists in the process during the night and leaves the tissues fresh and strong, ready for the active work of the day.

Hot water is one of our best remedial agents. A hot bath on going to bed, even in the hot nights of summer, is a better reliever of insomnia than many drugs.

Infused parts will subside under the continual poulticing of hot water.

Very hot water, as we all know, is a prompt checker of bleeding, and, besides, if it is clean, as it should be, it aids in sterilizing our wound.

A delicate stomach will nearly always gratefully receive a glass or more of hot water.—New York Ledger.

A Royal Partner.

The late Shah of Persia was a great spendthrift. Was it an old king of Persia, Syria who had a machine for torturing people into giving him sums of money? At any rate, the Shah had no scruples. When running short, he would go to the bazaar, where, after examining the shops, he would select one, then, turning to the proprietor, say, "Will you take me in as partner today?" The offer was of course accepted, and royalty would take his seat at the shop entrance and say to his courtiers, "Now, I'm a salesman, who'll buy?" The courtiers would not dare to refuse to buy, but would often pay 20 times what a thing was worth. When everything was sold, the Shah would divide with his partner.

Lifeboats of Punice Stone.

Lifeboats are now being made in some quarters out of punice stone. This is a material of great lightness and strength, and a boat made thereof will support a considerable load, even when full of water.



NOWADAYS, when women are trying to do everything it is not strange that many things are overdone. It is not strange that there are all kinds of physical and mental disturbances. If the woman who is a doctor, or a lawyer, or a journalist, or in business would not try to be a society woman too it might be different; but the woman who knows when she has done a day's work has yet to be born. Usually a woman's way is to keep doing until she drops.

Working in this way has manifold evils. As an old colored Auntie used to say: "There's always something the matter. If it isn't one thing it's two." The most common trouble resulting from over-exertion, either mentally or physically, is constipation of the bowels, with all its attendant horrors.

There is no human ailment that so saps the energies, so deadens the ambitions, as that coming from the bowels forgetting their vocation, or the liver only working about eight hours out of the twenty-four.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most effective remedy in the market. They work upon the system easily, naturally. There is no unpleasant nausea after taking them. No griping—no pain—no discomfort. They are composed of materials that go through the system gradually, collecting all impurities and like the good little servants that they are, disposing of them effectually.

Mrs. ROSANNA M. BLISS, of Colosse, Orange County, New York, says: "I had suffered much with dizziness, sometimes faintness from too much mental work. Over exertion physically caused constipation of the bowels. I tried liver pills. They gave temporary relief. Two years ago I began using Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I have, at intervals, used three bottles, and I am now enjoying uninterrupted good health."

Yours truly,
Rosanna M. Bliss.

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The best store in Middlesex County to buy
Babies' Bonnets, Laces, Ribbons, Trimmings, Small Wares, Dress Goods, Groceries, Silks and Linings.
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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Inflammation, Heals the Sore, Protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

IT WILL CURE.
A particle is applied directly into the nostrils and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
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Dry Cleansing and Repairing a Specialty.
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For Buying and Selling Real Estate and placing of Mortgages and Fire Insurance in every part of NEWTON apply to

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Rooms 1, 2, 3, and 4.
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In All Parts of City. -
Mortgages, Insurance, Notary Public.
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Syndicate Lots, not NEAR, but ON, Commonwealth Avenue.
GEO. A. WARD
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178 Devonshire St., Boston. Local Office, Newton Heights. Hours 3.30 to 5.30.

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always to be obtained by those who are in want of
STRICTLY ALL WOOL FABRICS

Suitable for Ladies', Gents', Youths' or Children's wear, by calling on us, where they may be found in all weights and the latest shades and styles. Full line of

WHITE BED BLANKETS.

All sizes and prices. Also
Horse Blankets for Street and Stable Use

All the Remnants and Imperfect Goods Made at the Assabet Mills are sold by us and at the lowest prices. Call and examine them.

The People's Dry Goods Company,

MAYNARD, MASS.
The Salesroom is open until 6 p. m., except Saturdays, closes Saturday at 12 o'clock. Positively open as above until further notice in this paper.

WILL ADD TEN YEARS TO YOUR LIFE

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Apply Rubber Tires of the most approved pattern to carriages, at the following low prices:
3/4 in. tread, set of 4 wheels, \$35.00 Renewed for \$33.00
1 " " " " 40.00 " " 35.00
1 1/4 " " " " 50.00 " " 35.00
1 1/2 " " " " 60.00 " " 40.00
1 3/4 " " " " 75.00 " " 50.00
2 " " " " 85.00 " " 60.00

P. A. MURRAY,
CARRIAGE BUILDER
200 to 210 Washington St., Newton.

Water Bugs and Roaches.

CLEAR THEM OUT WITH OUR EXTERMINATOR
No dust. No trouble to use.
Price, 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. If your druggist or grocer does not keep it, we will mail package on receipt of price.

BARNARD & CO.,
7 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON
FOR SALE BY BARRETT BROS., NEWTON.

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

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ALL communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed.

NOTICES

of all local entertainments, to which admission fee is charged, must be paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line, in the reading matter, or \$1 per inch in advertising columns.

THE CONGRESSIONAL FIGHT.

The contest for the nomination in this district is becoming a very lively one, but so far Senator Sprague seems to have the lead. We should have been glad to have seen Hon. J. R. Leeson a candidate, but he refused to enter upon any contest for the nomination, and in these days no candidate can be nominated without effort.

This narrows the choice down to Senator Sprague, Representative Powers of Hyde Park, Mayor Cobb of Newton, and Senator Niles of Watertown, the names being given in the order of their chances at present.

We should prefer to support a Newton man if there was any chance of his winning, but so many Newton men have already declared in favor of Senator Sprague, that it seems certain that he will secure many of the delegates, and as he has a strong lead in the rest of the district, it hardly seems wise to present a Newton candidate, just at this time. To have been effective, work should have been begun in the early summer, and Newton really loses influence in the district by always going to conventions with divided delegations, and always being defeated.

For these reasons, and because Senator Sprague is a very strong candidate, and well qualified by legislative experience for the position, we think Newton men can do no better than to support him. The Boston end of the district with Brookline, seems to be practically unanimous in his favor, and he has friends all over the district, as well as in Newton, who are working for his success. He is a loyal Republican, and what is of more importance in this campaign, he can be depended on to advocate the cause of sound money and an honest currency. Although a young man, he has proved his fitness for representing his fellow citizens, by faithful and intelligent service in many positions of trust, as he has served in the Boston Common Council, State Legislature and Senate, and has also been a park commissioner, where his labors were so appreciated that he was elected chairman. He will not be an untitled man, and his record in the past shows that he will be the equal at least of any representative this district has had in Congress for many years.

Perhaps one of the greatest things in his favor is that the district he represented in the State Senate is enthusiastic in supporting his candidacy for Congress, his constituents believing that he has fully earned the promotion.

FIVE CENT FARES.

One of the first things to be decided by the board of aldermen after vacation will be the question of electric car tracks on Washington street. The Newton & Waltham Street Railway now has one track on this street, and it requires two fares to go to any other part of Newton than the villages on its line. One can go to the extreme limit of Waltham for one fare, but it is of much more advantage to Newton people to be able to go to other parts of Newton.

The Wellesley & Boston Street Railway, which has a line from West Newton to Lower Falls, has offered to give free transfers to any part of Newton, provided they are given a location on Washington street, from West Newton to Newton. The plan is for them to lay one track, and the Newton & Waltham road the other, so as to have a double track service on the street, between Newton and West Newton.

Washington street has been widened at great expense, mainly because of the tracks of the Newton & Waltham road, but Newton people naturally think that they should get the benefit from this widening, and not any one street railway company. The Waltham road has never been of any special advantage, in the way of building up the city, as it ran through a district already settled, and the land that was not built upon was not very desirable. It is doubtful if a dozen houses have been built in the whole length of the line in Newton, because of the street railway. It has been a great convenience, but that is all, and it has benefited Waltham fully as much as Newton.

The Newton roads, on the contrary, run through very desirable territory, and are doing a great deal to add to the valuation of the city. The Wellesley & Boston, the Newton & Boston and the Commonwealth avenue lines bring the remotest sections of the city within easy reach of the steam railroad stations, and enable people to live a mile or more from the stations, without the necessity of keeping horses. New houses are constantly going up along these lines, and as they are entirely Newton roads, they ought to be favored, if any railway corporation is to be favored.

The offer of the Wellesley & Boston road is a very generous one, and we can see no reason why it should not be accepted. The Newton & Waltham road will oppose

it, of course, as it is for their interests to do so, but it is certainly for the interests of the city to have one five cent fare to any part of Newton, and in time all the railway cars ought to start from Newton, as that is the centre of population, and the terminus of the Boston street railway lines, and this would enable people to go to any part of the city without the trouble of transfers. Washington street was widened for this very purpose, and the people will have to pay the bills for the widening and should therefore get all possible advantage out of it.

"GAIL HAMILTON" as Mary Abigail Dodge was known to the literary world, died at her home in this state on Monday. She was one of the best known women in the country, from the popularity of her books and essays, and also from her connection with Mr. Blaine. She was a cousin of his wife, and also his most intimate friend, and he is said to have relied greatly upon her advice. Indeed, so close was the intimacy, and so brilliant was her reputation as a writer, that she was at one time charged with writing his speeches, but Mr. Blaine was abundantly able to write his own speeches. She published a great number of books, from 1862 to 1885, all bright and readable, as Miss Dodge had a great fund of wit and humor, which made her a very popular writer. She has had but few equals, and it was a distinct loss to literature when she gave it up for politics. She was an intense partisan, and her political attacks were very bitter and one-sided, fitted perhaps for the special occasion, but of no lasting interest. Her fame will rest chiefly on her writings before her political days. She was keen and bright enough for any position, but she was so devoted to her great kinsman, that her later years were spent in his service, and her last literary work was the life of Mr. Blaine, published just before her illness began, about a year ago. She was always ready to take up the cause of any one she thought was wronged, as her spirited advocacy of Mrs. Maybrick proved, and when she had once undertaken a cause she never could rest until she had carried it through. She was a woman of very strong character, and an entertaining and inspiring companion. Her intense devotion to any cause was relieved by a great gift of humor, and one instance was her attitude towards the admirable series of papers she wrote for Harper's Bazar, on the rearing of children, although she was a spinster of the most pronounced type, and she was able to see the humor of the situation.

An Indiana bicycle factory is said to have shut down, throwing a thousand or more hands out of employment, on account of the danger of free silver. No name is given and the item has a fishy aspect, especially at this season, when the bicycle trade for the year is about over, and many manufacturers are in trouble, owing to no demand for their wheels, and are selling them off at auction for \$25 or less each. In spite of the widespread demand for wheels, so many went into the business of making them that the supply has been greater than the demand, and even some of the best known makers have had to resort to auctioning off their surplus stock, in order to meet their obligations and the weaker firms have failed. The story is told that one of the most popular makers removed the name plate from his surplus wheels and sent them to the auction rooms to be sold for what they would bring. And these wheels are never sold for less than \$100 either.

A NEW candidate for congressional honors has arrived in the person of Senator Niles of Watertown, who was elected to his present office by A. P. A. votes. His friends claim that he will carry Watertown, and they have hopes of getting A. P. A. votes all through the district. Senator Niles' views on national questions are not known, and it is a little difficult to understand his grounds for aspiring to a seat in Congress, where at this crisis men of the highest ability are needed. His appearance as a candidate probably favors Senator Sprague's chances, as Watertown has never been claimed for him.

A good deal of curiosity is expressed as to the whereabouts of Congressman Draper. He has not been heard from since his remarkable interview, in which he declared that if the tariff was only high enough it did not matter whether our currency was on a lead or copper basis, or words to that effect. There is a rumor that he was persuaded to go to Europe for a rest, to remain until after the campaign was over. The affair only shows the importance of using wise discrimination in selecting our Congressmen.

WALTHAM has had a bicycle wedding, and the happy couple have started for New Hampshire on a tandem. The bridegroom is Henry W. Robinson, local consul of the L. A. W. and a former prominent racing man, and the bride is Miss Jennie Morrill. They have had the honor of having their pictures in the Boston papers, and they will without doubt have a very happy wedding trip.

SENATOR FORAKER of Ohio in his speech said that the exports of our agricultural products in 1895, as compared with 1894, fell off \$250,000,000. The exact figures are \$75,100,000, but a little variation like that is expected from campaign orators like Foraker, who believe in making a good story without any regard for facts and figures.

THE report is cable over that Germany is about to smash the Standard Oil Trust. Evidently Mr. Rockefeller will have to build a few churches or endow a university over there, in order to have the Germans look at him with friendly eyes. That is the way the great trust magnates do in this country, and we are so grateful we give them all they ask for.

An "honest dollar," says Rev. Sam Jones, is "the kind of a dollar which a man can put in his pants pocket, but his pants under his pillow and let the eagle on the dollar change into a nightingale and sing him to sleep."

Boston's tax rate is \$12.90, an increase of 10 cents over last year, and the increase in valuation is over twenty millions, of which over twenty-five millions is on real estate. Boston is evidently a flourishing city.

THE Republican state convention has been called for Oct. 1st, to meet in Music Hall, Boston. The caucuses are ordered to be called in the respective districts for Wednesday or Thursday, Sept. 16 or 17.

CLINTON'S tax rate is \$20.40 this year, an increase of \$3.40 over last year, and the highest the town has had for 23 years. They must have been widening one of their principal streets.

SIGNS of better times are the starting up of the Washington Mills and Pacific Print Works of Lawrence on full time, with several thousand hands.

THE new flag of the Newton Veteran firemen proved a great mascot at New Bedford, and all Newton is proud of the victory won by our veterans.

THE Canadians are refusing to accept our silver coins, but as we long ago refused theirs, honors are easy.

Bought By Foreign Gold.

To the Editor of the Graphic:

There are many queer things in this campaign, and it is no wonder that conservative people are somewhat at sea. For instance, about this time in the campaign the old-time Republican begins to look in his favorite paper for the appearance of the story that the wicked Democrats have been bought up by British gold. They feel rather lost without it, and it is certainly confusing for them to hear the free silver men charge that Republicans have been bought up by the British and other foreign gold syndicates.

They can not believe this, of course, and some of them are even beginning to have some doubts about the truth of the old story about the gold of the British free traders.

The old story appears in another form, that the free silver men are in the pay of the silver mine owners, but this story lacks familiarity, and then too, as the silver mine owners are Americans, it does not seem such a heinous crime for them to spend their income on their fellow citizens. It is more like a charitable deed, too, for if all the stories are true, the free silver men need all the campaign funds they can get. The buying down of the gold of the free silver men is of course a very disagreeable thing, and it interferes with the established order of things, and compels a man to stop and think when he hears an argument, whether that is a part of his party's creed, and he can conscientiously endorse it, or whether it is a part of the other crowd's, and hence is a dangerous heresy.

The old style of campaign, when we could believe that the prosperity of the country depended on a high tariff, and that the manufacturers were all so unselfish that they wanted a high tariff solely because it would enable them to pay their wages to the workmen, was a good deal more comfortable, and I for one hope that this fellow Bryan, with his unsettling theories, will be beaten so badly that he can never return to the old order of things and know where we are at? I can't enjoy my Boston Journal at all in this unfamiliar campaign.

OLD TIMER.

Death of Joseph E. Brown.

The Salem News, in speaking of the deaths of three prominent citizens of that city has the following to say of Mr. Joseph E. Brown, who was for a number of years a well known resident of Newton:

"Probably the wisest known throughout New England and popular in Beverly was Joseph E. Brown of Newton, a former well known resident of Beverly, who died Tuesday, aged 92 years. He was in business in the city of Boston, and resided on Central street, Beverly, until eight years ago, when he removed to Newton. He was a veteran of the civil war, having served in the 12th Rhode Island regiment. He was well known as a writer of humorous articles under the nom de plume of 'Mose Skinner.' He also wrote several successful plays, among them 'Edgewood folk' for Sam Smith, Russell. He leaves a widow and four children: two brothers, Chas. Brown and George P. Brown of Salem, a sister, Mrs. S. E. Cheever of Lynn. The funeral was held at the residence of his son, George P. Brown, 33 Washington street, Salem, Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The Crime of '73.

They are telling many Mexican dollar stories nowadays, but none quite so good as the old one of a time when silver was about at par, but there was a slight discount in each country of the coin of the other. The hunters of barrooms who lived near the frontier used to spend their days and nights in this wise. Equipped with a United States dollar, the thirsty man would buy a drink in a Texas saloon, and get a Mexican dollar in exchange. Then crossing the line, he would try the greaser brand, and get a United States dollar in exchange. If he had been for the depreciation of silver he would probably be spending that dollar yet.

Resolutions.

Oak Lodge, No. 170, Newton Highlands, August 12, 1896.

Whereas, In view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our friend and brother, Edwin Cooper, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who are nearest and dearest to him, therefore be it

Resolved, That it be a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his departure from our midst we mourn for one who was worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the family of our departed brother, entered upon the records of the lodge and printed in the Newton papers.

WILLIAM L. THOMPSON, Committee.

LOREN W. PENNY, on

ARTHUR W. PITTS, Resolutions

Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics of dysentery in different parts of the country in which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages, this remedy, however, has met the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints.

For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Partidge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

An American Dollar?

American ice cream is advertised in the city of Mexico at "one cent for an American quart."—New York Sun.

"Mosquitoes are hateful, aren't they?" "Yes; I don't mind their eating me if they didn't keep up such an everlasting complaint about the way I taste."—Chicago Record.

NEWTON VETS WIN.

TAKE THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE NEW BEDFORD MUSTER.

Wednesday was a great day for the Newton Veteran Firemen as they took the first prize at the annual muster of the New England Firemen's League at New Bedford, playing about ten feet beyond any of their competitors.

New Bedford gave the firemen an enthusiastic reception, with a grand parade in the morning, to which all the city and surrounding towns turned out.

The Newton boys had the most elegant banner seen in the line. It was of silk, bearing the city seal on the front and a representation of the Nonantum, with the modest motto, "We Will Try," on the reverse. This was the contribution of their women friends, and was carried for the first time Wednesday.

As the tub won, the boys look upon the new banner as a mascot.

The prize was presented by Mayor Parker of New Bedford, and the first prize was \$250 in money.

The Central Falls company won the prize cup for the best appearance and largest number in line, 140 men.

Work on the pumps began at 1.30 p. m. and each engine was allowed ten minutes. The Nonantum had the second trial and threw a stream 204 feet 5-8 inches, and the Brooklyn company was the only one that got within ten feet of this record.

In the evening there was a mock battle, with an old whaling ship as the point of attack, and it ended with the firing of the ship, which had been laden with tar barrels, and this remnant of New Bedford's old whaling days made a brilliant illumination. The visitors were given the most hospitable treatment and the Newton men are of course enthusiastic over New Bedford.

The Newton Veterans arrived home late in the evening and were given an enthusiastic reception by their friends, news of the victory having preceded them.

A crowd of several hundred greeted them with cheers as they alighted from their special cars and escorted them to their headquarters on Watertown street.

Buildings along the route were illuminated with Japanese lanterns, and red fire blazed all along.

At the engine house two huge bonfires added to the illumination. Brief speeches were made, and after a collation had been served, the "vets" received the congratulations of their friends. These congratulations were the more hearty from the fact that the Nonantum brought home the silver torch, which had been held for the past year by their old rivals, the Waltham veterans.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While she was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption, and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at J. G. Kilburn's drug store, Nonantum, and Bernard Hillings, Newton Upper Falls. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

MARRIED.

ALLEN-TRIPP—At Newton, Aug. 19, by Rev. S. Lewis B. Spear, Harry Dexter Allen and Marion Beatrice Tripp.

VACHON-BOUCHER—At Lynn, Aug. 19, by Rev. J. B. Parent, Joseph Vachon and Vachon of Newton and Clara Boucher of Lynn.

FOX-COMFORT—At West Newton, Aug. 17, by Rev. L. J. O'Toole, James Fox and Mary Comfort.

RAMSDALL-STILES—At Watertown, Aug. 18, by Rev. C. A. Littlefield, J. Frederick Ramsdall and Florence Mabel Stiles.

DIED.

UPERMAN—At West Newton, Aug. 15, Eva, daughter of John and Lucy Uperman, aged 3 yrs. 11 mos.

SMITH—At Auburndale, Aug. 16, Elmer Mary, wife of Rev. William P. Smith, aged 72 yrs. 5 mos. 4 days.

BURNS—At Newton Centre, Aug. 17, Margaret Isabel Wallace, daughter of Ed. William and Margaret Burns, aged 8 mos. 15 days.

COTE—At Newton, Aug. 13, Joseph, son of Godwin and Florence Cote, aged 8 mos.

LYONS—At Auburndale, Aug. 13, Maurice Lyons, aged 3 yrs.

STEEVES—At Newton Centre, Aug. 13, Elizabeth J., wife of Sidney J. Steeves, aged 42 yrs. 1 mos. 2 days.

BURKE—At Newton, Aug. 17, Walter Burke, aged 66 yrs.

WATERS—At Newton Centre, Aug. 17, George Franklin Waters, aged 72 yrs. 4 mos. 25 days.

COSTELLO—At West Newton, Aug. 18, Nellie, daughter of Michael and Katie Costello, aged 5 mos. 27 days.

China and Glass Novelties.

Recent importations have added to our attractions in Boston Souvenir

China, including:

- Old Blue Wedgwood Plates with—
- Old Boston Scenes—viz—
- The Old State House—
- The Bulfinch Front State House—
- The Old North (Paul Revere) Church—
- The Old South Church—
- Faneuil Hall—
- Boston Common, 1830—
- The Adams Lean-to House, Quincy—
- The Lamb Tavern, Adams House—
- The Old Sun Tavern—
- The Old Federal Street Theatre—

Visitors will find new specimens of

- Genuine Old Blue Delft Plaques—
- Doulton Loving Cups—
- Rich Cut Crystal Glass—
- Copeland Pitchers with Foot Ball Scenes—
- Dinner Sets—
- Course Sets—
- Punch and Lemonade Bowls—
- Fine Lamps and Shades—
- German Beer Mugs—
- Umbrella and Cane Holders—
- Palm Pots and Pedestals—
- English Maxims China—
- Whist Prizes—
- Rich Fancy Pitchers—
- Rich Chocolate Pitchers—

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.

China, Glass and Lamp Merchants,

Wholesale and Retail.

120 FRANKLIN STREET,

BOSTON.

EDDY'S, REFRIGERATORS.

In compliance with the wishes of the manufacturers, we shall discontinue quoting prices, but SHALL CONTINUE TO SELL at the PRICES we have ALWAYS SOLD AT, thus protecting both the PURCHASER and the MANUFACTURERS.

GEO. P. STAPLES & CO.,
CARPETS AND FURNITURE,
739—WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON—739

E. W. BAILEY & CO.

DOORS, WINDOWS, DOOR and WINDOW FRAMES, BLINDS.
HOT BED SASH, Window Glass, Weights, Cord. Pine, Whitewood and Cypress Doors. Odd Work all kinds to order.
22 & 24 Kneeland St., Boston.

Real Estate
Mortgages Insurance
— IN —
Newton Newtonville West Newton Auburndale

Special Attention paid to Sale and Leasing of Estates in the above villages.

Representatives of All the Leading Insurance Companies.

— OFFICES —
J. C. FULLER, Newtonville. J. FRENCH & SON, 226 Washington St., Boston.

Established 1869.
SIMPSON BROTHERS,
CONTRACTORS FOR
Concrete Walks and Driveways, Asphalt Floors, ARTIFICIAL STONE WALKS.
We have been awarded the sidewalk contract for the City of Newton for 1896, and are ready to receive orders or give estimates for work in private grounds.
P. O. Address, Newton, or Boston Office, Room 58, 166 Devonshire St.
Telephone 1155, Boston. REFER TO TWENTY YEARS' WORK IN NEWTON.

BUSINESS NOTICES

RATES—50 cents first insertion for not exceeding 5 lines, and 25 cents each time thereafter, in advance.

Wants.

WANTED—You "want" job printing that will not disgrace your name. We are doing the kind that business men say is a credit to any office. The Graphic Press.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Haines Bros. Circassian Walnut Upright Piano, cost \$350.00. Perfect order. Will sell for \$200.00 cash. 35 Bonnington St., Newton, or W. F. Hahn, 350 Centre St. 24

FOR SALE—Crop of 1896. Choice loose hay for horses and cows. Clean, bright and sweet. \$25 and \$15 per ton, delivered in loads of one to two tons, as ordered. Private Stables & Sweeney. We take particular pains in curing our hay, and patrons can be sure that they will receive the best in quality, which is also the cheapest. Respectfully, Colledge Bros., South Sudbury, Mass.

FOR SALE—Houses in Newton Centre and Newton Highlands. W. Thorpe, Newton Centre.

FOR SALE—Two-horse wagon, nearly new, that will easily carry a load of 3000. Enquire of C. W. Bunting, Centre Place, Newton. 42 tf

HORSES FOR SALE—If you want a nice, stylish carriage or coupe horse, six years old, well broken and all right, apply to C. A. Miner, City Hall, West Newton. 39 tf

FOR SALE—High bred pony, with harness, cart and runners for same, also saddle and bridle. To be seen at Webster street, West Newton. Nathaniel T. Allen. 28 tf

FOR SALE OR TO LET—At Newtonville, near Depot and P. O., etc., a nearly new house of 11 rooms, laundry, etc., all modern conveniences. In good order. Just vacated. Will be rented to a good tenant on reasonable terms. Apply to J. B. Turner. 11 tf

to Let.

TO LET—Two pleasant front rooms with board, near the depot. Address Box 104, Newton. 47 tf

TO RENT—House of 6 rooms on Appleton St., Newtonville. Apply to Mrs. J. Irving, Appleton St. 47 tf

TO RENT—Two first-class furnished houses in Newton Centre for any length of time; and five unfurnished. W. Thorpe, Newton Centre.

TO LET—Tenement in Newtonville, rent \$8.00 per month. D. P. O'Sullivan, Cabot street. 41 tf

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TO LET—Tenement in

NEWTONVILLE.

—Pianos rented and tuned, Farley, Newton.

—Mrs. Albert Sisson is convalescing from a severe illness.

—Prof. J. B. Taylor and family returned from Rockland, Me.

—Mr. Lewis Breeden of Walker street is passing a few weeks at Bar Harbor.

—Miss Wise of New Bedford is the guest of Mrs. H. F. Dearborn.

—Mrs. H. F. Dearborn returned this week from a month's rest.

—Miss Annie Call is enjoying a short stay in New Hampshire.

—Mr. Ida Council, Royal Arcanum, will meet next Monday evening.

—Mr. Henry F. Dearborn leaves Saturday for a trip in New Hampshire.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Dewson are at Orange, N. J., for some weeks.

—Mr. E. A. Whiston and family are in New Hampshire for a short stay.

—Miss Lou Thompson is passing a few weeks with relatives in Providence.

—Miss Helen Sands has returned from a month's stay at Old Orchard Beach.

—Dr. George H. Talbot and family returned this week from Schoodic, Me.

—Counsellman Cranitch will pass the remainder of the warm season at Hyannis.

—The Newtonville Cycle Club will make a run along the North Shore, Aug. 29-30.

—It is probable that the corner-stone of the new Masonic temple will be laid Sept. 23.

—Mrs. J. T. Curtis returned this week from a short stay in Long Island Bay, N. Y.

—Mr. Alexander Griswold and family of Lowell street are at the Kearsarge Mountains.

—Mr. F. A. Drowne and family are enjoying a few weeks stay at Whitefield, N. H.

—Mrs. W. W. Palmer and family are at home from a month's stay in Georgetown, Canada.

—Mr. John Huggard, driver of horse 4, is passing a two weeks vacation in New York.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Field of Michigan are the guests of friends here for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Tufts of Prescott street are making a two weeks stay in Worcester.

—Mrs. Alfred Pierce of Clyde street has returned home after a weeks stay at Seaside.

—The regular meeting of the Knights of Pythias was held in Dennison hall, Monday evening.

—Mr. Herbert Rogers and family of Edinboro street have returned from a month's outing.

—Mrs. J. W. Dickinson of Grove Hill avenue returned this week from a short stay at the shore.

—Mr. C. B. Somers and family have returned this week from Onset Bay, where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. H. B. Curtis and family of Lowell street have returned from Dalton where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. Edward Bailey and family of Cabot street returned this week from Scituate where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. C. W. Watson of Philadelphia is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Kendall, on Grove Hill avenue.

—Mr. William Brown and family of Brookline avenue returned this week from a month's stay at Little Bear Isle.

—Mr. C. E. Woodward and family of Newtonville avenue are passing a few weeks at Whitefield, N. H.

—Mr. J. F. Davis and family of Otis street returned this week from a month's stay in Georgetown, Canada.

—Mr. Edwin Lord Week, the artist, who formerly resided here, has just been elected a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, of France.

—The work of rebuilding the tower on the Methodist church was begun this week and the work on the interior is rapidly progressing.

—The new line of electric to Boston which opened last Saturday, is doing an excellent business, and carry a large number of passengers.

—The Rev. John A. Hayes of Salem will preach at the Highland avenue church next Sunday morning. Subject, "The Divine Affliction." All are welcome.

—The steam shovel has extended its work beyond the Hancock street crossing, which caused this part of the thoroughfare to be closed for travel.

—Among those who left this week for summer resorts were Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Dewson, E. A. Whiston and family and Mrs. Thomas Webster and family.

—Rev. Winthrop Benton Greene of Pomfret Centre, Conn., will preach in the Central Congregational church next Sunday. Services at 10.45 a. m. and 6.30 p. m.

—Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Chadwick left West Campton, N. H., on Monday and drove through the Franconia Notch, and down the Connecticut River valley to Bradford, Vt.

—Brains plus new type, plus fresh stock, plus skilled workmen, plus new ideas, equals fine up-to-date job printing; the kind you want, the kind done at the GRAPHIC office.

—Rev. F. W. Gonsaulus, formerly of this place, but now president of the Armour Institute, of Chicago, addressed the Republicans of Plymouth, last evening, in favor of honest money, making a very eloquent speech.

—His Excellency the Governor has appointed Winfield S. Slocum, Esq., city solicitor of Newton, a member of the State Library Commission. Mr. Slocum will be congratulated by Newton friends who will think the appointment a meritorious one.

—There are letters in the postoffice for Silas Belville, Mrs. C. A. Cummings, Miss Mary Cody, Dora Harvey, Edwin Hooper, Miss C. M. Hackett, Miss Bridget McGee, Miss Johanna Langan, Martin McAlle, Miss Lucy S. Pierce, Walter S. Parker and Catarazolo Nicola.

—A number of Newton Club members are endeavoring to induce the executive committee to give a second series of outdoor promenade concerts on the club grounds during the month of September. The June concerts were so successful that it is expected that the committee will grant the request.

The Bank Grounds Should be Taken by the City.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:

It seems a pity that the bank building now projected should be built on proposed location. Newton in its growth will need the room of this public square and it can better be taken now than later. When the discussion of the Washington street widening was at its height every one felt the need of the removal of the old bank building and said it would sooner or later be made to give way to improvements. Certainly the building of another is not in such line.

CITIZEN.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Bilelessness, Indigestion, Headache. A pleasant laxative. All Druggists.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Mrs. A. C. Warren is away for a few weeks.

—Mr. Henry Cate is at Chatham for a few weeks.

—Mrs. John Meade returned Monday from Rindge, N. H.

—City Marshal Richardson returned this week from Plymouth.

—Mr. George P. Bullard was home for a short stay this week.

—Mrs. Fitch and children returned this week from a trip in Europe.

—Mrs. E. W. Wood and Miss Hale are at Hubbardston for a short stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Felton and Miss Felton are at the Profile House.

—Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Thayer re at Pigeon Cove for several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Howland and the Misses Howland are at Sorrento.

—Miss Louisa Lovett is enjoying a few weeks stay in Providence, R. I.

—Mr. Richard Anders of Otis street was home for a few days this week.

—Boydton Lodge, No. 29, will hold their regular meeting Tuesday afternoon.

—Mr. William Rice and family returned this week from their summer outing.

—Mrs. Mary Bacon of Prospect street is enjoying a few weeks at Temple, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have returned from a three weeks stay at the mountains.

—Miss Elsie Fisher of Webster street returned this week after a few weeks vacation.

—Mr. H. M. Dalton and family of Chestnut street are at the mountains for a short stay.

—Tennyson Lodge, No. 119, held their regular meeting, Tuesday evening Aug. 18th.

—Mr. J. P. Eager and family of Otis street returned this week from a stay at the shore.

—Miss Abbie Nettleton of Chestnut street has returned from a weeks trip at the shore.

—Mr. E. T. Lincoln of Lenox street left this week to join his family at their summer home.

—Mr. H. M. Baker and family of Otis street returned this week from their summer home.

—Mrs. E. R. Secomb and daughter of Prospect street are making a short stay in New Jersey.

—Mrs. J. L. Stoddard and son of Highland street are at their summer home for a few weeks.

—Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick and Masters Frank and Tom returned this week from Lanesville.

—Mr. and Mrs. John T. Prince are passing the month of August at Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

—Mrs. Perkins of Margin street, accompanied by Mrs. Wetherbee, are at the shore for a short stay.

—Mr. J. S. Alley and family returned this week from the mountains where they passed several weeks.

—At the annual meeting of the American Chrysanthemum Society, held at Cleveland, O., Wednesday, Mr. E. A. Wood was elected president.

—Tennyson Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, held their annual picnic at Natick, Wednesday. A large portion of the members attended accompanied by friends.

—A movement is on foot to elect a lady on the school board from this ward. The names of several have been mentioned, any one of whom would be a valuable addition to the board.

—Brains plus new type, plus fresh stock, plus skilled workmen, plus new ideas, equals fine up-to-date job printing; the kind you want, the kind done at the GRAPHIC office.

—Mr. E. B. Drew is in New York making the final arrangements for the reception of H. E. Li Hung Chang who is expected Aug. 28, and will be a guest of the government during his stay of ten days in the United States.

—Mr. Harry L. Ayer has been entertaining Mr. George H. Warren, Rev. E. A. Centre and Mr. Allen Hubbard of Boston. The gentlemen attended the hop at Magnolia on Saturday evening and dined at the Essex County Club on Sunday.

—Wednesday evening, Aug. 25, will be a gala night for West Newton for John Eliot Lodge No. 149, O. U. W., will hold a convocation of lodges. Twenty new members will be initiated, accompanied with a street parade, music and red fire. All are invited to witness the parade.

—John Frost of Wellesley was seriously injured in a bicycle accident, Thursday morning. He was riding through California street when his wheel came in collision with another going in the opposite direction at a rapid rate. Mr. Frost was cut about the face, and his left leg was badly injured. The other rider was apparently uninjured, and rode away without waiting to ascertain the extent of Mr. Frost's injuries.

—Mr. S. W. Manning, general New England agent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, celebrated his 30th birthday last Friday at his home on Lenox street. A merry company of his relatives and friends to the number of about 50 were present. The beautiful residence of the Manning's was artistically decorated with ferns and potted plants, and during the afternoon and evening jollity reigned supreme.

—The old war between the Newton Street Railway Company and the Wellesley & Newton Company is to be revived as the board of aldermen resumes its sessions. The Newton company now has a single track location on Washington street from West Newton to Newton and has asked for a franchise to lay a second track. The Wellesley company has also asked to be allowed to parallel the present track, and offers as an inducement to run cars from Newton to all parts of the city direct. The Newton company has met this with an offer of free transfers, providing satisfactory arrangements can be made. The latter road claims that the aldermen cannot in equity grant the Wellesley company the location asked for, and are making a vigorous fight. The public is anxious to have the transit question settled, and steps will be taken in September to induce the board to take action in the matter which has been before it for nearly a year.

—The highway committee at its meeting Tuesday afternoon instructed Superintendent Rose to have the tracks of the Wellesley & Newton Street Railway Co. at once removed from Margin street from the junction of Washington street to the West Newton station. This action is taken to leave Margin street open for teaming while the construction of the new railroad bridge. Part of Margin street will be blocked by the construction of the Boston & Albany's retaining wall for its depressed roadway, and the committee consider that the remaining portion is too narrow for both vehicles and electricity. The road and its patrons, however, consider this action as decidedly arbitrary and a hardship. Patrons of the road are compelled by this order to walk nearly a quarter of a mile from the centre of West Newton to take cars for Lower Falls, Wellesley and Natick. They claim that Margin street is wide enough for all the traffic that will

pass over it, and that the closing is unnecessary.

—Mrs. E. F. Wood was home for a short time this week.

—Mr. Wells of Webster park is at the mountains for two weeks.

—Mrs. J. Lamson left this week for a short trip through Canada.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davis are at White Head Beach for two weeks.

—Mr. Willis Stacy is at home, having passed several weeks in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. O. D. Homer and family have returned from the Massapog Lake Hotel.

—The tropheis won by the veteran firemen, Wednesday, are displayed with much pride.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Hobart leave Saturday for Tanton where they will remain several weeks.

—Mrs. E. H. Ferry of Berkley street returned this week from a month's stay at Uxbridge.

—The work of changing the course of the Cheesecake brook is being rapidly pushed forward.

—Grand Orator Morse will be present and is expected to make a speech at the meeting of this branch of the American Legion of Honor next Tuesday evening.

—A. L. of H. will hold their regular meeting at Metcalf's studio, Chestnut street, Tuesday evening, Aug. 25th, at 7.45 o'clock. Grand Orator Morse will be present to give information to council in regard to the extra assessment No. 859. A full attendance of the council is desired.

—Boydton Lodge of Odd Ladies will give a lawn party at Mrs. W. A. Clark's on Eddy street, Monday, Aug. 24th, from 4 to 10 p. m. Music, dancing and a good time will be enjoyed. Refreshments will be served. If stormy will be postponed until the next pleasant evening.

AUBURNDALE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Mr. Sutherland is ill at the home of Mrs. Bress.

—An upholster has moved into Mr. Davis' block.

—Miss Harriet Hunt has returned home from Worcester.

—Walter Davis and the Misses Davis have returned from Europe.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. Cordingley are among recent arrivals at the Deer Park.

—Mr. J. D. Lamond and family returned this week from Plymouth.

—New side walks are being made on the lower end of the boulevard.

—Mr. Hunt of Woodbine street has returned from Maine.

—Mr. W. F. Hadlock moved into his new store this week.

—Mr. Fred Clapp has been visiting friends near Attleboro.

—Miss Allen of New York, is visiting Miss Stella Spurr of Riverside.

—Mr. Howard Bourne goes this week to Cottage City for a two weeks vacation.

—Mr. Gordon Wetherbee returned this week from a visit to New Brunswick.

—The Misses Crane have been recent guests of Mrs. E. E. Morgan at Nantasket.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Drake of Auburn street went to Cottage City last Tuesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas of Auburn street returned this week from Cottage City.

—Mr. James Barry, clerk at Thorn's, entertained friends from Marlborough this week.

—Patrolman John Quilty and family returned Wednesday from a two weeks visit at Nahant.

—Mr. John Kenney has taken T. F. Melody's place at the station, while the latter is away.

—Mr. David S. Crawford is now boarding at the house of Miss Morna Furness, off Auburn street.

—Miss Flora Bourboir is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Barbour of Billerica.

—Rev. A. A. Wright of Camden Road preached at the Temple Street Church, Boston, last Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thorne are enjoying a bicycling tour through New Hampshire. They will visit friends at Plymouth and occupy about two weeks on their trip.

—A handsome stone platform takes the place of the old wooden one at the station. It is the work of Simpson Bros., contractors, and greatly improves the appearance of the grounds about the station.

—Among the members of the Newton Veteran Firemen's Association who attended the muster at New Bedford, Wednesday, were Capt. J. T. Washburn of Hose 5, D. J. O'Donnell and Thomas McCarthy.

—William C. Lackey of this ward, 21 years old, attempted to shoot himself while standing in a doorway on Harrison avenue, Boston, Wednesday night. Fortunately he missed, and was in charge by the police as it was found that his mind was affected.

It is expected that the Rowe street bridge will be so far completed this week as to allow the running of gravel cars across it. The loads of gravel will be used to fill in vacant land and raise the grade. This work is found necessary to complete the extension of the boulevard.

Carpenters have been at work on the interior of the postoffice since the removal of W. F. Hadlock's news store. The front has been enlarged and the letter racks moved forward. A large storm door similar to those in other Newton postoffices, has been added.

While driving on Woodland road Sunday evening about 8, a horse belonging to Mr. Griffin of Vesper avenue, became frightened and ran away. Mrs. Griffin missed and was thrown from the seat heavily on her head. She was taken up in an unconscious condition and taken to her home. Concussion of the brain is feared.

"If you don't give me a quarter," said little Willie, "I'm going to tell about you kissing sister."

"But I hadn't even thought of kissing your sister," protested the young man.

"You ain't?" said Willie, puzzled.

"Then I wonder who told me to say that to you for?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Easy to Take
Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

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said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." See C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

COL. HIGGINSON'S VIEWS.

WANTS TO SEE BRYAN WHIPPED BUT NOT VERY HARD.

The Boston Journal does me the honor to criticize some remarks of mine about the election and to inquire, in substance, whether I really wish to see Bryan whipped. The answer is an easy one: I do; but I am like the woman who watched the fight between her husband and her brother—she wished to see her husband chastised, but not very hard. On the other hand, the consummation which every true Republican is bound to wish for—the election of McKinley by an immense vote and the control of the House of Representatives by a majority even larger than now—this I should regard as a calamity, for it would fix upon the country a control which is, in the past, responsible for most of our troubles. For instance, the whole basis of the great political power of the silver party was secured by the admission of new "mining camps" as states, because Senator Hoar and others thought that they were sure to vote Republican; and most of the Populist bias in the Chicago platform is based on the long subservience of the Republican party to rich manufacturers. The fact is that there are multitudes of persons, of whom I am one, who have thoroughly lost confidence in the Republican party; we are willing to have it regain power, necessary, as a choice of evils, but we desire to see this done, if at all, in such a way as to keep another strong party in existence which shall ultimately displace it. Indeed, when we look back on the past, we are certain that it felt, a few months ago, of sweeping the country, it is impossible not to feel that its present attitude of fear and trembling is a much wholesomere moral condition.

Much of the attack on the Chicago convention is so extreme and bitter as to tend to the defeat of its own object, for it leads the reader to dwell on what is good in that platform. The income tax, which the New York Sun places first among its enormities, seems to many of us a great virtue. The repudiation of debts, which was at first charged upon it, appears now in a much more guarded form than the original. The repudiation of the present majority of one in the supreme court, by means of appointments hereafter to be made, is no new suggestion, but a thing which every party has planned for whenever the supreme court decides against it. On the silver question itself, the Chicago platform goes but little farther, if any farther, than Republican leaders have repeatedly gone with the advantage that the platform is unequivocal, while they have usually hedged, under pressure, unless they were still needed as nominees for Governor in western states. For myself, I was a bimetalist, like my friend Gen. Walker, I should be quite as likely to enlist under the Bryan flag as under the other; at any rate, what separates them is reduced to a question of judgment and timeliness, rather than one of principle.

Finally, to complete the sum of my offending, I do not see how any one who likes independence can help seeing that there is something manly and even chivalrous in Mr. Williams' almost unaided canvass of New England in what he now thoroughly believes, I think, to be the people's cause, and especially in his keeping clear of personalities, while he is deluged with them on every side. In this he shows himself immeasurably above the late Gen. Butler, a thing more remarkable in view of the fact that his lieutenant and his followers are drawn in some degree from the Butler forces. In my opinion, it is neither just nor wise to treat him and his followers either as imbeciles, with Mr. Atkinson, or as traitors, with ex-President White. They are neither; they represent an element in our society which can neither be safely ignored nor forcibly suppressed because it represents an honest and not wholly unfounded discontent. If it carries along with it a fanatical or even dishonest element, this has been also true of all popular uprisings, even of the anti-slavery movement. Theodore Parker said to me once of a prominent Scotch-American advocate of this last cause in Boston: "He is a great scoundrel, but he loves liberty," and, therefore, his co-operation was not refused. For myself, when I notice the direct and manly earnestness of Mr. Williams' appeals I feel an occasional impulse of regret that I do not agree with him in order that I might stand by his side.

All these considerations tend to show that it is quite possible for an honest man to repudiate Bryan and yet refuse his direct support to McKinley. He may hope and work for the precise result which seems likely now to happen, the election of McKinley without the inevitable evils of an overwhelming Republican triumph. After four years of possible confusion and certain mediocrity, we may perhaps come back to the election of another Grover Cleveland, if, indeed, there be another within reach.

T. W. HIGGINSON.
Dublin, N. H., Aug. 9, 1896.

The hair, when not properly cared for, loses its luster, becomes gray, harsh, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, the best dressing in the market is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It imparts that silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.



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Surplus, \$20,000.

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SAMUEL W. FRENCH, Treasurer.

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It receives deposits subject to check, allowing interest on balances.

It loans money on Real Estate as well as on all kinds of bankable paper and other good and recognized securities.

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It acts as trustee under mortgages and deeds of trust from corporations or individuals to secure issues of bonds and in paying the same and the coupons thereof; also as the transfer agent of capital stock of corporations.

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Our Summer Serges,

Cool and comfortable, are just in their prime, likewise our SCOTCH PLAIDS in pleasing textures.

Leave your order now; you will need them shortly.

C. B. Somers, TAILOR.

149A Tremont St., cor. West St., Boston.



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X-ODE is a product of electricity. It forms on asbestos while being electrically treated in a solution. This asbestos is put up in a glass vial. When the cork of the vial is removed and the air comes in contact with the asbestos, it emits from the inhaler a soothing gaseous substance, which will penetrate any part of the body. When inhaled through the nose or mouth it penetrates every nook and crevice of the mucous surfaces, kills the germ that causes the disease, and gives the tissues a healthy condition, thus effecting a permanent cure. It is unlike snuff, drugs or medicine. X-ODE penetrates parts that it would be impossible for drugs or medicines to do.

Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, Coughs, Headache, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc., yield to its influence with marvelous rapidity.

This inhaler lasts from one to three years.

Trial size inhaler, 15 cts.; large size inhaler, \$1.00. All druggists or by mail.

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Swampscott, Mass.
(Formerly the William Rooms vacated recently. Reduction to families. Room for tenting reasonable.)

West Newton English and Classical School,
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ALLEN BROTHERS, West Newton, Mass.
Circular sent on application.

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This Preparatory School for Girls
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Girls will be thoroughly prepared for Radcliffe, Wellesley, Smith and other colleges. Generous provision is also made for the large class of girls who do not expect to take a college course, but who do desire a thorough and substantial education.

Boarding pupils will be received as members of the Principal's family. Day pupils will find the school easily accessible by the numerous trains on the Brookline Circuit branches of the Boston & Albany Railroad.

For further information address
DR. CHARLES H. CLARK, Principal,
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Fine Teas, Best Coffees,

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Walnut Street, Newtonville, Mass.

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Boston Branch Reference and Employment Bureau, Room 29, Methodist Building, Waltham, Mass.



We have made special and exclusive arrangements with the author for a series of new and charming fairy stories. For some time they will be one of our special features.

THE WIDOW SCHMIDT'S COW.

[Copyright, 1895, by Walter B. Guile, Boston.]

CHAPTER I.

There lived in the village of Hardluck, near a forest, in the kingdom of Verneland, the widow Schmidt. Her husband had been a farmer, who, for his time and place, had been counted wealthy. He had at one time owned two cows, a horse and wagon, his house, barn and considerable land. Now, among our farmers this would not be considered to have made him very rich, but in that village he was counted as one of the wealthy people.

The village was called Hardluck because most of the people, instead of cultivating the land or doing their regular work, would waste much time in complaining of their hard luck.

They really had much misfortune, but their worst trouble was laziness and poor management.

Two neighbors might meet in the morning, and one would begin to tell his misfortunes. The other would listen for a long time, and then would feel very much grieved if he could not recite as



Her old clothes were now new and beautiful.

great or greater troubles. In this way, while on their way to work, half the day would be wasted. Each, in thinking of his own hard luck, would become discouraged, and what work he actually did was done in such a slovenly and half hearted manner that it was of little real value.

Mr. Schmidt and his next door neighbor, Mr. Stine, had always been too busy to grumble much and hence were quite prosperous. They took more interest in hard work than in hard luck. When Mr. Schmidt died and left his young widow with two children, she was, consequently, quite rich. But one misfortune followed another. One day the horse ran away, broke the wagon, jumped a steep bank into the river and was drowned. Then one of the cows ate poisonous herbs in the pasture and died.

The son Carl and the daughter Louise were very good children, but were too young to work in the field or to help much in earning a living. Consequently, at the time when we become acquainted with them, the widow had, as her principal source of livelihood, the cow and one pear tree. The rest of her land, excepting a small garden, she had been obliged to sell.

This year she saw no prospect of either fruit or garden crop. Potatoes, upon which she chiefly relied, seemed to be dying before they were ripe, and she was afraid that when Carl, who was now 9 years old, went to dig them he would find none to put in his basket.

She was too proud to accept charity, and the fact of not being able to pay Mr. Stine for plowing the garden, as she had usually done, grieved her.

We have all heard the old sayings that "It never rains but it pours," "Misfortunes never come singly," and a number of other like expressions. They would certainly have applied to Mrs. Schmidt, for not only was the food supply about to give out, but the cow gave less milk and the neighbors were less able to buy. Still worse, Carl and Louise must have clothes, and her own clothing was nearly worn out.

There was a peddler named Scooper who went through the village every three weeks.

When he called at Mrs. Schmidt's house, she wished to buy some clothes for the children and herself, but told him that as her crops were a failure this year she could not pay him until next season.

He said he would trust her, but did not say how long he would wait for his pay. He did this to get a chance to take her cow, as he was very grasping and hard hearted.

On his next call he demanded payment and made the sheriff notify her that if it was not paid in two weeks the peddler would take the cow for the money she owed to him.

Before the cow was taken, Mrs. Schmidt had saved all the milk she could, and had kept it as long as possible, for she knew that she would now

have neither milk to sell nor money to buy it for herself and the children.

For this reason she was so anxious about the milk that when an old woman came along the road and stopped at the gate, instead of offering her a drink of milk, as she always had done to those who called in need, she offered her a glass of water only.

The old lady looked so tired and sad that Carl and Louise ran out of the house, each bringing a glass of milk, and, as their mother had always taught them to be kind and generous, she had not the heart to reproach them.

The old lady looked very wistfully at the milk, took the glass from Louise's hand and said, "Thank you, child." As soon as she drank the milk she seemed much younger.

When she had taken the glass from Carl, she drank this also, and instead of being the old lady who had first appeared she was now young, handsome and very sunny faced.

While they looked at her with open mouthed astonishment she put her hand into a small pocket in her skirt, drew out a tiny pocketbook not larger than a lady's watch and said: "You did not expect any pay for the milk, but on account of your good will I can pay you the regular price and something more." She passed the pocketbook to Mrs. Schmidt and added: "This pocketbook will help you to buy many things which you need. Goodbye."

When our friends opened the pocketbook, they found one gold coin, which coin, in that land, had they expressed their money in dollars and cents, would have been worth about two dollars.

Now, the three had looked in this pocketbook and had seen but one piece of money; so, when, on taking out this coin, there still remained one in the pocketbook, they were very much surprised.

To be sure that the coin in the pocketbook was as good as the one which had been laid upon the table, Carl picked it out and laid it beside the first.

Instead of one there were now two coins in the pocketbook. Louise drew out these also.

Soon, however, the widow Schmidt looked again, and, behold, instead of two coins, there were now three in the pocketbook. Then she knew that the old lady was a fairy in disguise, and that the fairy pocketbook would always have three coins in it—one for herself, one for Carl and one for Louise.

When the fairy said "Goodbye" to Mrs. Schmidt, she followed the peddler to the next village and determined to do Mr. Scooper a kindness by teaching him a lesson which he would never forget.

Mr. Scooper had just hitched his horse before a house in the next village, when he noticed that the rope by which the cow had been tied behind his wagon had slipped off her horns.

He took hold of the cow's horns to lead her to the rope and again tie her to the wagon.

The cow immediately started toward home, and, being so much stronger than Mr. Scooper, he was unable to stop her. The cow ran faster and faster, until Mr. Scooper was unable to keep his feet and sailed through the air, holding on to the horns from which, try as he would, he could not let go.

"Now," said a voice, "until you can be a better man, you must keep hold of the cow."

Mr. Scooper was so thoroughly frightened that he then and there resolved to become a better man and to give Mrs. Schmidt back her cow. As soon as he had fully decided to do this his hands relaxed their hold, and he was free to leave the cow in her own stable and to return to his wagon in the next village.

In the morning our fairy friend who had spent the night at Mrs. Schmidt's



The potato was so large both the children could not pick it up.

house told Mrs. Schmidt that she was very fond of potatoes and would like very much to have some for breakfast.

Mrs. Schmidt said the plants seemed to be dying, and that the potatoes were so small as not to be worth digging, but she would do the best she could. Accordingly she took a hoe and went out into the garden.

Mrs. Schmidt commenced to dig, and what was her surprise to find a potato so large that both the children could not pick it up, and, after having dug the dirt away, it took all her strength to pull it out of its place in the ground.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

I FEAR NO POWER A WOMAN WIELDS.

I fear no power a woman wields, While I can have the woods and fields, With comradeship alone of gun, Gray marsh wastes and the burning sun.

For eye the heart's most poignant pain Will wear away 'neath hall and rain, And rush of winds through branches bare, With something still to do and dare.

The lonely watch beside the shore, The wild fowl's cry, the sweep of oar, And paths of virgin sky to scan, Untrodden, and so unshared by man.

Grammar for thy haunting face, Thy charm of voice and lissome grace, I fear no power a woman wields, While I can have the woods and fields.

—Ernest McGaffey.

A PUNCTURED TIRE.

I defy any one to produce a more perfect specimen of the bicycle kind than I was when I left the manufacturers on a beautiful May morning just two months ago.

They were proud of me at the shops—indeed I think there was something about my graceful frame and polished enamel finish that made me stand out as one apart from the thousands of other wheels around me. The first journey I took was when I left my native city and was shipped, with many companions, to Washington. I liked this beautiful Capital City and longed for a spin on the smooth asphalt pavements, but it seemed for a time that I was doomed to disappointment.

I was taken to the bicycle school, where I spent most of my days watching the stunted antics of beginners, the earnest efforts of those who had taken several lessons and the lofty, though sometimes uncertain, airs of the ones almost ready to ride in the street.

In all of this I had no part. I was a new wheel and must wait quietly until purchased. Sometimes my indignation would be aroused by the rough treatment bestowed upon the poor machines on which the beginners were taught by their inexperienced riders. How they slammed those wheels around!

Day after day I watched these sights until I was weary of it all, and beyond making a firm resolution never myself down a precipice before descending to such work I did nothing for several weeks. At last, one beautiful morning—I remember well, it was May 19—the manager of the place came in the park accompanied by a very pretty girl and an older lady, whom I took to be the girl's mother.

They came over to the rack in which I stood, and, drawing me out, he said: "Here is exactly what you want, miss. There is not a finer wheel in the city. Look at that frame, good and strong, beautifully finished; light weight; just lift it, not 25 pounds, all the bearings turned from top to bottom. The girl's pretty face was a study as she looked me up and down in an anxious effort to find the different parts which the manager referred so glibly.

"Like that," she said at length. "Don't you mother? You see," turning to the man, "I have been about a month trying to buy a wheel. I thought it would be quite easy, but we have had a dreadful time. Besides having gone to about 20 places ourselves, we have had at least 30 agents, who heard we wanted a wheel, come after us, and the most puzzling part of it all is that each one says all the others are perfectly worthless. So mother and I made up our minds to give them all the slip, and this is why we came here this morning. Let us take this wheel, mother."

The mother approached me, tried to look critical, gave me a gentle shake, and said: "Well, it seems to be a good strong one. I do hope you won't have any accidents." That very afternoon I was sent to my new home, a magnificent brownstone on Connecticut avenue, and in a few days I knew all about the wheel, for gossiping in the servants' hall, in a little room adjoining which I was kept.

My young mistress was named Bessie Bainbridge. She was the only—and needless to say overindulged—child of wealthy parents, and just now, of course, she was suffering from a bad case of bicycle fever.

Almost every evening after dark the devoted mother and mother-in-law would sit on the porch and watch Bessie and me struggling up and down the street. A young friend of hers was teaching her to ride, and of all patient and devoted instructors that handsome man took the lead. He was a nice fellow, too, and never seemed too hot or tired to invent suitable answers to the parents' endless questions as to why Bessie couldn't ride along like the other girls did, and had a silly little way of grabbing one of my handle bars tightly and throwing all her weight on that same side, which was enough to make any self-respecting wheel turn her over in the gutter. I must confess I did this numberless times and also played a few other little tricks on her, one of which, turning into the pavement when the rider is trying to mount and turn you out, is a great favorite among the ladies' wheel.

Later, however, I got to like Bessie, who was as clever off a wheel as she was stupid on, and Bob, as they called the young man, was my friend from the first. So in about a week we began to make a most harmonious trio, and then Bob would bring his own wheel around, and that made pleasant company for me.

One thing I objected to from the first, and Bob agreed with me. I think, was a friend of Bessie's, who came to the house almost every night and sat with her parents calmly sipping some cool drink and encouraging us by calling out from time to time how such and such a thing might be avoided or how to act under certain circumstances. Then he would add to the comfort of the parents by a low remark to the effect that "Bob Richards didn't know a thing about a wheel," and sometimes he would keep Bessie's courage up by promising to take her for some long rides as soon as she had mastered the wily bicycle.

I didn't like him, and Bob didn't, and Bessie—well, we couldn't tell about her. I only know after we had put in an hour's exhausting labor she would get off to rest, and, leaving Bob to see to me, would run up the steps to ask if Mr. Meredith didn't think she was doing better, and wasn't it entirely Bob's fault that she fell over that last time. She thought he had hold of the wheel, and when she found he hadn't, of course—she fell off, and it was a mean trick to play her. And then the whole party berated poor Bob, whose sole offense seemed to be a desire to hasten her progress.

Bob never would say a word in his own behalf, but I used to even up matters by

ping very carefully when I felt him let go, until Bessie would cry out in delight: "Oh, look at me! I am riding beautifully!" and Mr. Meredith would say languidly: "Bravo! Now, remember what I told you about the pedals." And then I would lose my temper and stop suddenly in a bit of mud, and off would go Bessie before you could say Jack Robinson.

She didn't know a thing about making herself mistress of a wheel. All she wanted was to sit on and ride. She was one of those girls who will never manage anything unless, maybe, a husband.

"All things come to him who waits," and so at length Mr. Meredith, who had been doing the waiting to perfection, had Bessie come to him, and the glad news that she could ride splendidly now, and couldn't make up some parties and go out on the road. Then we had several very pleasant rides. Occasionally there would be quite a crowd, but very often only four—Bessie with Mr. Meredith and Bob relegated to her chum, a Miss Grey, who really was a beautiful rider.

I did not like this arrangement, as Mr. Meredith rode one of those gaudy, conspicuous affairs that no really nice wheel would wish to be seen with in the street, but Bessie and I were quite friendly about that time, and I was trying to please her by giving as little trouble as possible.

Before long Bessie became convinced of the idea that she was a famous rider and suggested that we all take a trip out to Cabin John Bridge. I heard Bob advise her to try a shorter run first, but then Mr. Meredith came up and said it would be delightful and of course Miss Bessie could do it easily, there wasn't a better rider in the city, and he fixed on the next day for the trip.

The next day dawned clear and warm, and we set out about 4:30 o'clock. I must admit that Bessie looked as pretty as a picture in her dainty suit, with its many buttons and jaunty cap. Before we started Bob came up to me, as he always did, to see that all my parts were secure and firm and that no pebbles or bits of dirt were scratching against my chain. He did not look particularly pleased over the trip, and indeed I fully agreed with him that it was far too long for Bessie to attempt.

At length we were spinning merrily along. I was determined to act my best, so I took the lead, and that drew wheel of Mr. Meredith's, leaving Bob and Miss Grey to follow. All went well for about four miles, and then Bessie began to weaken. She was tired, very tired, as I could easily tell by the feeble way she pushed on my pedals, but she was determined not to give up before Mr. Meredith and own Bob right. Oh, no!

Suddenly she gave a cry, something between a gasp and a scream. "Oh, look in front of us—see that drove of cows!"

"They won't hurt you," said Mr. Meredith in a superior way. "Come on."

"But my wheel—it always—always shies at cows," gasped poor Bessie.

Mr. Meredith's lip curled. "I really can't face those cows," said Bessie again between gasps. "Lella, come and ride in front. Then you and Mr. Meredith can run into them first."

I gladly sloped up in pursuance of this idea, for Bessie was too tired to have the slightest control over me, and dropped behind with Bob.

"Bessie, you are tired to death," he exclaimed indignantly. "I'm not," replied Bessie, furious at once. "But I'm afraid of those cows. Wait till you see how this wheel shies!"

"Keep it pointed straight, and I believe it will go by all right," said Bob soothingly. "Let us get off and rest, I am as tired as—"

"No I won't get off. I'm not a bit tired." "Take the center of the road then," said Bob, as we neared the meek looking cows. "They can't hurt you; I'm on their side. Don't go up on that path or you'll get a puncture sure."

That gave me an idea. Bessie was tired out and too proud to own it. She would certainly fall off if she did not get down in a few minutes. A puncture would be an excellent excuse for resting. Then, again, she had said twice that I shied at cows—well, I would make her words true.

Without further hesitation I ran down a little incline in the road and made for the bypath Bob had turned us off. Crunch, crunch, crunch! A silvery feeling along my tire, an agonized cry from Bessie. "Oh, Bob, Bob! Look! I told you!"

In a moment Bob was beside us and had lifted her to the ground.

"Your tire is punctured," he said briefly. "Wait a minute, let me think what to do."

I felt a personal interest in the affair, so let my breath go out as slowly as possible until, at length, Bob said: "I have it!" and pulling out his knife he ripped a puncture in his own tire that put mine to shame. Then he shouted to Meredith and Miss Grey, who came flying back.

"What is the matter?" they cried. "We both got in a bad bit here," said Bob, "and have punctures in consequence. Will you two ride on to Cabin John and send something after us?"

"Yes, I guess we had better go on. No use of our all losing the ride, you know," said Mr. Meredith, but Miss Grey would not agree to that, so they finally decided to ride back to Bessie's home and send the carriage after her.

And then off they went, and Bessie, who was utterly exhausted, began to cry a little, and Bob found a cool place under the trees and was trying to comfort her, much to my interest, when I suddenly discovered that I was slipping from where Bessie had insecurely stood me up beside a tree.

Down, down I went, until seeing a nice soft spot I fell over on my side and lay there contentedly for about an hour.

I was aroused by Bob's voice hailing a farmer driving by in a wagon. After some talk the man agreed to take them in town.

"Why, where is your wheel?" I heard Bob say.

"Isn't it against that big tree? I put it there about ten minutes ago," said Bessie, and her voice sounded strangely happy. Then Bob went looking round until he found me, and having ascertained that beyond the deflated tire I had no injuries, he packed me, with his own wheel, in the cart, and then he and Bessie climbed in by us.

As we drove slowly toward town I heard Bob say in a low voice:

"We will have to get a tandem, now, Bessie, dear," and she answered:

"Yes, Bob. But, do you know, I like this wheel of mine and want to keep it always, even—with a smile—if it does shy at cows."

And Bob laughed happily and said, "We will always keep it, and it shall have a brand new tire tomorrow."

"How about your own?" asked Bessie.

"Mine shall have a new tire, too," said Bob. "I feel like giving presents to everything and everybody. I am so perfectly happy, Bess."

Then in the early twilight of a summer's evening we all drove into Washington together.—Washington Post.

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Pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by John Smith to the West Newton Savings Bank, dated August 21st, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex Co. Dist. Deeds, book 2296 page 154, and for breach of the conditions thereof,—will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises, on Monday the 14th day of September next at 4 o'clock in the afternoon a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in that part of Newton called Auburn, deeded, bounded and described as follows:—beginning at a point on the Easterly side of Melrose Street at the end of a fence at land of Hall's thence running Easterly by land of Hall's to the fence now stands one hundred feet,—thence Southerly sixty feet,—thence Westerly one hundred feet to a point upon the Easterly line of Melrose Street sixty feet Southerly from the point of beginning, and thence Northerly on Melrose Street sixty feet to point of beginning. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

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Mortgagee's Sale

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Orion O. Haven to John Butland dated November 30th 1892 and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 2161 page 225, said mortgage deed having been assigned by said Butland to the Cape Ann Savings Bank by deed dated December 3rd 1892 recorded with said deeds Book 2225 page 150 and by said Bank to J. Alfred Anderson by deed dated Aug 12th 1896, for breach in the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of enforcing the same, will be sold at public auction on the mortgaged premises on Saturday the 23rd day of September next at 12 o'clock noon on and singular the premises described in said mortgage namely: all that parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in that part of Newton in said County of Middlesex called Newtonville being lot numbered Three (3) on a plan by H. T. Whitman dated December 1887 and recorded with said deeds in Book of Plans 64 Plan 24 and bounded Southerly on lot number one (1) on said plan sixty one feet; Easterly on land now or late of one Ware fifty feet; Northerly on lot number five (5) on said plan fifty three feet; and Westerly on the curving line of the passage-way leading Southerly to Highland Avenue as shown on said plan fifty one and 48-100 feet. Containing 2863 square feet of land. For title see deed of said mortgage, with the right of way in said deed expressed Subject to the restrictions contained in the title deeds.

The said premises are the same described in said mortgage deed and are to be sold as one parcel, together with all benefit and equity of redemption, subject to any unpaid taxes.

Terms: five hundred dollars in cash at time and place of sale, when other terms will be announced.

J. ALFRED ANDERSON, Assignee of said mortgage.

GEO. E. HOWE, Attorney.

23 Court St. Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George W. Dow to John Butland dated November 30th 1892 and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 2161 page 225, said mortgage deed having been assigned by said Butland to the Cape Ann Savings Bank by deed dated December 3rd 1892 recorded with said deeds Book 2225 page 150, and by said Bank to J. Alfred Anderson by deed dated August 12th 1896 for breach in the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of enforcing the same, will be sold at public auction on the mortgaged premises on Saturday the 23rd day of September next at 12 o'clock noon on and singular the premises described in said mortgage namely: all that parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in that part of Newton in said County of Middlesex known as Newtonville and being lot four (4) on a plan by H. T. Whitman dated December 1887 and recorded with said deeds in Book of Plans 64 Plan 24 and bounded: Southerly on lot numbered Two (2) on said plan sixty and 80-100 feet; Westerly on land now or late of one Rollins fifty feet; Northerly on lot numbered six (6) on said plan fifty two and 80-100 feet; and Easterly by the curving line of the passage-way shown on said plan leading Southerly to Highland Avenue fifty one and 48-100 feet. Containing 2863 square feet of land. For title see deed from said Butland to said Dow of even date with said mortgage; with the right of way in said deed expressed Subject to the restrictions contained in the title deeds.

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A collection of stories of animals, with notes by one who is searching after a knowledge of the mental condition and possibilities of the lower creatures.
Duff, Mary Graham, ed. Some Famous Paintings and their Homes. 2 vols. R 1.19
—Some Noted Sculptures and their Homes. 2 vols. R 1.20
Photographs of the picture, sculpture, or building in which each is to be found, with a short sketch descriptive of the same.
Everett, William, Oration in Honor of Col. William Prescott, delivered in Boston, 14 October, 1895, by Invitation of the Bunker Hill Monument Association. 57.394
Ford, James L., Dolly Dillbeck: a Portrayal of Certain Phases of Metropolitan Life and Character. 61.1008
French, A. D. Weld, County Records of the Surnames of Francus, Franceis, French, in England, A. D. 1100-1350. 77.272
Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim, Nathan the Wise, with Notes by E. A. Hoyle, with Introduction by Wilhelm Bernhardt. 53.514
The translation is by Wm. Taylor, and Miss Hoyle gives a brief account of the life and writings of Lessing, in order to make clear to English readers the work, time, and character of this "pioneer of modern German writing."
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An attempt to present an idea of some of the salient characteristics of certain notable actors in the drama of French history, from the time of Hugh Capet down to the Revolution.
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Scrap-Books: Animals. 107.402
Birds and Dogs. 107.401
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—Geographical Scrap-Book. 37.314
The last four books are made up of pictures cut from worn-out and discarded books, and pasted into scrap-books for the enjoyment of the little folks.
Soderholtz, E. E., Colonial Architecture and Furniture. D. 4
Consists of 58 plates which the author has photographed of colonial types and subjects.
Spark, J. J., Scientific and Intuitive Palmistry. 104.565
Stinson, Frederick Jesup, King Noanett: a Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay. 65.838
Tompkins, Elizabeth Knight, The Broken Ring. 61.1063
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E. P. THURSTON, Librarian.
Aug. 19, 1896.

NONANTUM.

- Mr. Fred Messiah is ill with malaria.
—Miss Mattie Salter has returned from a vacation trip.
—The interior of Mr. Hudson's store is being redecorated.
—Mrs. William Weldon and family are visiting in Nova Scotia.
—Rev. Daniel Greene and family are visiting friends out of town.
—Mr. John Keating has commenced the erection of a house on Cook street.
—Mr. J. G. Kilburn and family are at East Charleston, Vt., for a few weeks.
—The Misses Kittie and Annie Bree are spending a few weeks at Peak's Island, Me.
—The Benis mills began operations Monday evening, after being closed for several weeks.
—Workmen are repairing a part of Bridge street. Other streets in Benis are also being improved.
—Hose 8 was called out Sunday night on a still alarm to extinguish a brush fire on Pearl street. No damage.
—John Shannon, who was reported to the police as missing last week, has returned home. He had been ill in Boston.
—Last Friday evening W. J. Towne of California street reported to the police that a kit of tools had been stolen from his house.
—The reflection of West Watertown fire on Saturday evening was quite noticeable here and attracted a number of Nonantum residents, who attended the fire.
—Officer J. J. Davis is enjoying a two weeks outing at White Horse beach, Manomet. Part of the time he will spend fishing, and his friends wish him the best of luck.
—A \$50 fire in the house of Thomas Vignel on Lincoln street, Sunday morning was the cause of an alarm from box 241. A clothes line full of clothes caught fire from a stove and was burning briskly when the department arrived.
—The wheelmen of Nonantum have organized a bicycle club under the name of the Silver Lake Wheelmen, and have elected: President, John A. Beals; sec'y, William T. Armstrong; treas., Daniel O'Connell; capt., Timothy O'Connell. There are 50 members on the roll.
—Tuesday of last week two men employed by the Critchett express company were thrown from their wagon and badly hurt. They were engaged in hauling bags of wool from the depot to the Etna mills, when suddenly one of the horses fell and the load was overturned. Both men were injured but not seriously, and are now reported as rapidly recovering.
—About 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Sergt. Clay and several patrolmen visited the premises of Philip Gibson on Dalby street and Thomas Malloy's house on Cook street, in search of liquor. At the former place they seized 1 quart of whiskey, 6 pints of porter and 6 pints of ale. At Malloy's they captured 3 pints of whiskey. In the police court Wednesday, Gibson's case was continued for two weeks. Malloy's case has not been tried.
—Disease attacks the weak and debilitated. Keep yourself healthy and strong by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SONGS.

My fair, no beauty of thine will last
Save in my love's eternity.
Thy smile, that light thee fitfully,
Are lost forever—their moment's past—
Except the few thou givest

Thy sweet words vanish day by day,
As all breath of mortality.
Thy laughter, done, must cease to be,
And all thy dear tones pass away,
Except the few that sing to me.

Hide, then, within my heart, oh, hide
All thou art, both should and from thee.
Be kinder to thyself and me.
My cupful from this river's tide
Shall never reach the long, sad sea.
—Alice Mayrell in New York Tribune.

THEY TOILED AND SAVED TOGETHER.

When the Faithful Wife Was Gone, He Bought a Costly Coffin.

The Illinois Central train was a half a hundred miles from Chicago, headed for the city, and at a little station an old farmer came aboard. He was a little weazened man, with a sensitive mouth, half concealed by an iron gray beard. His ill fitting clothes were evidently his most uncomfortable best. He slid softly into a seat occupied by a grave stranger, reading a newspaper. Two, three times the old man turned his face toward the brown, lying landscape. The stranger was struck with the troubled expression and glanced wistfully at his companion.

The latter spoke at last, with a strange hush in his voice.

"I am going to the city for the second time in my life," he said, half started at his own words.

"Yes?"

"Thirty years ago I went there for a wedding suit, and I am going back there today for a coffin and a shroud for the little woman that married me.

"You don't know what it is, mister, to live and work 'longside a woman for 30 years day in and day out, to find her always patient and willing and working, and then leave her lying dead and cold, with her wornout hands crossed on her breast. It was just a little after the turn of the night, and nobody but me was watching, when Mar'ie kinder woke up."

"David," says she, "it's restful—so restful—and I am so tired." And so she went to sleep again and waked up in eternity. You know, stranger, these words of hers have set me to thinking. Poor, tired soul, I never know how much she needed rest. We never thought of it while we were working and skimping and saving, trying to lay up something for the children. She never had any pleasure; she never took any holidays or visited the other women. She raised the children, and slopped the pigs, and milked the cows, and churned, and cooked for herself and her children, and thought how she did it all with those poor crossed hands of hers.

"Some folks say it won't do any good, mister, but I am going to see that she is put away in something rich. We wasn't skimping and saving for 30 years for this, but I'm going to have the best money can buy. She's earned it, God knows."—St. Louis Republic.

Caught by Titles.

Not long ago, a foreign authority says, a count appeared in London society and had a great success in certain circles. At last he proposed to marry a young lady of good family. Inquiries were then made about him for the first time, and it appeared that he was not the man he tacitly represented himself to be, but one of many younger brothers, and although the elder brother undoubtedly did possess the castles and lands mentioned the younger brother had nothing but his wits, and on one or two occasions he had not been over scrupulous in using them. He had made the acquaintance of an English family quite informally abroad and had dazzled them, not only by his title, but also by the number of English titled people whom he asserted (falsely) that he knew intimately. Therefore his new friends thought themselves quite safe in introducing him to their friends.

A few years ago another young man was introduced to London society by a lady of title. She said that he was wealthy, of excellent birth in his own country, and an intimate friend of the duke of —, a nobleman of very high rank. In another foreign country, this young man for a time had great success, and if he had been prudent he might have secured it permanently. He got into a habit, however, of going to houses to which he had not been asked, and after doing this with perfect impunity for a year, he was detected by a hostess who had been asked for an invitation for him for that very party and had refused it. Therefore she knew that he had come without an invitation and told him to withdraw. A general exposure soon followed.—Philadelphia Times.

Disposing of Smoke.

In a device for disposing of the smoke from boiler fires brought forward in Germany, The American Machinist says that the waste gases of consumption or combustion are drawn through a conduit at the end of which is a ventilating fan, which forces them into a large pipe, and here they bubble through a sheet of water, where they are cleansed of the solid particles held in suspension and collect in the upper part of the gasometer, whence they may be set free into the atmosphere or used for any purpose desired. The wash water is continually renewed, and, as a measure of economy, the combustible solid matter contained in it may be extracted by decantation or evaporation and used a second time for fuel. The draft is regulated simply by varying the load upon the bell of the gasometer. The system is applicable only where power is available for operating the ventilator.

Tobacco In America.

Cartoonists in depicting a German are in the habit of putting a big pipe in his mouth. The pipe is national, indeed, but the Germans as a nation are far from being the greatest smokers. They do not smoke more than Frenchmen, Russians, Swedes or Hungarians. The men of the United States and the men of Switzerland are the most inveterate smokers in the world. In these two countries the consumption of tobacco per head is three times greater than in Germany.

Modesty, Not Humility.

"Philip," said Mr. Gratebar, "don't get a big head. At the same time always hold your head up. Be modest always; humble, never."—New York Sun.

There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts, fine breeding.—Bulwer.

It is a singular fact that of the queens who reigned as sovereigns every one who reached middle life became quite fleshy.

All patents are issued in the name and under the seal of the United States and of the patent office.

WITNESSES TO ALIBIS.

A Shady Trade Which Flourished at One Time In the New York Courts.

The elder Weller in "Pickwick" was, as all admirers of the works of Dickens well know, a great believer in the utility of an alibi as a defense in both criminal and civil actions.

"Never mind the character," said Mr. Weller to his son; "stick to the alibi. Nothing like an alibi, Sammy, nothing. Vevever he's again to be tried, me boy, a alibi's the thing to get him off."

This sage advice of Mr. Weller's found frequent corroboration in the views of criminal lawyers in town up to a very few years ago. There were 20, and even 10, years ago more criminal lawyers than there are today, and the emoluments and fees of criminal lawyers were materially larger in the ordinary run of cases than now. As a consequence, cases were more often defended than they are now and pleas of guilty were much rarer. Then the alibi witness was a necessary though usually unwelcome part of the machinery of defense in criminal cases. There is in criminal procedure no better defense than an alibi if sustained. Alibi witnesses were therefore very much in demand until juries began to mistrust them and the penalties for the crime of perjury were visited upon some of the delinquents.

For a considerable time the mendacious and subsidized testimony of professional alibi witnesses obtained credence from jurors, and some of these witnesses, to quote their own language, "made a good thing out of it." Juries in criminal cases are usually sympathetic where no outside pressure is brought upon them, and it is the part of the charge of every judge in a criminal case to inform the jury that the prisoner at the bar is entitled to every reasonable doubt. If, therefore, any uncertainty existed on the point whether or not the prisoner was actually present at the time and place of the alleged crime, he was entitled to the benefit of it. But little by little the prosecuting officers became acquainted with the identity and records of the professional alibi witnesses. One or two were proscribed. Others were scared off by the commercial value of the services of the others was decreased, and finally the whole nefarious business was abandoned, never since to be revived.—New York Sun.

A POET AND HIS TOYS.

Eugene Field Bought Toys Recklessly For His Little Friend.

All boys and girls who really enjoy Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood" and his "With Trumpet and Drum" find that these poems seem to introduce them to much that is charming in home life. It is as if in walking down a dark alley they lost their way. Suddenly a little light is seen flashing through a keyhole. In a moment they find themselves in a room full of sunshine and happy little children. In this magical room, furnished by Eugene Field's imagination, Santa Claus, the good Fairy Godmothers, Fairland and the Land of Nod are real persons and places. Like Edmund Spenser or Sir Walter Scott, Eugene Field lived in an atmosphere of enchantment and more than half believed in witches and hobgoblins. Odd as it may seem, to the end of his life he was afraid to enter a dark room alone and disliked being alone. Under ordinary circumstances rarely did he enjoy being left by himself.

To the day of his death he had the heart and impulses of a boy, and loved animals, gorgeous colors, perfumes, and those mechanical toys which wind up and go with a clickety noise just as a child loves them. His home was a small toyshop, the toys being of all kinds and descriptions, but he loved the mechanical toys the best. Every Saturday morning Eugene Field went home laden with toys—not alone for his own babies, Roswell and Ruth, but for a number of child friends living at Buena Park, Chicago. For the girls he bought dolls by the dozen, and his little boy Roswell, whom he nicknamed Posey, had more elephants than were ever shot by African hunters. Shortly before he died Mr. Field bought a big elephant and a big brown bear for Posey. Every time any one called upon him, it made no difference who it was, the elephant and the big brown bear were wound up and away they would go, their heads nodding back and forth as they were alive.—Mary J. Reid and Henrietta Dexter Field in St. Nicholas.

The Broken Covenant.

One old fashioned divine of my early youth preached every Sunday upon "The Broken Covenant." At length the long suffering parishioners could stand it no longer, and a deputation was organized to visit the manse. The deputation informed the minister that they were extremely weary of hearing continually of "The Broken Covenant" and that there was a general desire to have at least one new sermon. "You shall have it," said the worthy minister in conciliatory strain; "you shall have a perfectly new sermon next Sunday." Accordingly the church was fuller than usual, and a thrill of satisfaction ran round when the text was announced in these words, "And the cup was found in Benjamin's sack." "Let me tell you, my friends," said the preacher, "the day is coming when all your sacks will be ripe. And what, think you, will be found in them? Yes, what will be found in them? Again I ask you, what will be found in them? The first thing found in them will be 'The Broken Covenant,' on which I will now proceed to speak at great length." Thus was hope dashed to the ground, and the congregation fell back into the state of utter apathy in which they had listened to that dismal orator on many past days.—Longman's Magazine.

Ruling Passion In Death.

Canon Gore tells a striking story of a hardened professional pickpocket who found himself within sight of death and for the first time in his life had leisure to think. During a somewhat protracted illness the reality of the love of God was vividly borne in upon him, and he became, in the deepest sense, converted from darkness to light. He had received the sacrament and was in articulo mortis when the priest, who was reading the commendatory prayer by his bedside, heard a hoarse whisper in his ear, "Look out for your watch." As the clergyman raised his head the man lay dead with the watch in his hand. "The will," said Canon Gore, "was not strong enough to resist the habitual instinctive motions of the body, yet was strong enough to protest against its own act with the voice."—New York Press.

Some years ago the sect of Abstemians, or Bible Christians, who ate no meat and resisted the killing of animals as sinful, built a somewhat pretentious church in Third street, Philadelphia. The building is now occupied by a firm of pork packers and sausage makers.

Wide open, staring blue eyes, combined with a fair complexion, are said to indicate bad temper.

Scrofula

Makes life misery to thousands of people. It manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it, in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the

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Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

makes mince pies, fruit cake and pudding possible all the year round. Always fresh, always in season. Always good, that's the reason. Accept no substitute. Sold everywhere.

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Sent charges prepaid to any address on receipt of price complete outfit. \$1. Home treatment book free to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage.

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Trains leave either city at 9.00 A. M., except Sunday; 11.00 A. M., except Sunday; 12.00 noon, except Sunday; 4.00 P. M., daily; 11.00 P. M., daily.

Drawing-room cars on all day trains and sleeping cars on all night trains.

The new train between Boston and New York leaves either city at 12 noon and makes the run in five and one-half hours. No excess fare.

Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.

Summer Time-Table, June 28, 1896.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR LYNN AND WINTHROP at 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.35 (Express), 9.00, 9.35 (Express), 10.00, 10.35, 11.00, 11.35 A. M., 12.00, 12.35, 1.00, 1.35, 2.00, 2.35, 3.00, 3.35, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00 (Express), 5.35, 6.00 (Express), 6.35, 7.00, 7.35, 8.00, 8.35, 9.00, 10.30 and 11.30 p. m.
LEAVE LYNN FOR BOSTON at 6.35, 7.05, 7.35 (Express), 8.35 (Express), 9.35 (Express), 10.30, 11.30 A. M., 12.00, 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.40 (Express), 5.05, 5.40 (Express), 6.05, 6.35, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30 and 10.30 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR LYNN AND WINTHROP at 9.25, 10.00, 10.35, 11.00, 11.35 A. M., 12.00, 12.35, 1.00, 1.35, 2.00, 2.35, 3.00, 3.35, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.35, 6.00, 6.35, 7.00, 7.35, 8.00, 8.35, 9.00, 9.30, 10.30 and 11.30 p. m.
LEAVE LYNN FOR BOSTON at 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55 A. M., 12.25, 12.55, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.35, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.35, 6.00, 6.35, 7.00, 7.35, 8.00, 8.35, 9.00 and 10.30 p. m.
All trains stop at West Lynn.

H. L. HOYT, T. A. JOHN A. FENNO, Boston, June 28, 1896. Sup't.

WEST END STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

TIME TABLE.
Subject to change without notice.
MT. AUBURN TO BOWDOIN SQUARE.

Huron Ave. to Bowdoin Square, via Concord Ave. and Garden St.
Time—First car 6.00, 6.25 A. M., and every 20 minutes to 11.00 P. M. Return 35 minutes later.

Seaside—First car 8.00 A. M., and every 20 minutes to 11.00 P. M., last car.

Newton and Watertown to Bowdoin Square, via Mt. Auburn St. and Harvard Square.
Time—First car leaves Newton 5.57 A. M., and every 12 minutes to 9.12, 9.27 and every 15 minutes to 12.27, 12.45 and every 10 minutes to 7.15, 7.27 and every 15 minutes to 10.57, last car. Return Bowdoin Sq. 33 minutes later. First car from Bowdoin Sq. at 6.08, 6.28, 6.49 A. M., last car 11.

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.

Agent for the GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand-bills and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Miss Annie Cobb is visiting in Springfield.
—Mr. B. B. Buck is in Vermont, trout fishing.
—Mr. and Mrs. Chandler are visiting out of town.
—Stanley Barton is assisting at Noble's drug store.
—Miss Leighton of Centre street is at Cottage City.
—Miss Nora Turner is visiting her uncle in New York.
—Mr. Edson has returned from a two weeks outing.
—Miss Lucy N. Waterbury is at Hampton Beach, N. H.
—Miss Almira B. McMullen is visiting friends out of town.
—Mrs. E. A. Brown has been visiting relatives in Haverhill.
—Mr. John Temperly has returned from Centre Harbor, N. H.
—Col. E. H. Haskell and family are at North Woodstock, N. H.
—Mr. Wise of Newburyport is spending a week or two in this place.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Snow left last week for a visit at Cape Cod.
—The Misses Peeler of Cypress street have left for a visit at Lynn.
—Mrs. M. E. Stone has returned from a visit at New London, N. H.
—Rev. Dr. George Bullen and family are visiting in New Hampshire.
—Mrs. A. R. Dyer is numbered among the guests at Saratoga Springs.
—Dr. and Mrs. Banfield of Langley road have returned from Nantucket.
—Mr. Herbert N. Smith and family of Beacon street are summering at Cotuit.
—Mr. James W. Martin of Ward street has returned from a trip to Plymouth.
—Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Claflin returned Wednesday from St. Andrews, N. B.
—Mr. George Richardson spent Sunday with his family at Kennebunk beach.
—Prof. English and family are expected this week from Kennebunk Beach, Me.
—Mrs. E. R. Dickerson and Miss Grace Dickerson are at Bradford Springs, N. H.
—Geo. Ross has been unable to supply his patrons this week, because of illness.
—Miss Katie Morrison of Beacon street is visiting friends at Hull beach this week.
—Mr. James King and family of Walnut street have returned from North Scituate.
—Mr. E. J. Paine and family of Lake avenue are at the mountains for a short stay.
—Dr. Sylvester and his son Carl returned last week from a trip to the White Mountains.
—Mr. E. H. Tilton and family of Boston have taken Mr. Bryan's house on Marshall street.
—Mr. D. A. Claflin and family are at home from their annual vacation at St. Andrews.
—Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Merriam of Centre street returned this week from a visit at Plymouth.
—Mr. and Mrs. George O. Robinson of Vermont are guests of Hon. and Mrs. Alden Spaulding.
—Mr. Wm. M. Flanders and family of Lake terrace are spending a few weeks at Craigville, Mass.
—The family of Mr. Samuel Ward of Crescent street arrived home this week from Eggemogin, Me.
—Miss Alice Green has returned from North Scituate where she has been visiting her mother and sister.
—Mr. Fay Webster has taken a position as conductor on the Newton & Boston Street Railway.
—The pulpit of the Baptist church was occupied last Sunday by Rev. Mr. Leeland of Richmond, Va.
—Mr. Albert Reed has returned from a visit to New Brunswick. His father, Mr. John Reed, is visiting him.
—Mr. Charles W. Barker and family will remove next week to Douglas, Mass. Mr. Barker will continue in business in this place.
—The alarm from box 712 at 1:30 o'clock, Monday afternoon, was for a brush fire on Cedar street. It was extinguished with little damage.
—Mr. G. B. Sherman, a prominent member of the Newton Veteran Firemen's Association, attended the muster at New Bedford, last Wednesday.
—There are letters in the postoffice for Miss Alice LaFrance, Emily R. Titus, Miss T. H. Whittemore, Robert Clements, Joseph Fitzpatrick, A. H. Gross, Dr. Kietz (2), Mr. Maguire and Mrs. Roberts.
—Rev. Mr. E. M. Noyes and family are summering at Squirrel Island, Me. The services at the First Congregational church last Sunday were in charge of Rev. Mr. Folsom of Bath, Me.
—Michael Brice of Boston fell from his wheel on Centre street, near the Commonwealth avenue boulevard, Sunday afternoon, and was badly injured. It is feared that he will lose the sight of one eye.
—Last Friday evening 17 members of Crystal Lake Division, Sons of Temperance, visited the Watertown division. A very pleasant evening was passed, the company being entertained by an excellent musical and literary program followed by light refreshments.
—The increase of patronage on the Commonwealth avenue street railway is very noticeable since the completion of the West End line to Lake street, Brighton. Many Newton Centre people find this a very pleasant way of reaching Boston.
—The Newton Centre Athletic Club will play class '90 team of the High school. The latter team was never defeated and the Centre team will do its best to break the record. At the last game between these clubs a very close decision in the last inning saved the High school graduates from defeat.
—Lightning came from pretty nearly a clear sky on Wednesday, taking some half dozen pieces of slate from the roof of Mr. Henry Paul's dwelling house, passing down the water conductor, taking a jump under the side door steps, tossing them about somewhat, and then plowing a little furrow in the ground about 20 feet easterly. The damage was a few dollars.
—Rev. Mr. Clark, who was to have occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal church, last Sunday, was unable to be present and the morning services were conducted by a member of the congregation. The sermon was omitted. Rev. Mr. Clark was on his way from Boston when he was taken suddenly ill at the Columbus avenue station and removed to his home in a carriage. His condition is reported as improving and it is hoped he will soon be able to be heard in Newton Centre. At the evening service Mrs. George Robinson

gave a very interesting address on "Home Missions."

—Mr. Robert Hopkins of the firm of Hopkins & Barker, is taking his vacation in Maine.

—Arthur Brooks is spending his vacation at Epping, N. H., and P. A. Barton takes his place at Proudfoot's.

—The report that Mr. Joseph Parker has sold his place and intends to move to Malden is not correct, as he has not sold.

—Miss Carrie Davidson of Temple, New Hampshire, and Miss Ethel Howard of Waltham are visiting Mrs. G. H. Loomer.

—Mrs. S. G. Steeves died last Thursday night, her illness suddenly having a fatal termination. She had been a resident here for many years, and was greatly loved by all who knew her. Rev. Dr. Hovey officiated at the funeral services and there were many beautiful floral tributes from friends and neighbors. Her husband is a prominent builder here, and she leaves besides a daughter 13 years of age.

—The Newton Centre Golf Club held a tournament Saturday afternoon on its links on Langley road. It was a men's handicap of 18 holes. The scores follow:

Players	Gross	Cap.	Net
G. F. Brackett	136	25	111
C. W. Royce	135	25	110
H. Bailey	144	15	129
R. B. Buck	139	25	114
William B. Merrill	131	25	106
C. Hunter	132	25	107
J. D. Greene	140	25	115

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Rev. Mr. Phipps is at Pigeon Cove.

—Mr. Sanford Thompson has returned from his stay at the Moolianke, Breezy Point.

—Mr. E. R. Tarbell and family have returned from Laconia, N. H.

—Mr. S. W. Jones and family have gone to Hyannis.

—Mr. and Mrs. Shumway have gone on a short trip to Maine.

—Miss Chisholm of Eliot has gone for a visit to Windsor, N. S.

—Mr. Arthur Forristall has arrived home from his European trip.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Barney have returned from Robinson, Me.

—Mr. F. B. Fletcher and family have returned to their home at Eliot.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Martin have arrived home from their summer travels.

—Mrs. Logan and son, Arthur, have returned from their stay at Christmas Cove, Me.

—The Rev. and Mrs. George Phipps, are passing a part of the summer at Pigeon Cove.

—Mr. H. N. Wayne of Waban has hired the house on the Weston lands near Woodward street belonging to Mayor Cobb.

—It is expected that Rev. Lawrence Phelps will have charge of the services at the Congregational church next Sunday.

—Miss Gertrude Nelson has gone to Portland, Me., for a stay of a few days and later on will go to Bridgton for a visit of several weeks.

—Hon. J. F. C. Hyde and wife have returned from Bayside, where they have been spending two or three weeks as the guests of their son, Mr. F. C. Hyde.

—The estate of the late Capt. Chatfield has been let. Miss Chatfield has sent away the furniture and will go to Waltham and make her home with her sister, Mrs. Smith.

—Mr. Watson of Brookline, who purchased and now occupies the house on Centre street, formerly owned by Mr. D. S. Farham, is now having a small stable built for private use.

—Cards are out for the wedding of Miss May B. O'Connor of this place to Mr. Arthur E. Martell of Beaumont, to take place at the home of the bride on Monday Aug. 24, at noon. After a short wedding trip they will reside for the present at Beaumont.

—Ancient Order United Workmen, Oak Lodge No. 170, meetings second and fourth Wednesdays, Stevens' building. Beneficiary Order paying \$2000 at death of its members. Applications blanks and other literature apply to William L. Thompson, Recorder, Newton Upper Falls.

—Mr. C. Henry Adams, who has been the owner of a tract of land on the south side of the railroad at Eliot station for many years, has now commenced building a house and will soon follow with another. A builder from Waverley has the contract for both houses.

—Mr. J. H. Vost has leased the house on Bradford road near Woodward street belonging to Mrs. Merrill and now occupied by Mr. Smith, who will soon remove to his new house nearly completed on Bradford road. Mr. Smith has also got another house under way on an adjoining lot. Mr. Thomas Weston and Mr. Spooner also have houses nearly completed. Mr. S. H. Hiltz, the station agent at Eliot, who had built the house leased to Mr. Parker, is having another house erected near by.

—Mr. C. D. Yonker, a well known druggist of Bowling Green, Ohio, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, for I am certain that it will always please them. I sell more of it than all other kinds put together." For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; J. H. Crook, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.

WABAN.

—Miss Milley Dresser has gone to Portland, Me.

—Mr. Wm. Saville took a bicycle trip to Gloucester last Sunday.

—Mr. Robert Pratt, Jr., has gone to Sharon for a short stay.

—Master Bertram Goldwaite of Wellesley is quite ill at Mr. W. B. Knight's.

—Mr. W. F. Goodwin returned Wednesday from Maine, after an absence of two weeks.

—Mr. Russell Pratt has gone to New York for a couple of weeks. He has taken his bicycle with him.

—Unclaimed letters in postoffice for Mrs. Allen Allen, Miss Fanny Richardson, Miss Verie Allen.

—New cross-overs have been placed at railroad station this week, and the grooves having had their superfluous grass and weeds removed, present a beautiful appearance.

—Mr. J. E. Morse met with quite an accident last Sunday while at the beach: a sharp instrument penetrated his foot and inflicted a deep wound which will incapacitate him for some time.

—The current rumor is that one of our prominent citizens is about to become a benedict, and is travelling many miles for benedict, but until the arrival of more definite news, names and congratulations are withheld.

Bucklen's Arnica Salva.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. G. Kilburn, Nonantum, and Bernard Billings, Newton Upper Falls.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Miss Nellie Osborn is at Nantasket.

—Mrs. W. F. Curtis is visiting friends in Salem.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Billings are at Narragansett Pier, R. I.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Thompson are at Squirrel Island, Me.

—Mr. John D. Buckley has returned from his outing at Nantasket beach.

—Mr. John Lomas spent a few days at Rocky Point, R. I., the first of the week.

—Miss Linda Nielson is home from a four weeks visit to Lake Quinsigamond.

—Mr. Edward V. Sullivan, paymaster at the Newton Rubber Works, is taking his annual vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith have returned from a two weeks visit to Bar Harbor, and other interesting points on the Maine coast.

—Quite a number attended the Firemen's muster at New Bedford, Wednesday, and were more than pleased with the work done by the Newton company. Those who were unable to witness the contest were favored with a graphic description by our well known orator, John Thomson, and postoffice square was crowded with interested listeners.

—Monday afternoon, Driver Edw. Richards of Hose 7 wagon had a lively experience with a new horse in responding to box 722. The horse was making its first trip to a fire and was going fairly well until it reached Newton Highlands. Here it suddenly reared and kicked the dashboard, and after being driven on, repeated the performance. Later the animal somehow got one of his legs over the shaft, which considerably delayed the apparatus in reaching the fire. Driver Richards is one of the best drivers in the department, and showed great skill in handling the horse. Another horse is being driven on the wagon now.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

—Bishop's paper mills are closed for this week.

—Mr. Sanborn has taken up his residence in part of the Cooper house.

—Fr. Callanan was called to New York last week by the illness of his brother.

—The Twilights defeated the Leveretts of Boston, Saturday, by a score of 53 to 0.

—Officer Tainter is on duty again after being off part of the week by reason of a sore foot.

—There are letters in the postoffice for Annie Bailey, John Duffan, Miss Mary Kimball, Peter McLean, Wm. McLean, Mrs. Alexander Banker, J. W. Ross and A. O. H. Supply Co.

WHO IS MRS. MARLEY.

DR. SIMPSON SAYS THERE IS NO SUCH A PERSON.

The daily papers have had a good deal to say about a gold watch that Mrs. Marley of Auburndale gave to the cause in the great collection that was taken up by the Christian Alliance, at the Old Orchard campmeeting, Aug. 10th, when women were so moved, "hypnotized," the papers called it, that they took off their jewelry and put it in the box. The watch was said to be an heir-loom, and Mrs. Marley's son was said to be going to institute a suit to recover it, as when the mother recovered from the excitement of the occasion, she regretted her act.

Dr. Simpson has been interviewed on the subject and says:

"There are no grounds whatever for that story. These reports are doubtless started by persons who desire to injure us. I have not the slightest idea who they can be, but the persistence of the stories show that somebody is behind them. I do not know of any Mrs. Marley, and neither she nor anyone representing her has asked to have a watch or any other contribution returned. Neither has any other of the contributors at the meeting.

"Miss Shepard, who has charge of the watches and jewelry put into the collection, was as much surprised at the story as I was. Less than a dozen watches were received at Old Orchard, and Miss Shepard examined these carefully to see if any of them could be identified as coming from anybody named Marley, but without result.

"I have just finished going through the last mail, and up to date no word of any kind has been received from Mrs. Marley.

"I may say that if Mrs. Marley had asked that the watch be returned, the request would have been complied with cheerfully and at once. All gifts to our association are voluntary, and they are made deliberately. Nine-tenths of the watches and jewelry that we receive are sent to us, and are not taken up in collections at all.

"Last year a woman who had pledged us the deed to \$3000 worth of property wrote to me afterward, saying that circumstances had changed and she could not well give it up. She was at once released from the pledge."

Dr. Simpson laughed at the hypnotism hypothesis, and said that the public was somewhat startled at the idea of a \$100,000 collection; but he added that the time was coming when \$1,000,000 collections will be in vogue.

There is no Mrs. Marley in the Newton directory, and it is said that she lives in Ashburnham.

She Lacked Self-Confidence.

"Why do you wear bloomers?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, thoughtfully, "I think they are a little too immodest,"—Chicago Post.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Largest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A Renegade Colonel.

"It is hot, sah, and no mistake," said the colonel, "but in '30 or thereabouts I remember, sah, that it was so hot, sah, that I went without a drink for two whole days, rather than walk a matter of five miles or so to the stillhouse, sah."—Indianapolis Journal.

Must Have Camped Out Himself.

"Got any good books on camping out?" asked the man with the splinter new canvas suit.
"Here is 'The Bartenders' Guide,'" suggested the clerk.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

OTTO SAUER,

Expert Watch and Clock Repairing.

Also Sewing Machine Work.

McVicar's Block, near Depot,

AUBURNDALE.

RIVERSIDE CAFE.

Luncheon at Short Notice.

Cake, Pie, Fruit and Candies.

Ice cream and Sherbet, in

boxes for River Parties, at

10, 20 and 30 Cents.

All the leading Temperance Drinks, Apollinaris Water and Lemonade. Eaton & Estbrook's popular Cigars and Tobaccos.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Daniel H. McWain to Samuel F. Williams dated September 20, 1894, and recorded in Registry of Deeds for the Southern District of Middlesex at Cambridge, in said County and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, book 2306, page 366, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, September 15th, 1896, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows, to wit: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in the City of Boston, in said County and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the granted premises by land now or formerly of Alpheus Trowbridge and running westerly on the southerly side of Pleasant Street eighty-two and one-fourth (82 1/4) feet, thence south six and one-half (6 1/2) degrees west by land now or formerly of D. N. Ware one hundred and sixty-four (164) feet to a point on the northerly line of Pelham Street; thence easterly on said Pelham Street eighty and one-half (80 1/2) feet to a point on the southerly line of seven (7) degrees east by said land of Alpheus Trowbridge one hundred and sixty-eight (168) feet to the point of beginning, and to all parts of thirteen thousand five hundred and eight (13,508) square feet more or less, being the same premises conveyed by said mortgage deed to Joseph A. Elwell dated January 9, 1890, and duly recorded in book 1888, page 469. Said premises to be sold subject to a prior mortgage of five thousand dollars (\$5,000) to the City of Boston, which mortgage is recorded in Registry, book 1616, page 281, and to all parts of taxes and assessments; \$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale, balance in ten days, from day of sale at 12 o'clock noon at the office of Frederick H. Hovey, Room 417 No. 33 State St., Boston, Mass.

THE HOWARD NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage. By Frederick H. Hovey, Atty.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., Auctioneers, 236 Washington St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William J. O'Brien and Catherine E. O'Brien to The Newton Co-operative Bank dated May 2nd 1895, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex South District libro 2267, folio 427, will be sold at public auction, at the premises, on Wednesday the sixteenth day of September 1896, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—a certain parcel of land situated in that part of Newton in said County of Middlesex called West Newton, being part of lot ten (10) as shown and marked on a plan of land belonging to E. B. Morgan, made by Durkee and Robertson, dated April 2, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds in Book of plans 85, plan 32, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Southwesterly by River street forty nine and 6/10 (49 6/10) feet; Northwesterly by part of lot Eleven as shown and marked on said plan seventy six and 2/10 (76 2/10) feet; Northwesterly by land now or late of McDougall forty eight and 55/100 (48 55/100) feet; and Southwesterly by land now or late of Barbour eight and 10/100 (8 10/100) feet, being the same premises as said Catherine E. O'Brien conveyed by Edward B. Morgan, by deed dated April 2, 1894, and subject to the restrictions therein set forth. Said premises will be sold subject to the taxes of 1895, and all other unpaid taxes and assessments of what ever kind \$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

THE NEWTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK. By J. Cheever Fuller, Treasurer

August 20 1896.

H. P. GAMBLE,

Late of Hollander's.

274 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

Reception, Tailor and Evening

Gowns. Top Coats and Riding Habits.

\$15 AND UPWARDS.

J. G. KILBURN,

THE

NONANTUM APOTHECARY.

Twenty-five years' experience. Registered in New York and Boston.

Bring in Your Prescriptions.

THE NEWTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK.

Corner Watertown and Faxon Sts.,

NONANTUM.

Webster

of WALTHAM

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CHILDREN.

Studio: 111 Moody St., over Central Dry Goods Co's store.

PEARMAN & BROOKS,

Members of Boston and New York Stock Exchanges.

STOCK AND BOND BROKERS.

Orders by mail promptly executed. Correspondence solicited. Good Bonds and Mortgages on hand for immediate delivery.

Stock Exchange Building, 53 State St., Boston.

SUMNER B. PEARMAN. L. LORING BROOKS

Sheriff's Sale.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. July 15, 1896.

Taken on execution and will be sold at public

auction at the Janitor's Office, in the County

Court House, on Third Street (Cambridge), in

County of Middlesex, on Monday, the

seventh day of September, 1896, at eleven

o'clock, A. M., all the right, title and interest,

liable to be taken on execution, that Charles

Clarke, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, had

on the twenty-sixth day of December, 1894, at

seven o'clock and fifty minutes, A. M., that

being the time when the same was attached on

mesne process, in and to the following described

state, to wit:—two parcels of real estate, one

with the buildings thereon, situated partly in

Sudbury and partly in Weyland, in said County,

southwesterly beginning at the northeasterly

corner of the premises where tangle brook, so called,

empties into Hurd's Pond, so called; thence

running by said pond and land now or formerly

of Nathan Barker to Sudbury river; thence

southerly and westerly by said river to land now

or formerly of Marshall L. Eaton or Naham

Goodnow; thence northerly by said Eaton or

Goodnow land and land now or formerly of

Theodore T. Sherman to land now or formerly

of John Eaton; thence easterly by land now or

formerly of said Eaton, James Wadsworth, and

Amos Stone, and said Gussie Brook, to the

IN MEMORIAM.

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE TO THE LATE JAMES SIMPSON.

The Bar Harbor Record, whose editor was also a native of Sullivan, Me., near Bar Harbor, and who had known him all his life, contains the following fitting tribute to the late James Simpson of Newton.

Death is indeed an unwelcome visitor at all times, and inevitable as his coming is it is always unexpected, unplanned for. With the aged who have lived their allotted time and with the very young who are spared, life's hard and thorny journey, a certain comfort comes along with death in reconciliation for its blow, but when a stalwart man is cut down in his prime, a man who has made a success of life thus far, who has every thing to live for, who is needed so much in the daily walks and work, when death comes swift, sudden and sure to such a man it is hard to say "Thy will be done," and look for the silver lining to the dark cloud of despair that falls over all.

James Simpson was born in Sullivan in 1845. Twenty-seven years ago, this month he and his elder brother Frederick went to Massachusetts to engage in the concrete paving business and by honesty, industry and integrity they built up a most successful business, and were looked upon as leading citizens of Newton, where they have made their home. After the death of their father a mother and two sisters were dependent upon them and in 1873, most have found father, brother and son combined. With almost a lover's devotion this noble man attend his mother during the last years of her life, scarcely leaving her side except for business hours, and gratifying her every wish. It was only last March that her aged form was laid at rest, and if there is recognition beyond the stars her joy at greeting this beloved son will compensate the others for his loss.

Mr. Simpson's death at 9 p. m. on Wednesday, August 12, resulted from a heart trouble which developed a serious and distressing form only three days before. At that time he has visited at Sullivan among his old friends, returning to Newton a week before he died; up to the very moment of his death he was not considered in mortal danger. He drove his sister out only the day before.

More close relationship never existed between man and man than between the two older Simpson brothers, whose every interest in the past 27 years has been common, and who after being associated together during business hours invariably sought each other's society in the evening and on Sundays, although Mr. Frederick Simpson is very happily married and has a home of his own but a stone's throw from that of his brother. Mrs. Frederick Simpson is in Europe, about to sail for home and will not hear the sad news until her arrival in New York. As she felt a warm affection for her brother-in-law the news will indeed be sad. Another brother, Joseph, is in business in Chicago, a branch of the same. This will be closed up as soon as possible and he will return to Newton to take James' place in the firm of Simpson Brothers, paving contractors.

Mr. Joseph Simpson, with his wife and baby, are east now on a visit. To the brothers the death of James comes with terrible severity, but the blow falls hardest and heaviest upon his two sisters, Miss Amelia and Miss Eunice, whose home in a few short months has been twice desolated. Their loss is almost unreplaceable; Whittier could write and Mr. Brooks could read: "God has led their dear one on, and He can do no wrong, and He can do what we cannot 'drift beyond His love and care,' but 'not all the preaching since Adam can make death other than death.' Time alone, that great pacificator, can bring them comfort.

The body, encased in a handsome drab broadcloth casket with heavy silver trimmings, came to Sullivan, Saturday morning, accompanied by the two brothers and Mr. Whittier, of Newton, a warm friend of the family, who bowed his white head in his hands, and wept like a child when the sad cortege left the cemetery. The flowers sent by his intimate friends completely filled the western parlor of the Simpson home where the body lay at rest. It required an express wagon to carry the made pieces to the cemetery, while the cut flowers were distributed among friends. The most beautiful in the collection were a pillow, cross, crescent and wreath of roses, asters and maidenhair fern from the immediate family. A bank of sweet peas from his cousin, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Bringham, and a profusion of lilies, gladioli, and other cut flowers made a floral rug on which the casket rested. Among the many loving offerings from friends were wreaths of asters and roses from Mrs. P. S. Emery, Mrs. G. W. Lamson, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bringham; a standing crescent of lilies and roses from Mrs. A. W. Bringham, Francis Murdoch, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hobart Emerson, F. E. Norris and Mrs. A. Maria Luster.

Mr. Simpson was a man of rare integrity and of unimpeachable character; he has the respect and love of every one in his circle of acquaintances. From his boyhood up he made friends and kept them. He was a philosopher and a warm admirer of Robert Ingersoll, never missing an opportunity to hear him lecture, but, as paradoxical as this may seem to some, his life was a religious one in the very best meaning of that word. He loved his neighbor as himself, with charity toward all and criticism for none; abhorring that which was evil and cleaving to that which was good. He was a member of the Newton Club; of the Masters Builders Association and a director in the Newtonville Trust Company.

Every detail of the funeral, which took place Saturday, at 3 p. m., was arranged by Mr. Alvin T. Wilson.

The simple service and prayer was most impressively conducted by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, of Boston, who came from Bar Harbor for the occasion. It consisted of passages of scripture, Whittier's "Eternal Goodness," the hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," and a prayer with another short prayer at the grave. The funeral was largely attended, Messrs. Stan Wilson, James Moynell, Charles P. Simpson and Daniel S. Emery, were pall bearers, and Mr. Moses Hawkins assisted Mr. Whittier in the funeral arrangements.

Among those in attendance was Mr. Oliver Perry of Boston, a boyhood friend of Mr. Simpson, who was lying along the coast and remained over to pay this last tribute of respect to his friend.

The services at Newton on Friday were attended by many eastern friends and relatives now living in the vicinity of Boston, among them were Mr. Nelson Abbott, Miss Nellie Abbott, Mr. Charles Lyman, Miss Hattie Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel S. Emery, Mrs. Prudence Emery, Mrs. George C. Walker and Mrs. Fanny Blaisdell. Rev. Mr. Hornbrook officiated.

Not one complaint has ever been made by those using Ayer's Sarsaparilla according to directions. Furthermore, we have yet to learn of a case in which it has failed to afford benefit. So say hundreds of druggists all over the country. Has cured others, will cure you.

Wonalancet.

When first seen, in advertisement and correspondence, this word might be thought from the spelling, —won-a-lancet, —to have been meant to perpetuate the memory of some bet between medical students, one of whom won a lancet.

But no: Wonalancet was the musical name of an Indian Chief, son of Passaconaway, —a name equally musical.

Their names, with that of another chief, Chocoma—whose end, as mountain legends tell, was most tragic,—are now applied to three beautiful mountains of the "Sandwich Range," lying southward of the great central mass of the White Mountains.

Wonalancet is now also the name of a small hamlet in the western part of the town of Tamworth, N. H., pronounced by the natives, "tan-uth," time being apparently too precious, where people are miles apart, or where winter is too cold to keep the mouth open long, to allow the full pronunciation.

Having explained the word, "Wonalancet," I now wish to describe the place briefly, as it is probably unknown to many, yet is so attractive, beautiful and healthful that it might profitably and delightfully be known to all lovers of unspoiled nature.

As to situation, Wonalancet is a broad interval, or table land, of woods and level meadows, twelve hundred feet above the sea, and partly encircled by the mountains named, together with Whiteface, Pangus, the Ossipee range and their lower foothills. It is eleven miles, by a delightful drive, from West Ossipee, and twenty miles from Centre Harbor, from both of which places it can be, and is reached, but preferably from the former.

With respect to soil, the region is sandy, which secures dryness, and sweetness through perfect natural drainage. The intervals meadows are fertile, and the roads for long stretches are smooth and hard enough for easy cycling.

The people—sadly too few, and children conspicuously absent—are of the same honest, kind and shrewd sort that are found all over northern New England. Heaven help us all to help them to enlighten, embellish and improve their lives, and to acquire habits of healthful daily living to suit the change from the life-giving openness of their fathers to the death-dealing close clover of today. Equally may Heaven help us to toss some of our fantastic and superfluous fashions and ceremoniousness over their shabby rustic fashions into their swift streams to be ever washed away, and to bring home and keep and use some of the country-folks sunny souled simplicity, yet without robbing them of it.

The one comprehensive attraction of the place is that it contains so many points of varied interest where one can spend a day or half day with noon or evening luncheon, both with sitting, or reading, or sketching, or talking, or day dreaming, or sleeping to pass the time. The "Falls," the "Ledge," the "Pond," the "Old Mill," and the Brook-side, all within easy riding distance, are such spots; while Chocoma Lake, and the summit of Passaconaway, and other points, furnish longer excursions.

The ascent of Passaconaway deserves separate mention. One perfect day for temperature and clearness, a party of eleven, nine of whom were ladies, made the ascent, enjoyed the splendid view, and returned, having been half past nine in the morning and half past eight at night, with great pleasure and no harm to any. Passaconaway, 4100 feet high, is the highest of the group, Whiteface being 3900 feet and Chocoma 3700 feet lower, yet much more difficult to climb. The view from it also is superior. Mr. Washington, being in full view; while a tangled wilderness of forest-covered peaks covers the space between, and on all sides, including Mt. Pennacook (Cotton), (mis-called Kearsarge) the only original and real Kearsarge being in Sutton in the New London region.

The especial salubrity of the region is owing to the breezes blowing over boundless forests of pine, balsam and other evergreens, also to the sandy soil, and the exquisitely clear sparkling purity of the streams, which are superior even to well water for drinking. The deliciousness of a dip in a far off pool in one of them makes a bath-tub a mockery in immediate contrast.

The beautiful speckled trout are in the streams, and by the wiles of man some of them are found on the table. The cedar-bird is found in the thickets, and many others, better known to the ornithologists, are seen. The botanist finds the sides of Passaconaway literally carpeted with the delicate wood-sorrel, and is pleased to find the long sought "Gold thread," so-called from its long string-like bright gold colored roots; also a new species of spiranthes. The beautiful purple orchis is found, also the beautiful dark mulberry blue berries of the northern clintonia and the pure white berries of an actaea.

Foxes are numerous. A house dog was seen one day chasing one away across a field from his master's chickens. In the hottest days, a deer may be found drinking at a pond or brook, and once in a long time a bear is seen. The climbers of Passaconaway were better cheered by the sight of a pretty little brown rabbit close to the path.

Such is Wonalancet, tucked in among the hills, beautiful to go to, hard to leave, living in happy memory for many a day when left. Seven houses are within sound of the electric bell swinging in the tower of its one little church, which, by a quite unique stroke of good fortune, is ministered to a part of the time by a distinguished retired clergyman of studious habits and scholarly tastes, able to fill, and who has made the place his home for half of the year, and has a fine library to aid his labors, in a pretty little detached building at the junction of two clear singing streams.

After this introduction, as of a friend by a friend, the reader can at pleasure add his place to the list of his hoped for pleasant future acquaintances. S. E. W.

Mr. Sprague's Candidacy.

[Watertown Enterprise.]

MR. EDITOR:—The canvass being made in behalf of the several candidates for the Republican nomination in the eleventh congressional district has reached a most interesting stage, and present indications point strongly to the assumption that Senator Charles S. Sprague of Brookline, will receive a large majority of the votes cast by delegates in the convention to be held in September. Next in relative strength come Mayor H. E. Cobb of Newton, Mr. William H. Powers of Hyde Park and Senator James P. Niles of this town. Mr. J. R. Leeson of Newton is practically out of the race, not having announced his candidacy. Singularly enough the capabilities and availability of the several candidates may be safely arranged in the order of their strength and popularity. As far as the Watertown delegation is concerned, it undoubtedly lies between Senator Sprague on the one hand, and Senator Niles on the other. While Watertown would be proud to number a congressman among her citizens it would appear wise for the Republicans of this town to select delegates who will use their best efforts for the nomination of Senator Sprague, who has a very high standing in the estimation of those familiar with his public career. He would prove a worthy successor to General Draper.

Only the sufferer knows the misery of dyspepsia, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the most stubborn cases of this disease.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

BY NEW ARRANGEMENT OF DISTRICTS THE COUNTY GAINS FOUR REPRESENTATIVES.

The Middlesex County Commissioners Tuesday night, completed the task of re-districting the county into legislative districts, and gave it out to the public after it had been spread on the official records by clerk of courts Hurd.

The work of re-districting the county, which the constitution demands shall be done every ten years, has been a difficult one. The county was entitled to four more representatives to the general court—making 47 in all—than it had during the past decade.

The commissioners gave hearings on 10 days the past and present month, and heard the claims and desires of representatives from every city and town in the county.

From nearly every city were also received petitions and statements from the Democratic and Republican committees, asking that the districts, so far as they concerned their cities, be made in a certain way.

There were 32 districts the past year, but for the next 10 years there will be only 31, although there is a gain of four representatives. This is explained by the fact that there are not so many districts from which but one representative is sent to the state house.

The districts, as established by the commissioners, are as follows:

District	City or Town	No. Legal Reps.	Voters
1	Ward 1, Cambridge	1	374
2	Ward 2, Cambridge	1	470
3	Ward 3, Cambridge	1	2402
4	Ward 4, Cambridge	1	2409
5	Ward 5, Cambridge	1	2103
6	Ward 1, Somerville	1	2272
7	Ward 2, Somerville	1	2328
8	Ward 3, Somerville	1	3239
9	Wards 1, 2, 4 and 5, Medford	1	2265
10	Everett	1	2609
11	Malden	1	6522
12	Winchester and wards 3 and 6, Medford	1	2446
13	Arlington and Lexington	1	2363
14	Belmont and Watertown	1	2301
15	Woburn	1	2674
16	Newton	1	5617
17	Bedford, Concord, Lincoln and Weston	1	1839
18	Natick	1	2334
19	Ashland, Holliston, Hopkinton and Sherborn	1	2287
20	Franklin	1	2308
21	Marlboro, Sudbury and Weyland	1	4259
22	Boxboro, Hudson, Maynard and Needham	1	2114
23	Acton, Ayer, Littleton, Shirley and Westford	1	2155
24	Ashby, Groton, Pepperell and Townsend	1	2488
25	Wards 4, 5 and 7, Lowell, and Dunstable, Chelmsford and Tyngsboro	1	6646
26	Wards 1, 2, 3 and 6, Lowell	1	7221
27	Wards 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100	1	5738
28	Woburn and Reading	1	4511
29	Waketield	1	1885
30	Stoneham	1	1757
31	Melrose	1	2863

There have been a great number of changes from the old order. The numbering of the districts begins in Cambridge, as heretofore, but in that city wards 1 and 2 are separated, and each sent a district with a single representative each.

Arlington and Lexington are coupled together, to the unfeigned delight of the people of both towns, for they both requested the commissioners to place them together. Arlington parts company with Winchester and Lexington with Lincoln.

Belmont and Watertown are together sent, but the number of the district is now 14 instead of 16.

Waltham and Weston were together for the past 10 years, and two representatives were sent to the general court. Now Waltham is a district by itself and has two legislators, while Weston has joined Bedford, Concord and Lincoln.

No change is made with Newton. That city had two representatives before and she has the same number now, although her citizens asked for three, but they were opposed to being coupled with a town.

The legal number of voters to each representative was established by the legislature in 1873, and while some of the districts fall below this number, and others have many more, the commissioners state that after working for a month on the re-districting they have done the work to the best of their ability and after great figuring.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out system to a healthy vigor is Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or \$1.00 per bottle at J. G. Carter's drug store, 200 South Main, and Bernard Billings, Newton Upper Falls.

Children's Sayings.

[From Truth.]

Dear Publisher of Truth: Our nurse girl had taken me out in my baby carriage the other day and showed me the statue of Gen. Washington.

"Look, Mark," she said, "there is our first President. He was always truthful and stuck to the right. Now, which would you rather be, right, or President?"

"Almost quick as a flash I answered: 'Oh! nurse, I would rather be right-hand-man than be President!'"

"Nurse told this to lots of people, and they all thought it was funny, and so did I."

"Don't you think it is a bright thing for me to say, who am not old enough to run more than one convention at a time?"

M—A—H—H—N—

Dear Editor: The little Teller boy, whom his friends have happily dubbed "Senator," was sitting on his uncle's back porch the other evening talking to his cousin, Horace Boies, when he observed the full moon in the eastern sky.

"Oh, Horace!" he cried. "Look at de dreat big silver dollar in de sky!"

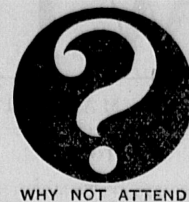
His uncle, who overheard the remark, was greatly tickled, and asked him if he knew how the big dollar was fastened in the sky.

"Oh yes I know," said the lad, "it's bolted there!"

I send you this because I think it is good enough to print.

J—H—N—R—T—N—N—R—

My little boy, when two years of age, was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and luckily procured part of a bottle. I carefully read the directions and gave it accordingly. He was very low, but slowly and surely he began to improve, gradually recovered, and is now stout and strong as ever. I feel sure it saved his life. I never can praise the Remedy half its worth. I am sorry every one in the world does not know how good it is, as I do. Mrs. Lina S. Horton, Grahamsville, Marion Co., Florida. For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.



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A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc. A "blacksmith" is a bungle-some printer. "Two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink. "Rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper. A "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

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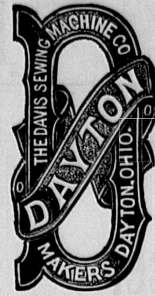
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HERE AND NOW.

Here in the heart of this world,
Here in the noise and the dim,
Here where our spirits were hurled
To battle with sorrow and sin.
This is the place and the spot
For knowledge of infinite things.
This is the kingdom where thought
Can conquer the prowess of kings.
Wait for no heavenly life,
Seek for no temple alone.
Here in the midst of the strife
Know what the sages have known.
See what the Perfect One saw,
God in the depths of each soul,
God as the light and the law,
God as beginning and goal.
Earth is one chamber of heaven,
Death is no greater than birth,
Joy in the life that is given,
Strive for perfection on earth.
Here in the turmoil and roar,
Show what it is to be calm;
Show how the spirit can soar
And bring back its healing and balm.
Stand not aloof or apart,
Plunge in the thick of the fight,
There in the street and the mart,
That is the place to do right.
Not in some cloister or cave,
Not in some king's palace above,
Here on this side of the grave,
Here should we labor and love.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Youth's Companion.

THE OLD HALL.

There had been a christening that afternoon, and now it was toward evening. The parents of the child sat with their guests in a spacious hall—among them the grandmother of the child's father. The others were all near relatives, young and old, but the grandmother was a generation older than the oldest. The babe had been christened Barbara after her. But she had also received a finer name, for Barbara alone sounded altogether too old fashioned for the pretty little thing. Nevertheless she was to be called by this name. So both parents decreed, in spite of all the objections which their friends brought against it. But the old grandmother never suspected that the utility of her long cherished name had been brought into question.

The clergyman, after discharging his office to the family circle had gone his way a short time before, and now all the dearly loved and oft repeated stories were brought forth and retold, though not by any means for the last time. First of all the delightful and merry stories of childhood were told. When no one else knew them, the grandmother could repeat them. Her own childish days lay so many years in the past that any one who could have told of them, save she herself, must indeed have far exceeded the age allotted to man. Amid such conversation the twilight had come on. The hall, fronted by the west, and a red light streamed through the window upon the plastered roof of the stucco work which adorned the wall. Then it, too, faded. From the distance a dull, monotonous murmur made itself audible in the stillness. Some of the guests listened.

"That is the sea," said the young wife.
"Yes," said the grandmother, "I have heard it often. It has been so these many years."

Then no one spoke again. In the stone court outside before the window stood a tall linden, and one could hear the sparrows settling in their nests among the branches. The host had taken the hand of his wife, who sat by his side, and his eyes were directed toward the intricate antique stucco ceiling.

"What are you thinking of?" asked the grandmother.
"The ceiling is cracked," he said. "The cornice is settling too. The hall is getting old. We must rebuild it."

"The hall is not so very old," answered she. "I remember well when it was built."
"Built? What was here formerly?"
"Formerly?" repeated the grandmother. Then she was silent for awhile, and sat there like a lifeless statue. Her glance was turned toward the past, her thoughts were with the shadows of things whose substance was no more.

Then she said: "It is 80 years ago. Your grandfather and I used often to talk about it. The hall door did not lead at that time into a wing of the house, but out of the house into a small flower garden. It is no longer the same door, however. The old one had glass panes, and one could look through them down into the garden as one came in at the front door. The garden lay three steps down. The steps were provided on both sides with gay Chinese balusters. Between the beds, with their low borders of box, ran a broad walk strewn with white shells, leading to a linden arbor in front of which from two cherry trees hung a swing. On both sides of the arbor were apricot trees carefully fastened against the high garden walls. Here in summer at the noon hour your great-grandfather could be seen regularly walking up and down trimming French cowslips and Dutch tulips in the beds or tying them with hemp to little white sticks. He was an exact and careful man, and his black eyebrows with his white powdered hair gave him a very distinguished appearance."

"Well, it was an August afternoon when your grandfather came down the little garden steps. But at that time he was far from being your grandfather. I can see him now with my old eyes, as with light tread he went up to your great-grandfather. Then he took a letter out of a great embroidered pocketbook and handed it to a graceful boy. He was a young man with gentle, kindly eyes and the black bow wig set off well his glowing cheeks and pearl gray cloth coat. When your great-grandfather had read the letter, he nodded and shook the young man by the hand. He must have been well disposed toward him, for he seldom did that. Then he was called into the house and your grandfather walked down the garden."

"In the swing in front of the arbor sat an 8-year-old girl. She had a picture book in her lap, in which she was reading industriously. The bright golden curls hung down over the hot little face on which the scorching sun was shining."

"What is your name?" asked the young man.

"She shook the hair back and said, 'Barbara.'"

"Take care, Barbara. Your curls will melt in the sun."

"The little one passed her hand over the hot hair. The young man smiled, and it was a very gentle smile. 'There is no need,' he said. 'Come, let us have a swing.'"

"She jumped out. 'Wait. I must first put up my book.' Then she laid it in the arbor. When she returned, he wanted to lift her in. 'No,' she said, 'I can get in alone.' Then she seated herself on the narrow swingboard and cried, 'Go on!' and your grandfather pushed the swing until his cue danced now to the right, now to the left, across his shoulders. The swing with the little maid went up and down in the sunshine, the bright curls blew free from her temples, and yet it never went low enough for her. But when the swing flew among the rustling linden boughs, the birds flew out of the trellis on both sides,

so that the overripe apricots plumped down upon the ground.

"What was that?" he said stopping the swing.
"She laughed that he should have asked such a thing. 'That was the thrush,' she said. 'He is not usually so much afraid.'"

"He lifted her out of the swing, and she went to the trellis. There lay the dark yellow fruit amid the foliage."

"Your thrush has given you a treat," he said.

"She shook her head and laid a beautiful apricot in his hand. 'You—' she said softly."

"Now your great-grandfather came back to the garden again. 'Take care,' said he. 'You will not easily get rid of her.' The he spoke of business matters, and both went into the house."

"In the evening little Barbara was allowed to sit at table with them. The kind young man had asked for her. Things were not quite as she could have wished. The guest sat at the head beside her father, but she was only a little girl as yet and had to sit down at the foot next the youngest clerk, and that is why she finished her supper so soon. The she rose and stole to her father's chair, but he was talking so earnestly with the young man over premiums and discounts that the latter had no eyes for the little Barbara. Yes, yes, it is 80 years ago. But the old grandmother remembers well how impatient little Barbara grew at that and was not to be propitiated by her good father. The clock struck 10, and now she had to say good night. When she came to your grandfather, he asked her, 'Shall we swing again tomorrow?' and Barbara was quite happy once more. 'He makes a fool of himself over children,' said your great-grandfather, but in reality he was himself unreasonably fond of his little girl."

"The next day toward evening the young man went away."

Then eight years passed. In the winter time little Barbara would often stand by the glass door and breathe on the frosty panes. Then she would look out through the peephole down into the snowy garden and think of the beautiful summer time, of the dancing leaves and warm sunshine, and the thrush which always made its nest in the trellis, and how once the ripe apricots were shaken down upon the ground, and then of one particular summer day of which she always thought when she thought of summer at all. So the years went by. Little Barbara was now twice as old—in fact, she was no longer little Barbara—but that one summer day was always a bright spot in her memory. Then at last he came again."

"Who?" asked her grandson, smiling.
"The summer day?"

"Yes," said the grandmother. "He was a veritable summer day."

"And then?"

"Then there was a betrothal, and little Barbara became your grandmother who now sits among you telling old tales. But it had not yet gone quite so far as that. First there was a wedding, and then your great-grandfather had this hall built. With the garden and the flowers all was now indeed over. But he had no longer need of them. He soon had living flowers to enliven his noon hours. When the hall was finished, the wedding came off there. It was a merry wedding, and the guests talked about it long afterward. You who sit here, you were not present then, it is true, but your fathers and grandfathers, your mothers and grandmothers, were many of them, and they were people who could put in their word. Those were quiet, modest days. We did not seek to know more than the kings and their ministers, and he who thrust his nose into politics was called by us a 'state tinker,' and if he were a shoemaker we gave his neighbor our boots to mend. The servant maids were all named Trine and Stine, and every one wore a dress which suited his position. Now you even wear mustaches, like young squires or cavaliers. What would you have, pray? Do you all want to rule too?"

"Yes, grandmother," said the host.
"And the nobility and the high gentry who are born for that, what is to become of them?"

"Oh, nobility," said the young mother, looking up into her husband's face with a sad, loving gaze.

He smiled and said: "Abolished, grandmother, or we shall all be barons, all Germany, man and mouse. I see no other alternative."

The grandmother made no response to this. She only said: "At my wedding there was no talk about state history. The conversation went on its even gait, and we were just as happy as you in your new fangled conveniences. At table amusing riddles were propounded and doggerels composed. At dessert we sang, 'Your health, my good neighbor, till empty the glass,' and all the other pretty songs that are now forgotten. Your grandfather's clear tenor voice was always to be distinguished. People were more polite to each other in those times. Disputing and clamor were regarded as very unseemly in a fine company. Now everything has come to be different, but your grandfather was a gentle, peaceable man. It is long since he left this world. He went on before me. It is time that I followed him."

The grandmother was silent a moment. No one spoke—only she felt her hands seized. Every one wanted to hold them. A peaceful smile flitted over her dear old face. Then she looked up to her grandson and said: "Here in his hall stood also his coffin. You were at that time only 6 years old and stood by the coffin weeping. Your father was an austere, uncommunicative man. 'Don't cry, little one!' he said, and lifted you upon his arm. 'See, this is the way an honest man looks when he is dead,' and then he secretly brushed away the tears from his own face. He had always a great veneration for your grandfather."

Now they are all passed over, and today I have now stood as godmother to my great-grandchild, and you have given her the name of your old grandmother. May the good God suffer her to arrive as happily and peacefully as I age!"

The young mother fell upon her knees before the grandmother and kissed her soft hands."

The grandson said: "Grandmother, we will tear down the old hall entirely and lay out a flower garden again. Little Barbara is here, too, once more. The ladies say she is your exact image. She shall sit again in the swing, and the sun shall shine upon the golden, childish curls. Perhaps, then, some summer afternoon the grandfather, too, will come again down the little Chinese stair. Perhaps?"

The grandmother smiled. "You are a dreamer," said she. "Your grandfather was one too."—From the German For Short Stories.

Happiness.

Happiness is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray—nay, when it strikes on a kindred heart, like the converted light on a mirror, it reflects itself with redoubled brightness. It is not perfected until it is shared.—Jane Porter

THE OLD BARN.

Low, swallow swept and gray,
Between the orchard and the spring,
All its wide windows overflowing hay,
And cranked doors awning,
The old barn stands today.

Deep in its hay the Leghorn hides
A round, white nest, and humming soft
On roof and rafter, or its log rude sides,
Black in the sun shot left
The building hornet girds.

Along its corner, cautiously
As thieves fingers, skulks the rat
Or in warped stalls of fragrant timothy
Gnaws at some loosened slat,
Or passes shadowy.

A dream of drought made audible
Before its door, hot, smooth and shrill.
All day the locust sings, *** What other
spell
Shall hold it, later still,
Than the long days, now tell?

Dusk and the cricket and the strain
Of a dead frog, and stars
That burn above the rich wheat ribbed
stain,
And dropping pasture bars
And cowbells up the lane.

Night and the moon and katydid,
And leaf list of the wind touched
boughs,
And many shadows that the fireflies thrid,
And sweet breath of the cows,
And the lone owl here hid.

—Madison Cawein in School.

PLAIN AMERICAN MANNERS.

Good Breeding the Characteristic of the Common People Everywhere.

A correspondent who has traveled in the "wild and woolly west" undertakes to correct the view of a distinguished magazine essayist that in the far western states it is difficult to persuade the populace that "a well dressed man with superlative manners does not cherish evil designs of some sort."

The attempted correction is well meant, but it will be useless. When a person has concluded that his own manners are superlative and his dress such as to remove him from the ranks of the hot polloi, it is useless to undertake to correct his views on any subject whatever.

There is this to be said, however, for the plain, everyday Americans who inhabit the "outlying districts." They were singularly free from insolence. The first mark of the end is insolence, which shows itself in ignorant and silly contempt for others or in a desire to magnify itself at the expense of others. It is impossible for any insolent person to be well bred, and in freedom from insolence is one of the best things the best breeding gives the best men. And this the native American, of the class from which Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Jackson sprang, has naturally. Jackson liked to sit in the kitchen smoking a corn-cob pipe and resting his feet on the jambs, yet a distinguished member of the foreign diplomatic corps said that his courtesy was more adorned any court in Europe. He was kind, polite and considerate to others, not because he habitually wore a frock coat at the right time, though he did it also—but because, rash and headstrong as he was when excited, he was habitually unconscious of himself and wholly free from the insolence which seeks to humiliate others.

And that kind of "good breeding" is today the characteristic of the plain, everyday American, whether he is found in Maine or Texas, in New Jersey or Tennessee, in New York or California. It may not prevent him from cutting with his knife at times, but it is nevertheless the first essential of the best breeding—of the only sort of good breeding that is not liable to be put off when the dress suit is laid aside.—New York World.

Present and Past in Hungary.

Traveling in Hungary is traveling through ten centuries of history. In utter contrast to the United States, where everybody is successfully striving to be like everybody else, Hungary is like one of those mountains in India on the top of which is eternal ice, and descending on its slopes through all florae we finally reach tropical exuberance at the bottom. At Budapest the visitor will find all the refinements and latest innovations of our breathless time. Two hours by rail from Budapest the land is a singular picture of prerenaissance times will embrace him in one of the old manors, built mostly by architects or in the style of the Italian quattrocento, with vaulted rooms, enormous halls, one story high, missing in the breezy shade of poplars and beeches.

This variety of humanity naturally gives rise to that most exquisite of things, to types. For the poet, the artist, the thinker, and for all who are not content with a ruggled life, Hungary is the land. But for the obstacle of the languages Hungary would long ago have become the favorite study of novelists. As her music has a minor scale differing from that of western music, so her people ascend and descend the gamuts of sentiments in intervals and rhythms different from occidental emotionalities.—Nineteenth Century.

Austrian Dueling.

Continental militarism exercises its terrorism even within its own army. A celebrated honor can only be satisfied by the duel, with weapons and to conclusions regulated according to the nature of the insult. The duel is nowadays rigidly enforced, and reports very often appear telling of compulsory saber fights between cadets and "volunteers" in their teens who had amicably settled their schoolboy disputes, yet, notwithstanding, had to carry out this barbaric procedure. The war minister himself supports the custom. Fatal terminations are of common and startling occurrence, and from Hungary came the tale the other day of a reserve artillery officer who had been deprived of his commission because in a merciful spirit he had arranged with his antagonist, the dispute being previously settled, that no bullets be put in the pistols. A far back as 1780 Emperor Joseph II denounced in writing the Austrian system of dueling as "a barbarous practice suited only for the days of Tamerlane." But as long as the militarism endures the rules of dueling will remain as ruthless and inviolable as ever, the merciful opinions of emperors to the contrary.—Speaker.

Tommy's Great Mistake.

Mrs. De Sythe—Tommy, do you want some peach jammer.

Tommy—Yes, mother.

"I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key of the pantry."

"You don't need the key, mother. I can reach down through the window and open the door from the inside."

"That's what I wanted to know. Now just wait until your father comes home."

—London Tit-Bits.

Authentic dates in China begin with the year B. C. 2277. The lively imaginations of the early historians, however, carry back Chinese chronology for many hundreds of thousands of years.



When a man owns a blooded horse he is always careful of his health. He looks after its diet and is particular that the feeding shall be regular and right. While he is doing this it is likely as not that he is himself suffering from some disease or disorder that if left to itself will go on and on till it develops seriously.

When the trouble gets so bad that he cannot work, he will begin to give himself the care he gave the horse at the start. The time to cure a disease is at the beginning and better than all is to so watch your health that disease will never come. Good, pure, rich red blood is the best insurance against disease of any kind. Almost all diseases come from impure or impoverished blood. Keep the blood pure and strong and disease can find no foothold.

That is the principle on which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery works. It cleanses, purifies and enriches the blood; it puts and keeps the whole body in perfect order. Makes appetite good, digestion strong, assimilation perfect. It brings ruddy, virile health.

"I got a cancer on my tongue and had it cut out. It resulted fifteen different physicians without deriving any benefit. At last I turned to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I received began to fester, would not heal; now, such lacerations heal themselves."

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Peter J. Crocker
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Office Hours: 9 A. M., 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 P. M. Telephone, Newton 24-2.
455 Centre, cor. Richardson St.

NASAL CATARRH
LOCAL DISEASE
and is the result of
colds and sudden
climate changes.
It can be cured by a
pleasant remedy which
is applied directly into
the nostrils.

ELLY'S
CREAM BALM
CURES COLD
CATHARRH
OF THE NOSE
AND THROAT
HEADACHE
BRONCHITIS
AND ALL AFFECTIONS
OF THE RESPIRATORY
ORGANS.
The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents. At Druggists or by mail, ELLY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Tommy's Great Mistake.

Mrs. De Sythe—Tommy, do you want some peach jammer.

Tommy—Yes, mother.

"I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key of the pantry."

"You don't need the key, mother. I can reach down through the window and open the door from the inside."

"That's what I wanted to know. Now just wait until your father comes home."

—London Tit-Bits.

Authentic dates in China begin with the year B. C. 2277. The lively imaginations of the early historians, however, carry back Chinese chronology for many hundreds of thousands of years.

Real Estate and Insurance.

MONEY FOR INVESTMENT FOR MONEY

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in every part of NEWTON apply
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Bowker & Wills,
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Rooms 1, 2, 3, and 4.
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Syndicate Lots, not NEAR, but ON, Commonwealth Avenue.

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Real Estate, Mortgages, Insurance.
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Local Office, Newton Heights. Hours 12.30 to 5.30.

GENUINE BARGAINS
always to be obtained by those who are in want of

STRICTLY ALL WOOL FABRICS

Suitable for Ladies', Gents', Youths' or Children's wear, by calling on us, where they may be found in all weights and the latest shades and styles. Full line of

WHITE BED BLANKETS.

All sizes and prices. Also

Horse Blankets for Street and Stable Use

All the Remnants and Imperfect Goods Made at the Assabet Mills
are sold by us and at the lowest prices. Call and examine them.

The People's Dry Goods Company,
MAYNARD, MASS.

The Salesroom is open until 6 p. m., except Saturdays, closes Saturday at 12 o'clock. Postively open as above until further notice in this paper.

WILL ADD TEN YEARS TO YOUR LIFE
RUBBER TIRES.

Apply Rubber Tires of the most approved pattern to carriages, at the following low prices:

Size	Price	Renewed	Price
2 1/2 in. tread, set of 4 wheels,	\$35.00	Renewed	\$35.00
3 in. " " " "	40.00	" " "	30.00
3 1/2 in. " " " "	45.00	" " "	35.00
4 in. " " " "	50.00	" " "	40.00
4 1/2 in. " " " "	55.00	" " "	45.00
5 in. " " " "	60.00	" " "	50.00
5 1/2 in. " " " "	65.00	" " "	55.00

P. A. MURRAY,
CARRIAGE BUILDER
200 to 210 Washington St., Newton.

Water Bugs and Roaches.
CLEAR THEM OUT WITH OUR EXTERMINATOR

No dust. No trouble to use.
Price, 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. If your druggist or grocer does not keep it, we will mail package on receipt of price

BARNARD & CO.,
7 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON
FOR SALE BY BARNARD BROS. NEWTON.

Illustration of a person's head with a large, dark, textured mass on the side, possibly a tumor or a large mole.

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

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16 CENTRE PLACE, NEWTON, MASS.

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with the name of the writer, and unpublished
communications cannot be returned by mail
unless stamps are enclosed.

NOTICES

of all local entertainments, to which admission
fee is charged, must be paid for at regular rates,
25 cents per line, in the reading matter, or \$1
per inch in advertising columns.

SPRAGUE FOR CONGRESS.

Heretofore Newton has had no influence
in Congressional conventions, and candi-
dates have been chosen without regard to
our preferences. There are two reasons for
this, one being that we have tried to
grab all the honors every year, just as
though there were no other towns in the
district entitled to any office, and another
that Newton can never unite on a candi-
date. If there seems a chance for any
particular Newton man, then some other
candidate from some other ward will
spring up, secure part of the delegates, and
the result is that both are defeated. This
has been done so many times that this
year a great many Newton Republicans
decided to cease throwing away their
votes, and to support Senator Sprague.
Possibly the prospect that he was morally
certain to be nominated had something to
do with this, but the fact remains that he
will have a part of the Newton delegates,
and his friends claim that he will have a
majority.

There is very small chance for a New-
ton candidate who can not secure the
united vote of Newton, and this no New-
ton man can do this year. We have failed
for years to secure the nomination for a
Newton man, though we have always had
candidates, and it would seem a wise policy
to make a change, to recognize the fact
that Newton is not the whole district, and
that the rest of the district has a right to
name the candidate at least every other
year.

In this way Newton would make some
friends and when the proper time and the
proper candidate appeared, other towns
would join in and help to nominate our
man.

It is rather ridiculous for the city to be
defeated in every convention, and besides,
the successful candidate will feel under no
obligation to do anything for Newton, or
Newton men, when cases come up at
Washington in which we are interested.

For these reasons we do not think New-
ton can do better than to unite this year
in favor of Senator Sprague, and to help
make his nomination unanimous. He is the
strongest candidate who has been men-
tioned, his fitness both by education and
by training in both branches of the
state legislature is conceded, and his
friends have pretty thoroughly canvassed
the district and have a lead that cannot
well be broken.

It is the part of wisdom to recognize
what can and what cannot be done, and to
make the best of circumstances. Newton
is the largest and richest city in the dis-
trict, and it ought to have the most in-
fluence, but so far it has had less influence
than the very smallest town, and this state
of things will continue until the city is
able to unite on a candidate, get rid of its
ward rivalries and follow some shrewd
and competent leadership.

MR. HANNA AND SILVER.

Mark Hanna descended upon Boston,
last Saturday, spent Sunday at Beverly,
and on Monday saw the prominent busi-
ness men of Boston, told them of the need
of more intelligent work, and bid them
hustle. It is said that the question of cam-
paign funds was not mentioned, but Mr.
Hanna told the men with big pocket-books
that he would come here again later. Mr.
Hanna thinks the eastern press are doing
the cause a good deal of injury by claim-
ing that the issue in this campaign is
wholly one of gold or silver, while the
great majority of Republicans are really
bimetallists, and "in our campaign in the
West we shall show that the Republican
party has never been hostile to silver."

Mr. Hanna, as the directing force in the
campaign, is perhaps the highest authori-
ty on the standing of the party on im-
portant questions, and therefore his utterances
attract a good deal of attention.

In regard to silver he had the following
to say in regard to his real position on the
currency question:

"Take the farmers of the West. You
cannot find a more intelligent class of
people on the face of the earth, and they
are, almost to a man, bimetallists. In-
stead of the Democrats getting all the
credit in the West, as the friends of silver,
we shall show the people there that the
Republican party, under proper safe-
guards and restraints, have no hostility to
silver."

"That is bound to have an effect in the
campaign. There is no doubt in my mind
that the tendency of contemporaneous
opinion is in favor of bimetallism."

"Mr. Gladstone cannot live forever, and
other men like him who have opposed
bimetallism will not always control Eng-
lish opinion."

"There are directors of the Bank of Eng-
land who are bimetallists, and the finance
minister of France is a bimetallist."

"The tendency of scientific thought is in
that direction."

"Personally, I am of the opinion that
natural laws will take care of the party
between gold and silver. The increased
production of gold will decrease its value,
and the disparity between it and silver, in

the next five or ten years, will not be as
great as it is now."

MCKINLEY'S LETTER.

The letter of Mr. McKinley, accepting
the Republican nomination for the presi-
dency, has been the general topic of in-
terest, this week, and the most discrim-
inating praise of it that we have seen was
given by Hon. J. R. Leeson, in an inter-
view in the Boston Herald.

Mr. Leeson said that "The opinions ex-
pressed by Mr. McKinley on the currency
question are in the main sound. They are
timely and state the position of the cur-
rency with admirable clearness and force.
Many men believe that the logical sequence
of the position so clearly taken by Mr. Mc-
Kinley in regard to the inability of any
single country, to maintain at a fixed ratio
between silver and gold the present large
and prospectively increased production of
silver, would be that no community of
nations could do so by united action, hence
that present conditions point to the im-
practicability of bi-metallism and to uni-
versal mono-metallism. Whether in mak-
ing a choice of our position it is well for
the United States to adopt the standard of
China and Mexico rather than of the lead-
ing commercial nations of the earth, a dis-
passionate perusal of Mr. McKinley's for-
eable statement should leave little room for
doubt."

"On the other important feature in Mr.
McKinley's letter, the Protective Policy, it
is the judgment of reasonable men that a
re-adjustment of the tariff schedules upon
well defined principles, rather than an in-
crease in the rate, will produce the most
permanent and satisfactory results, and
that if the administrative tariff law can be
so constructed as to check absolutely the
fraudulent undervaluation in the importa-
tion of foreign merchandise, more benefit
to domestic interests and to the revenue
would be secured than by increased rates
of duty."

"It is to be hoped that in addition to
restricting immigration by preventing the
entrance into this country for residence, so
as to keep out all who are unable to read
and write their own native language, all
cripples, paupers and criminals of every
kind, that the laws relating to naturalization
be thoroughly revised. If it were possible
to have uniform naturalization laws in all
the states of the union, providing that all
who enter the country shall be required to
reside as long in the country as those who
are born here, before having conferred
upon them the rights, privileges and re-
sponsibilities of citizenship, many of the
evils from which we are now suffering
would be obviated."

"Taken as a whole, Mr. McKinley's
letter is a strong and able statement of
policy, and no one acquainted with the
writer can doubt that if, as now seems
likely, Mr. McKinley be elected as the next
President of the United States, he will, by
his administration, fully live up to all the
declarations made in the letter."

NEXT week the tide of travel will turn
homeward, and Newton people, who have
been scattered all over New England dur-
ing the summer, will again settle down to
the enjoyment of the most beautiful suburb
of Boston. They will find a number of im-
portant changes, especially along the main
line of the Boston & Albany, which looks
as if an earthquake had been fooling
round the tracks. Not as much has been
done during the summer as might have
been expected, but the beginning has been
made, and everything will move faster
now. The home-comers will be surprised
to find that they can come direct from the
Union depot in Boston to Newton, without
change, and for a five cent fare, and also
to see on some of the Boston cars the sign
"Newton Boulevard," which cars will take
them with one change, to Auburndale and
points between. New buildings have also
sprung up, the most important being the
new business blocks in Newton, although
every village has participated in the march
of progress and new houses are scattered
all over the city. The widening of Trem-
ont street has been finished this week,
and new sidewalks laid, which add much
to the appearance of that thoroughfare. A
new boulevard has been cut through from
Washington to Pearl streets, and other
important street work has been done here
and there, which will gratify those who
have long desired needed improvements.

Usually the city has seemed to stand still
during the summer, but this year, pro-
gress has marched right along in a manner
that will surprise those who have been
absent for the past two months.

CAMBRIDGE has a tax rate of \$15.30, a
decrease of 60 cents from last year, and the
total valuation has increased over three
million to \$83,544,495. Chelsea has a tax
rate of \$16.80, 20 cents less than last year,
and its total valuation is \$20,528,550.
Quincy has a tax rate of \$18, an increase of
\$1.20, and the total valuation is only \$17-
580,115. The increase in valuation is only
about a quarter of a million.

The absence of Senator Lodge, the
Drapers, and other prominent Reed men
from the Hanna conference in Boston, has
excited a good deal of comment, and it is
said that there is no love lost between
these men and McKinley's manager, and
that they differ radically on the question
of the proper way of conducting the cam-
paign.

The representative districts have finally
been rearranged and Newton remains all
alone by itself, with two representatives,
as before. We are not quite large enough
for three, but before the next ten years are
over, there is every prospect that we will
double our population, and be entitled to
four representatives, at least.

The West End is bitterly opposed to
letting the Newtonville & Watertown road
gain an entrance to Boston by way of
Allston, as this might interfere with their
monopoly. In fact, it is rather cheeky for
such a little corporation to think of fight-
ing such a big one, and its courage is
worthy of admiration.

MELROSE wants a representative on the
board of county commissioners and pre-
sents the name of Levi S. Gould, registrar
of the Melrose Water Works. We should
say that most any new man would be of
benefit in the list of county officials.

The city treasurer received last week
the neat sum of \$63,000, for the expenses
thus far of removing the grade crossings.

Veteran Firemen.

VICTORY AT NEW BEDFORD CELEBRATED
BY A GRAND TURNOUT.

Joined by all their friends and with the
hearty congratulations of all Newton, the
Veteran Firemen fittingly celebrated the
New Bedford victory, Wednesday evening.

Promptly at 8 o'clock, 100 "red jackets,"
under command of Capt. Exley, formed in
line, manning the ropes as if to pull the old
Nonantum on one of its longest runs. In
front was the handsome red banner, while
nearly every man carried a gayly decorated
broom. In the lead was Sgt. Purcell
with a squad of police officers and directly
behind came the National drum corps.

The crowd that thronged the streets was
the largest seen in years, and the blowing
of horns and burning of red fire gave West
Newton a decidedly Fourth of July ap-
pearance. All along the route red fire
blazed, while many residences and places
of business were illuminated with Chinese
lanterns. Starting at the engine house on
Watertown street, the parade moved over
the following route: Washington to
Cherry to Marginal to Highland to Elm to
Webster, to Cherry to River to Waltham
to quarters.

After returning to the engine house the
veterans received congratulations of their
lady friends, members and guests. Presi-
dent Parker Leavitt occupied the chair and
after calling the meeting to order, intro-
duced Mayor Cobb.

Mayor Cobb said in brief: When we as-
sembled here last week, we did have high
hopes that you find an inspiration in that
banner; with this beautiful token of heart-
felt sympathy, we felt that you would try.
You know that the boy was in it with both
feet, but you were in it with 10 feet. I
wish to extend you my heartiest congratu-
lations, and also to congratulate you in be-
half of the citizens. You have captured
the first prize as evidence of your prowess
and sustained the reputation of Newton at
New Bedford.

Ex-Mayor Kimball said, I am very grati-
fied to participate with you in celebrating
this victory. The prize that you won is
evidence of your success. You must be
proud of that banner, which I understand
was a gift of your lady friends. Newton
has many men and women to be proud of
and in no other place are efforts and suc-
cess of its citizens more appreciated than
in Newton. I hope you will remain veter-
ans not only in name for many years to
come.

Chief Randlett heartily congratulated the
company on the success of the parade and
regretted not being present at the New
Bedford muster. He was followed by the
following speakers, who made brief con-
gratulatory remarks: Capt. Wilson of
Brighton, Capt. Pepper of Chelsea, Capt.
Exley of the Newton company, Time-
keeper J. H. Coolidge of Natick, Alder-
man Greene, Councilman Sprague, Asst.
Chief Engineer, Alderman Degen and
Mr. H. H. Estabrook.

At the conclusion the company adjourned
to the lower hall, where light refreshments
were served.

POMROY HOME.

DONATIONS FOR JULY.

Mrs. Roberts, shoes and underwears;
Mrs. Rollins, Newtonville, clothing and
hat; Miss Shannon, milk for the month;
Mrs. Argy, hat; Margaret Cobb, fire-
crackers; Mr. C. W. Bunting, a large
salmon and 1-2 bushel peas; Mrs. G. D.
Gilman, 20 bound volumes of Wide Awake;
friend, bushel of potatoes; Mr. Day,
Waban park, Newton, string beans; Mrs.
Hazen, Watertown, 1-2 bushel of peas;
Miss Shannon, apples; Mrs. Hyde, Apple
place, 4 loaves of cake; Mrs. G. E. Merrill,
dress, parasol, books, etc.; friend, a quan-
tity of linings; Mrs. A. A. Cunningham,
Tent 2, Daughters of Veterans, box of
cake. The girls enjoyed a days outing to
Santasket, the compliments of Mr. W. H.
Emerson, as a reward for their good con-
duct during the past season.

DONATIONS FOR AUGUST.

Mr. Day, Waban park, beans, cucumbers
and tomatoes; a carpet, the donors name
we were unable to learn; Miss Shannon,
milk, apples, green corn and shavings; a
friend, groceries; Mrs. M. Thomas, Ham-
Watertown, sweet corn; Miss Mary Shan-
non, tomatoes and apples; Mrs. M. Merritt,
material for shirt waists; Mrs. Blackwell,
apples. The girls all enjoyed an electric
car drive into Boston and return, the favor
of Mrs. J. S. Potter; Mrs. V. E. Carpenter,
West Newton, apples; friend, bushel of
potatoes; Mrs. H. M. Bates, Girls Friendly
Magazine; Mrs. W. H. Emerson, dress.

Sent it to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Esbensen, who is in the em-
ploy of the Chamber of Commerce at Des
Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent
some medicine back to my mother in the
old country, that I know from personal
use to be the best medicine in the world
for rheumatism, having used it in my
family for several years. It is called
Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does
the work. 50 cent bottles for sale by A.
Hudson, Newton; E. Billings, Newton
Upper Falls; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville;
J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B.
Buck, Newton Centre.



RE-OPENS SEPT. 1st, 1896.

THE COURSE OF STUDY
is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are
fitted for the duties and work of everyday life.

THE FACULTY
embraces a list of more than twenty teachers and
assistants, elected with special reference to pro-
ficiency in each department.

THE STUDENTS
are young people of both sexes, full of diligence
and zeal.

THE DISCIPLINE
is of the highest order and includes valuable
business lessons.

THE PATRONAGE
is the FAVORITE of any similar institution
in the world.

THE REPUTATION
of this school for originality and leadership and
as being the standard institution of its
kind is generally acknowledged.

SPECIAL COURSE.
Shorthand, Type Writing, Composition and
Correspondence may be taken as a special course.

SITUATION.
In business houses furnished with pupils among
the varied inducements to attend this school.

THE SCHOOL BUILDING,
608 Washington Street, Boston, is centrally lo-
cated and purposely constructed. Open daily
from 9 till 5 o'clock. Prospective Pupils Write
H. E. HIBBARD, Principal.

Wedding Decorations,
(ARTISTIC DESIGNS)
Cut Flowers and Plants.

E. T. MOREY,

WASHINGTON AND TREMONT STREETS, NEAR
NEWTON LINE.

MARRIED.

MARTELL-O'CONNOR-At Newton High-
lands, Aug. 24, by Rev. George G. Phillips.
Arthur Eugene Martell and Mary Brewer
O'Connor.

DIED.

GALLAGHER-At Newton, Aug. 26, Alice Hor-
tense, wife of John F. Gallagher, aged 46 yrs., 13
mos. 25 days.HOUGHTON-At Newton, Aug. 21, Della B.,
widow of Amos Houghton, aged 60 yrs., 13 days.KING-At Nonantum, Aug. 20, John H., son of
Martin and Della King, aged 9 mos. 2 days.TUFTS-At Newtonville, Aug. 21, Martha A.,
widow of Samuel F. Tufts, aged 88 yrs. 3 mos.,
22 days.JENNISON-At West Newton, Aug. 23, Eliza-
beth Welton Jennison, aged 83 yrs.THOMPSON-At Newtonville, Aug. 24, Grace E.
Thompson, aged 20 yrs. 2 mos.DEW-At Newtonville, Aug. 25, Ernest, son of
W. H. and Ida A. Dew, aged 13 yrs. 9 mos.DAVIS-At Rowe, Mass., Aug. 22, Maria E.
Davis, wife of S. Warren Davis of West New-
ton.HARDON-At Newton, Aug. 25, Richard Field,
son of Henry C. and Anna Wilson Haddon.By L. L. P. ATWOOD, Auctioneer,
31 State St., Boston.

AUCTION.

Continuation Sale, Woodland
Park Land, Beacon and
Washington Streets,

AUBURDALE.

WILL BE SOLD ON

LABOR DAY, AT 3 P. M.,

on the premises, about 40 lots, varying from
4,000 feet upwards. These lots are sold with
moderate restrictions as to value of buildings,
and small amount of cash down. Terms at Sale.
Five minutes from Woodland Station (B. &
A. R. R.) Electric cars pass the property, connect-
ing direct with Boston, Wellesley, West New-
ton, Auburndale, and Newton Centre.
Full particulars of the Auctioneer, or Bowker
& Wills, 113 Devonshire St., Boston.

BUSINESS NOTICES

RATES-50 cents first insertion for not
exceeding 5 lines, and 35 cents each time
thereafter, in advance.

Wants.

WANTED-A thoroughly competent girl for
general housework, (without washing).
One who has good references as to character and
ability. Good wages to the right person. Call
at 9 Billings Park, Newton, between two and
four P. M., Tuesday and Wednesday, September
1, and 2.

WANTED-A lady would like a position as
nursery governess, to one or two chil-
dren. Best of references. Box 217, Newton
Centre, Mass.

WANTED-You "want" job printing that
will not disgrace your name. We are
doing the kind that business men say is a credit
to any office. The Graphic Press.

For Sale.

FOR SALE-Two good team horses, sound
and able to work single or double. Apply
to A. F. Morse, Newton Centre.

FOR SALE-Haines Bros. Circassian Walnut
Upright Piano, cost \$285.00. Perfect
order. Will sell for \$200.00 cash. 33 Bennington
St., Newton, or W. F. Hahn, 350 Centre St. 2*

FOR SALE-Crop of 1896. Choice loose hay
for horses and cows. Clean, bright and
sweet. \$25 and \$10 per ton, delivered in loads
of one to two tons, as ordered. Private Stables
a specialty. We take particular pains in curing
our hay, and patrons can be sure that they will
receive the best in quality, which is also the
cheapest. Respectfully, Coolidge Bros., South
Sudbury, Mass.

FOR SALE-Houses in Newton Centre and
Newton Highlands. W. Thorpe, Newton
Centre.

HORSES FOR SALE-If you want a nice,
stylish carriage or coupe horse, six years
old, well broken and all right, apply to C. A.
Miner, City Hall, West Newton. 32-11

FOR SALE-High bred pony, with harness,
cart and runners for same, also saddle and
bridle. To be seen at Webster street, West
Newton. Nathaniel T. Allen. 28-11

FOR SALE OR TO LET-At Newtonville,
near Depot and P. O., etc., a nearly new
house of 11 rooms, laundry, etc., all modern
conveniences. In good order. Just vacated.
Will be rented to a good tenant on reasonable
terms. Apply to J. E. Turner. 41-11

To Let.

TO LET-In Newton, two pleasant front
rooms with board, near the depot. Ad-
dress Box 104, Newton. 41-11

TO LET-In West Newton, desirable apart-
ments, modern conveniences, low rent.
Apply to Edward P. Hatch, First National
Bank.

TO RENT-House of 6 rooms on Appleton St.,
Newtonville. Apply to Mrs. J. Irving.
41-11

TO RENT-First-class furnished houses
in Newton Centre for any length of time;
and five unfurnished. W. Thorpe, Newton
Centre.

TO LET-Tenement in Newtonville, rent \$8.00
per month. D. P. O'Sullivan, Cabot street.
41-11

Miscellaneous.

ASSOCIATED CHARITIES-The office
hours of the Secretary of the Associated
Charities are from 9 to 10 every week day and
from 7.30 to 8.30 Saturday evenings. The Provi-
dent Committee will be at the office to distribute
clothing Tuesday forenoon and Saturday even-
ings. M. R. Martin, Secretary. Office, Newton-
ville Square.

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Miss N. L. DOHERTY,

370 Washington St., opposite Thornton,
Newton, Mass.EDDY'S,
REFRIGERATORS.

In compliance with the wishes of the manu-
facturers, we shall discontinue quoting prices, but
SHALL CONTINUE TO SELL at the PRICES we
have ALWAYS SOLD AT, thus protecting both
the PURCHASER and the MANUFACTURERS.

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The Hub Ranges are used exclusively by the New
York and Boston Cooking Schools and are found to
be the best fitted for their purposes. It is self
evident that a range that will suit the exacting
demands of the cooking schools, must be the best
for family use. The Hub goods are sold by leading
dealers throughout the country.

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The West Newton Savings Bank
(Incorporated 1887)
West Newton, Mass.

A

NEWTONVILLE.

—Pianos rented and tuned, Farley, Newton.
—The Misses Duncan returned this week from Oldtown, Me.
—The Misses Morse returned this week from the mountains.
—Mrs. Dexter made a short stay at Gloucester this week.
—Mrs. C. H. Johnson made a short stay at Gloucester this week.
—Mrs. W. R. Bachelder is registered at Hotel Pemberton, Hull.
—Mrs. C. E. Atherton is at home after a month's stay at Winthrop.
—Mr. Chas. S. Dennison is building a house on Frederick street.
—Dr. and Mrs. Woodman returned this week from Brooklyn, Me.
—Mr. Irving R. Bailey of Cabot street has returned to Columbus, O.
—Capt. George F. Elliott of Lowell street has returned from the seashore.
—Mr. S. A. Bryant has rented the Rollins cottage on Washington terrace.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Sullivan enjoyed a two weeks stay at Bradford, N. H.
—Miss Manning of Bowers street has returned from her summer vacation.
—Mrs. C. W. Leonard and family have returned from their summer home.
—Mr. C. J. Maynard and family have returned from their summer vacation.
—Mr. Sidney Bryant is moving to the Rollins house on Washington terrace.
—Mrs. Alfred Pierce is enjoying a two weeks stay at North Woodstock, N. H.
—Miss Mary Wellington returned from Princeton where she passed several weeks.
—Miss Marion Bailey of Cabot street is entertaining friends from North Scituate.
—Mr. J. L. Richards and family have returned from a month's stay at Schofield, Me.
—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wilkie returned Friday after a two weeks stay at Newport, R. I.

—Mrs. E. W. Robinson and son returned this week after a two weeks stay in Vermont.
—Mr. N. F. Lunt and family returned this week from a month's stay at Franconia, N. H.
—Mr. George W. Morse and family returned this week from West Campton, N. H.
—The next meeting of the Knights of Pythias will be held Monday evening, Sept. 7.
—The regular meeting of the L. A. B. A. was held in Dennison's small hall, Monday evening.
—Mr. and Mrs. Auryansen returned this week from Maine where they passed several weeks.
—Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth of Foster street have passed several weeks at Sunapee Lake, N. H.
—Mr. T. Aubrey Byrne and family of Walker street have returned from their summer outing.
—The Misses Duncan of Court street returned from Maine where they passed the warm weather.
—The frame of the new ticket office on the north side of the B. & A. track was raised this week.
—Lieut. Charles Randle returned this week to West Point after a two months leave of absence.
—Mr. F. H. Wetherell and family of Walnut street returned this week from their summer home.
—Mrs. F. J. Wetherell and family have returned from Duxbury where they passed the summer months.
—Mr. C. F. West and family of Newtonville avenue have returned from their summer home at Duxbury.
—The regular meeting of the Royal Arcanum was held Monday evening. One candidate was initiated.
—There are letters in the postoffice for Clarence E. Blanchard, Mrs. Isen Beach and M. E. Macdonald.
—Miss Payne and Miss Mary Payne of Otis street returned this week from a two weeks stay at Old Orchard.
—Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Jones, who have passed several weeks at the White Mountains, returned home this week.
—Rev. John A. Hayes of Salem will preach in the Highland avenue church next Sunday morning. Subject, "Influence of the Ideal." All are welcome.
—Work on the tower of the Methodist church was stopped this week, fearing that if completed according to the plans intended that it might prove too heavy.

—A Waltham beef team collided with the gate at the Walnut street crossing, Wednesday morning, knocking the gate across the track. An express was coming and the team was obliged to run up the track to flag the train, which was stopped quickly enough to avoid a collision.
—A number of prominent men attended the hearing of the Arsenal, Tuesday, in reference to granting a franchise to the Newtonville & Watertown Street Railway for a line through the Arsenal property. If this right can be obtained, a through line will be run from Newtonville to Boston through Watertown.
—Newtonville had a mad dog scare, Monday afternoon. About 3 o'clock a large black dog ran through the streets foaming at the mouth and snapping at every one he met. Several children were attacked, but none seriously bitten. Police headquarters was notified, and the animal was finally cornered near Bullock's pond, and shot by Mounted Patrolman Tapley.
—They had a regular circus at the excavation between here and West Newton, this week. Some big boulders were struck, and the steam shovel got hold of one end of one, and the strain was so great that it crushed the truck on which the shovel rested. They then sent for a derrick and got hold of the boulder with chains, and when power was applied, the boulder refused to move, and the derrick toppled over. The boulder will have to be taken out in sections. The ledge between here and West Newton has been stripped of the surface soil and is all ready for blasting to begin.

—The sad death of Miss Grace E. Thompson has called out general sympathy for her family. She had not been in good health for the past two years, and had suffered much from nervous prostration. Her ill-health had affected her mind more seriously than any one suspected and on Monday she took advantage of being left alone for a few minutes, and hung herself by means of a silk handkerchief to the chandelier in the parlor. She was discovered in less than five minutes, but life was then extinct. The terrible event has been a great shock to her family and friends. Miss Thompson was the daughter of Mr. George E. Thompson, the well known plumber, and lived with her family on Cabot street. Her home life was happy and until affected by ill-health she was active in society. For the past 15 months she had been in ill-health, and for nearly a year had been a sufferer from nervous prostration. Her condition had been growing steadily worse, and dependency over her ill-health is supposed to be the cause of her suicide. She had meditated committing suicide for some time, for after her death her friends discovered a letter, dated three days ago, in which she declared her intention of ending a life which had be-

come a burden on account of poor health, and gave certain directions in regard to her funeral.

—J. Walter Allen has returned from his visit to Bernard Elliott's, Woods Hole.

—Mr. N. S. Smith and family of Lowell street have returned from Cottage City, where they passed several weeks.

—As soon as the grade crossing at Walnut street is abolished the Newtonville & Watertown Street Railway, and the Newtonville & Boston line will connect, making one continuous road.

—Dr. G. E. Gaylord of Cabot street reported to the police Monday afternoon that his house was entered some time Sunday night through a rear window. The rooms on the lower floor were thoroughly ransacked, but the thieves were evidently frightened away before finishing their work, as a quantity of property prepared for removal was left in the front hallway.

—Mrs. Margaret M. Taylor, widow of Cyrus W. and mother of Prof. James B. Taylor, sank gently and naturally to sleep Aug. 11, and was found in the early morning lifeless, without a sign of pain or change of position. The opportunity, though she had not complained of it, joined to the general debility of age, had produced a result she had desired for some time. Mrs. Taylor was 81 years old and had lived on Newtonville avenue and Eddy street since 1882. Previous to that, she had resided in Boston over half a century. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. Patrick.

—Mr. G. H. Loomis is home again and in harness for business and will be glad to see his friends and patrons. Mr. Loomis reports a marked improvement in real estate matters and predicts a lively September and October business. He has leased during the past week several houses. Prof. Taylor, formerly of Central avenue, takes the Dickinson house owned by Mr. H. B. Parker and Mr. Edw. A. Dexter has taken the McDann's house at Brooks avenue. Mr. S. A. Bryant of Washington street, takes the Rollins cottage on Washington terrace, and Mr. and Mrs. Moriarty will occupy one of the Schofield flats on the same terrace.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley, Newton.
—John Kane has removed to Kensington street.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bacon is passing several weeks at Clinton.

—Mrs. M. F. Plant is enjoying a month's stay in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. J. W. Stanley is at home after several weeks passed in Chicago.

—Prof. T. B. Lindsay has moved into his new house on Balcarres road.

—Mr. David Conant of Margin street is entertaining guests from New Jersey.

—Mr. and Mrs. Goodnow of Somerville were the guests of friends here this week.

—Mrs. Charles Stacy and family have returned from a month's stay in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. Charles D. Davis and Mrs. George Davis will pass several weeks at Linnekin, Me.

—Mr. Gorham Spaulding returned this week from Hyannisport where he passed several weeks.

—Mr. Chas. Howard of Shaw street has removed to the house owned by him on Vernon street, Newton.

—Mr. Marcus Morton has been chosen as one of the alternates to the national Democratic sound money convention.

—Miss Mamie Field of Waltham street returned this week from Greenport, N. Y., where she passed several weeks.

—Mr. W. H. French and Mrs. F. W. French and children have returned from a three weeks stay at Auburn, N. H.

—Mr. Frazier Paige, father of Mrs. C. A. Potter, died at his home in Hardwick, Mass., Wednesday, Aug. 25. Funeral Friday at 2 p. m.

—Mr. Lawrence Bond will sail for Europe, early next month, and intends to return on the same steamer, being absent about a month.

—The Waltham police, Wednesday evening, arrested John Connelly on a warrant for the Newton police. He is wanted at Newton to answer to the charge of stealing a quantity of tools from Joseph Harte of this village.

—A delegation from John Eliot Lodge, A. O. U. W., visited a brother society at Arlington Heights, Friday evening. They were most pleasantly greeted and a substantial collation and a fine entertainment were features of the evening's entertainment.

—The following hand-touts have been entered for the contests of veteran firemen, to be held in Waltham on Labor Day: Watch City of Waltham, Nonantum of Waltham, Red Jacket of Cambridge, Wh. Angels of Salem, Bay Beese of Gardner, and engines from Woodville, Mass., and Brunswick, Me. Positions for playing will be drawn next week.

—Mr. Edwin F. Kimball of Watertown street, who for the past nine years has successfully filled the position as master of the Bennett school at Brighton, has received a most flattering offer from the Dorchester school board to fill a like position in West Newton affairs. She was 87 years old, and had spent the greater part of her life here. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at her home. Rev. William Lisle conducted the service and was assisted by Rev. Mr. Norcross of Watertown. The interment was in the family lot in the Newton cemetery.

—Margin street was closed Monday from the station to the Washington street crossing under orders from the highway committee. The Boston & Albany highway committee is of the opinion that the street is too narrow for teaming and electric cars while this work is in progress and Washington street is blocked. The railway company and its patrons, who are obliged to walk nearly a quarter of a mile to take cars for Lower Falls, Wellesley and Natick, regard this as an unnecessary hardship.

—The Odd Ladies of Boynton Lodge, No. 20, gave a very successful lawn party at the home of Mrs. W. A. Clark of Eddy street, Monday afternoon and evening. The lawn and walks about the house were brilliantly illuminated with many colored Chinese lanterns, reflectors and the glorious full moon. About 200 were present, including guests from all the Newtons, Allston, Roxbury, Waltham, Winthrop, Cambridge and Boston. Other Albert Cole was on the grounds and there was perfect order. The entertainment consisted of music, dancing and reading. The dancing was in charge of Prof. Walters of Watertown. The coffee, peanut and ice cream tables were well patronized. Mr. Hayes and his wife were present, and were right from the country with his basket of goodies, made considerable fun for all present. Mrs. Will A. Clark, chairman of the committee, for Mrs. W. A. Clark, was assisted by the following ladies: Mrs. Fred Colligan, Mrs. Edward Masters, Mrs. Fred Young, Mrs. Chas. Gurney, Mrs.

Albert Billings, Mrs. Dr. Ross, Mrs. Olive Ellis and Miss Josie Robinson.

—Mr. Arthur Howland has returned from a several weeks stay at Monhegan, Me.

—Miss Alice Morton has returned from Plymouth where she passed several weeks.

—Mrs. O. F. Hamblin of Allston is the guest of Mrs. P. Stacy of Watertown street.

—Mr. Samuel Barnard and family returned this week from their summer residence.

—Mr. Blodgett and son of Hillside avenue have returned from a five weeks trip in Europe.

—Crescent Commandery, U. O. G. C., will hold their regular meeting Thursday, Sept. 3rd.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown of Parsons street are enjoying a vacation at Hyannisport, Mass.

—Mr. Dalton and family of Chestnut street are the guests of Mrs. Dalton's parents at Winthrop.

—Eugene Toomey has returned from his vacation and has been appointed as night fireman at the Highland street crossing.

—The work of widening Cherry street between Webster and River streets was commenced this week and will be completed as quickly as possible.

—Private James T. Murphy of Division 19, A. O. H., participated in the parade at Watertown in honor of the late Rev. R. P. Stack, last Sunday afternoon.

—Boynton Lodge, No. 20, held their regular meeting Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 25. For the good of the order Mrs. Mary Clark, Sen. Rep., gave a reading.

—A. L. of H. held their regular meeting Tuesday evening, Aug. 25th, Grand Orator Morse was present and gave interesting facts concerning the order.

—John Welch, Walter Dolan and Cy Ferrario have returned from their vacations at Savannah, Ga., and are spending a few days visiting old acquaintances about town.

—Mr. E. B. Drew left this week for New York where he met Li Hung Chang of China. Mr. Drew will be in attendance on the commissioner during his stay in this country.

—Angus McNeil and a party of young ladies from this village attended the annual picnic and games held under the auspices of the Caledonia Club at West Roxbury, this week.

—This has been a week of festivities commencing with the Odd Ladies' lawn party and concluding with the Veteran Firemen and John Eliot Lodge parade and banquet.

—Chas. Fumeaux captured a dashing runaway horse belonging to a party from Auburndale, after a desperate struggle the other day. His daring act of bravery escaped unaccounted for.

—The ladies extend their thanks to the Newton Firemen for the cordial reception they gave them when they were at their home on Watertown street after the parade, Wednesday evening.

—Frank Mobile, a Waltham wheelman, while riding on Elm street, Wednesday evening, was run down by a milk wagon, owned by George Ellis. His wheel was wrecked, but he escaped with a number of bad bruises about the head.

—Among those who returned this week from the various summer resorts were Mr. Charles Fisher and family, Mr. George E. Peters and family, Prof. and Mrs. Sheldon, Mr. Arthur Carroll and family, Mr. Daniel Souder and family, Mr. J. D. Robinson and family and Capt. S. E. Howard and family.

—Wednesday evening was a red letter night for John Eliot Lodge, A. O. U. W., No. 149. Five hundred men were in line representing 20 different lodges escorted by a drum corps from Waltham. The streets were ablaze with red fire and residents along the line of march were brilliantly illuminated. The lodge entertained the Grand Master Workman, Grand Supreme and many other notable men in the order. Fifteen candidates were initiated after which a collation was served and eloquence and smoke reigned until a late hour.

—During the past week the community has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. Maria Davis, wife of Mr. S. Warren Davis, classical teacher in the Newton High school. Mrs. Davis was born in West Newton, and was married to her husband for some time in Maine, but for the past thirty years was a resident of this place. She was a daughter of Mr. Charles Washburn, formerly superintendent of the New Farm school, in which school, for some time, she was herself a teacher. Her early training and her experience in the school awakened in her mind an intense love for truth and loyalty to duty, and strengthened her will to follow wherever they should lead. She has been for several years, and was at the time of her death, a visitor on the board of the Newton Associated Charities, and was a member of the Women's Educational Club in which capacity she gave efficient and faithful service; until her late illness she was an active member of the club, always ready to contribute to its work with her pen and her interests. The heartfelt sympathy of the entire community are with the various members of her family, especially with the bereaved husband, so long identified with our High school. May her wonderfully hopeful courage, during her last illness, be a sustaining inspiration to him and his children, and may the memory of her worth be a benediction to all.

AUBURDALE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.

—E. C. Dodge of Roxbury has taken the Fuller house on Vienna street.

—Miss Edith Kimball is spending her vacation at Short Beach, Conn.

—Mr. W. F. Hadlock and wife have returned home from their vacation.

—Dr. G. E. Whitton of Central street is away on a several weeks vacation.

—Mr. Oliver P. Judkins of Auburn street has returned from Holbrook, Mass.

—Mr. Frank Holt of Charles street is enjoying his vacation this week at Pennacook, N. H.

—Mrs. F. E. Whiting and family of Ash street returned home yesterday from Sugar Hill, N. H.

—The platform at the depot of asphalt has nearly been completed and is a great improvement.

—Milk can thieves are again active in this place. For several weeks past dealers and householders have complained of their petty thieving, and the police have been on the watch for the culprits. Monday morning Fred Edes, a Lower Falls milkman, lost a number of cans.

—Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Ferguson celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary at their home on Auburndale avenue and fittingly observed the occasion by a reception to their relatives and friends. The interior of the house was handsomely decorated with flowers and ferns and the guests numbered many Newton people, and others from out of town. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were assisted in receiving by their daughter, Miss Ray M. Ferguson, and their guests were presented by A. W. Ferguson and Frank A. Ferguson. In the dining room the table was presided over by Miss Florence

Smith. After the reception the company was entertained with musical selections by E. W. Bullock, A. W. Ferguson, H. L. Dring, E. W. Arnold and Master Winnie Ferguson.

—Dr. F. E. Porter of Auburn street has returned from Old Orchard.

—Mr. A. H. Richards of Woodland road is spending the week at Scituate, Mass.

—Mr. Ronald Southerland of Charles street has recovered from a week illness.

—Rev. George M. Adams and family of Hancock street have returned from Maine.

—Mr. Charles Drake of Auburn street is expected home Saturday from Cottage City.

—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Torrey are occupying their residence on Woodbine street.

—Mr. H. H. Hunt is building a fine house on Maple street for Wm. H. Crane, the actor.

—For the last two Sundays Rev. Calvin Cutler has preached in the Congregational church.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Almy return home Saturday from their summer trip to No. Woodstock.

—G. E. Johnson has returned from York Beach, Me., where he has been enjoying a two weeks stay.

—Rev. J. W. Bishop and Miss Bishop are coaching through Devonshire, England, enjoying the charming scenery.

—W. H. Cooley and family have returned from Provincetown, where they have been spending the summer.

—Mr. Barrows Dummer has returned from Linnekin, Me., where he has been spending three weeks upon a farm.

—Mr. Walter P. Thorne was in town Wednesday on a flying trip from Plymouth, N. H., where he is spending his vacation.

—Mrs. Edward Dummer and children of Washington street have returned from a two weeks visit in Hanover, New Hampshire.

—Monday afternoon while Michael McCarthy of the Adams Express was driving along Walnut street his horse staggered at the gutter and dropped dead. The horse, a valuable animal, was owned by Mr. W. F. Hadlock.

They Can't Sleep.

To the Editor of the Graphic:—
I wish to ask if some measures cannot be taken by our city government, to carry forward the work of the separation of grades, without the necessity of running the steam shovels between the hours of say midnight and 7 a. m. If this could be done, it would be a boon to suffering residents, who are deprived of their sleep night after night, a sacrifice which they can ill afford.

I voice the sentiments of all my neighbors when I say that any movement in the direction indicated, would be greatly appreciated, and I fail to see why it need seriously retard the work now being done by the B. & A. R.

No one wishes to throw any obstacle in the way of a rapid consummation of the work now in hand, but I think it is the duty of our city officials, to so regulate the same, as to ensure to the residents of Washington street and vicinity such immunity from noise during the hours when we seek nature's sweet restorer, that the health of the community may not be endangered. There are several cases of severe illness in this neighborhood where recovery is greatly retarded by the noise incident to the steam shovels, particularly those located at Greenwood avenue.

Will not our worthy mayor see if he can do something to abate this nuisance.

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.
West Newton, Aug. 26.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, A pleasant laxative. All Druggists.

Workmen Parade.

John Eliot lodge, A. O. U. W., held a convocation of lodges at West Newton Wednesday evening. Nearly 300 workmen participated in the exercises, and helped to make this a gala night for members of the order in this vicinity.

At 7:30 a street parade was formed under command of Chief Marshal Samuel Langley. He was assisted by the following members of the lodge: John Eliot lodge: A. S. Kimball, F. M. Duteh, W. A. Clark, F. K. Clarke, M. E. Beardsley and W. F. Bruce. The following lodges were in line: Auburn, Norwood, Somerville, Waltham, Circle of Arlington, Allston and Upham of Weston.

After the parade an entertainment was provided in the lodge room, and 17 members were initiated.

Bucklen's Arnica Salva.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. G. Kilburn, Nonantum and Bernard Billings, Newton Upper Falls.

Constipation
Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retards the digestive food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All Druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills
gestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All Druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Samples for Fall Goods now ready. Full line of Scotch, English, and Fancy Cloths.

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Cool and comfortable, are just in their prime, likewise our SCOTCH PLAIDS in pleasing textures.

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Superior Shirts, \$1.50. Best Dress Shirts, \$2.00. Will call on customers at such time and place as will suit their convenience. Repairing is done neatly and promptly. New Bosoms, 50c.; Neckbands, 15c.; Wristbands, 10c.; Collars, 25c.; Buttons, 10c. Badly fitting shirts made to fit well.

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MRS. WILLIAM M

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.
Agent for the GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand-bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—A mark down at Loomer's.
—Mrs. Calvin Hale is visiting in Concord, N. H.
—Sergt. Bartlett of division 3 is enjoying his annual vacation.
—Mr. L. E. Murphy, of the firm of Geo. E. Huse & Co., is in Montreal.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Noble have returned from their seaside cottage.
—Prof. and Mrs. Alvah Hovey of Summer street are at Sugar Hill, N. H.
—Mr. Thomas Frost and family have returned from a visit at Madison, N. H.
—Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Chester have returned from Grand View Park, N. Y.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Brigham of Oxford road have returned from Castine, Me.
—Dr. Fred E. Banfield and family are at their summer camp in Wolfboro, N. H.
—Mr. A. J. Stearns and family of Gibbs street are home from their summer outing.
—Mr. J. D. Pratt has bought and will occupy the house numbered 17 Oxford road.
—Mr. Robert S. Gardner and family leave Sept. 1st for Japan to spend the winter.
—Miss Alice V. Stevenson of Reading is a guest of Miss Julia E. Fowle of Lake Crescent.
—Mr. J. B. Hall of Brookline has nearly completed his fine house on Montvale Crescent.
—Mrs. Stephen Emery and family of Hancock avenue have returned from Pigeon Cove.
—Miss George M. Rice and family of Summer street returned Tuesday from an outing in Maine.
—Work was begun this week on the cleaning out and repairing of the Rice and Mason schools.
—Mrs. Dr. A. A. Howland of Worcester is visiting her niece, Mrs. J. Fred Hawley of Pelham street.
—Mrs. J. H. Lippincott and Miss Ruth Lippincott of Ballard street are visiting in Hansonville, N. Y.
—Mr. Lewis Murphy of the firm of Murphy & Hughes is visiting relatives in Kempton, N. S.
—Fred Stanley has left his position at Richardson's market and Richard Heagan has taken his place.
—The Misses Coleman, Cassidy, Reagan and McGrady have returned from a pleasant outing at Peak's Island, Me.
—Saturday afternoon at Chestnut Hill the Newton Centre Athletic baseball club will play the Chestnut Hill team.
—The Newton Centre line of the Newton & Boston Street Railway began running on 10 minute time this week.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Claffin and Miss Mildred Claffin have with their family, returned to Nova Scotia, his former home.
—The pulpit of the First Congregational church was occupied last Sunday by Rev. Charles L. Goodrich of Plainfield, N. J.
—Several parties of Newton Centre people have been made up to attend the Herald bicycle parade at Boston tomorrow.
—The engagement is announced of Mr. Kenneth J. Hitchcock of this place and Miss Emily Florence Harkness of Brookline.
—The trotting races at Readville, Wednesday, proved quite an attraction for Newton Centre people, and a large number were seen driving over.
—Rev. Mr. Noyes, pastor of the first Congregational church, arrived this week from an outing at Squirrel Isle, Me. It is expected that he will conduct the services as usual next Sunday.
—John Burns, for many years employed as gardener by Hon. J. R. Leeson, was yesterday knocked down by a cow and severely injured. A physician was summoned who ordered his removal to the Newton Hospital.
—Genial Fred Hawley, formerly of C. O. Tucker & Co., has left that firm's employ to accept a position as manager of a Back Bay, Boston, grocery store. Mr. Hawley has a large number of friends in this place, who wish him success in his new venture.
—Mr. D. W. Smith of the reading room has returned from his vacation of two weeks, looking rested and apparently about 70, but he says he is 51. He was on his wheel yesterday afternoon, passing quickly along Langley road towards his home.
—There are letters in the postoffice for Miss Emma Amerault, Miss Celia Brennan, Master Chesley, Mrs. Coleman, William Collier, Miss Mary Connolly, Willie Glover, Miss Annie Jackson, Henry Seary, John J. Murphy, Mrs. Stella Margaretson, Miss Lena McLeod and Josiah White.

—Following is the corrected list of officers of the First Episcopal church: Warden, Henry T. Willis; junior warden, Frank H. Ratcliffe; clerk, Francis Fitz; treasurer, Henry J. Ide; vestrymen, James W. Hill, J. Edward Harlow, Henry H. Dodge, Dr. Jesse B. Powers and Robert Casson.
—The Newton Centre Golf Club held an open handicap tournament on its links on Langley road, Saturday afternoon. The entry list was unusually large, and with the conditions extremely favorable, some excellent records were made. Mr. A. H. Fenn won the tournament, covering the 18-hole course in 95, the best record for the links. He also established a nine-hole record of 44.
—Champion Hovey was defeated by Wrenn, the former holder of the championship, at Newport, Tuesday, after the most brilliant contest that has marked the tournament. Wrenn won the first set, lost the second, won the third but lost the fourth, and finally gained the victory by winning the fifth. Both men played in splendid form, but Wrenn displayed the greater staying power.
—Monday afternoon a stray dog wandered into the yard of Mr. Robert Weir on Trowbridge street, where some little children were at play. When Mr. Weir's 10-year-old daughter attempted to catch the animal, it savagely turned upon her biting her in the fleshy part of the arm. Dr. May was summoned and cauterized the wound. A description of the animal was given to 4 Oxford Terrace, and he found it next morning on Beacon street. He took the animal to the police station and put an end to its earthly existence. The little girl is reported as recovering from her injuries.
—The Discovery Saved His Life.
Mr. G. Gallouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at J. G. Kilburn's drug store, Nonantum, and Bernard Billings, Newton Upper Falls.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mrs. F. Bellamy is in Brooklyn, N. Y.
—Miss Mary E. Hyde is at Allerton, Hull.
—Mrs. F. F. Dudley is visiting in New Hampshire.
—Mrs. E. H. Tarbell and children are at Rindge, N. H.
—The Durgin family of Hyde street are at Green Harbor.
—Mrs. Boyd and Miss Morse are in Maine for a short stay.
—Mr. W. B. Page has sold one of his houses near Walnut street.
—Mrs. S. C. Cobb has completed two houses on Baeburn terrace.
—Mr. F. R. Moore, who has been ill for a few days, is now out again.
—Mrs. Wheeler, who has been quite ill for a few days, is now improving.
—Mr. Richard Wright still remains quite ill. Mrs. Wright is on the mend.
—Mr. F. W. Cole and family, who have been at Wells beach, are now at home.
—Mr. L. A. Ross and family, who have been at Salem, N. Y., have now returned.
—Mr. Samuel Tuckerman and family of Hartford street have moved to New York.
—Mr. Edgar B. Sampson and family have returned from their summer stay at Cotuit, Mass.
—Rev. Lawrence Phelps will conduct the services at the Congregational church, next Sunday.
—Mr. J. W. Foster and family are at home from their stay at Bear Island, Lake Winnepesaukee.
—Mayor Cobb has let his house, which he purchased of Mr. H. M. Beal, on Harrison street, at Elliot.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Moore of Forest street have an addition to their family, by the birth of a daughter.
—Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Edes of Hartford street have arrived home from a stay of several weeks in Maine.
—Mrs. G. H. Bryant and child, who have been visiting her father, Mr. A. B. Putney, have returned to Chicago.
—Officer Moulton has moved from Cook street, and taken a house belonging to Mrs. Edmunds on Erie avenue.
—Mr. S. W. Jones and family will return home this week from Hyannis, on account of the illness of their youngest child.
—Mr. James Kingman of Auburndale has bought for his own occupancy one of the new Page houses on Fisher avenue.
—Mr. L. W. Penny of Bowdoin street is moving to the house he lately purchased of Mr. J. H. Wentworth on Lincoln street, at Elliot.
—Mr. E. Moulton has gone to attend the reunion of the 27th Maine Regiment, of which he was a member, to take place at Kittery, Me.
—Mr. Rhodes of Floral place is moving to the house on Hyde street, belonging to Hon. J. F. C. Hyde, and occupied for many years by the Hardwick family.
—Mr. J. S. Farnell, who carried on the business of boot and shoe repairing in Newhall's block, has with his family, returned to Nova Scotia, his former home.
—Service at St. Paul's church next Sunday at 10.45 a. m. Rev. Wm. Hall Williams will preach his farewell sermon and there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion.
—Mr. Earl Atwood, who injured his knee about a year ago, and has been on crutches, submitted to a surgical operation on Tuesday, which will probably cause a speedy recovery.
—Mr. Crane's building, formerly occupied by the U. S. Fire Alarm Telegraph Co., is now occupied by the Evans-Kelton Cone Co., manufacturers of frictional gearing, with headquarters at 85 Water street, Boston.
—Ancient Order United Workmen, Oak Lodge No. 170, meetings second and fourth Wednesdays, Stevens building. Beneficiary Order pays \$200 at death of its members. For application blanks and other literature apply to William L. Thompson, Recorder, Newton Upper Falls.

—A very pretty home wedding took place at the residence of Mr. Frederick A. O'Connell, Erie avenue, on Monday noon, Aug. 24th, when his daughter, Mary Brewster, was united in marriage to Arthur Eugene Martell of Newtonville. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Geo. G. Phillips of Newton Highlands, in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. The house was tastefully decorated with flowering vines, potted plants and a variety of flowers. The bride was dressed in white silk with pearl trimmings and veil, carrying a bouquet of bride roses. After a short reception and collation Mr. and Mrs. Martell left on their wedding trip for York Beach, Me., accompanied with the good wishes of all their friends. Upon their return from the beach, the couple will reside in Waltham.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—The Gamewell factory resumed operations Monday after being shut down for two weeks.
—Mr. Edward Flagg attended the celebration of the Red Men at Springfield, Wednesday.
—A number of enthusiastic bicyclists of this place have entered in the Herald bicycle parade, which takes place in Boston tomorrow afternoon.
—Mr. R. H. Costello of the Newton Rubber Works gave three prizes for the Winthrop bicycle parade, to-wit: a new pair Stearns' tandem wires, one pair racing tires, and one pair road tires.
—One of the boldest highway robberies which ever occurred in Newton was reported to the police of division 3 Sunday morning. The victim was Hugh Kelly, a well-to-do retired farmer who resides on Chestnut street near Boylston. Mr. Kelly states that he left home to take his usual Sunday morning stroll. He walked down the railroad track as far as the Chestnut Hill reservoir and then turned to retrace his steps. In the wooded stretch between the reservoir and the Chestnut Hill station he was accosted by three rough looking men, who entered into conversation with him. Suddenly two of them seized his arms and held him fast, while the third went through his pockets. His assailants' threats prevented him from making any outcry, and the seclusion of the spot rendered their operations secure from observation. His check book, \$125 in bills, a 100-ride ticket book between Boston and Newton Highlands, nearly new, and a number of valuable papers were stolen. After going through his pockets Mr. Kelly's assailants threw into the woods. He had presence of mind enough to follow them long enough to ascertain that they were headed for Newton Centre. He took the first train to Upper Falls and reported the case to the police, who made a thorough search of the woods, but could find no traces of Mr. Kelly's assailants. He described them as rough looking men, dressed as laborers. Two of them wore derby hats, and the third a dark straw. Two were rather short and heavily built, while the third is described as above the average height.
—When the scalp is atrophied, or shyness, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

—The depot is being wired for lighting with incandescent lights.
—Officer Shannon has rented one of Mr. Swallow's houses on Concord street.
—Mr. E. T. Vetterbee and family are sojourning at Nantasket beach until Sept. 1st.
—Supt. Buchan of the Dudley Mills has returned from a business trip about New York.
—Mr. E. H. Whitney and family of Wollsey Farms are at Nantasket beach for three weeks.
—Wm. Ayles, driver of Chemical B, is taking his 2 weeks vacation, part of which he has spent in New York.
—Mrs. S. C. Cobb has completed two houses on Baeburn terrace.
—The choir boys of St. Mary's church are having a picnic at Lake Nonsuit, situated in Weston.
—Mr. James A. Early has a new cottage he is building to rent, well started, and is to build another after this is completed.
—The Twilights played a game of ball with a picked nine on Crehore's field last Saturday afternoon, as the nine scheduled to play failed to put in an appearance, defeating them by a score of 17 to 7.
—James Carr of Grove street reported to the police Wednesday morning, that his house was struck Tuesday afternoon by a heavy piece of metal, which did considerable damage. He stated that the iron was fired from a cannon in the gravel pit at Lower Falls, belonging to members of the state militia.

WABAN.

—Mr. A. H. Willis is west on a business trip.
—Mr. L. K. Harlow, who is stopping at Cottage City, drove through here Thursday.
—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parsons left last week for a few weeks enjoyment on a tandem bicycle.
—Mr. Hammon Woodbury and family returned from the cape where they have been spending the summer.
—Mrs. C. J. Buftum and daughter Gladys are away in Maine for a few weeks. Lillian Buftum is at Providence, R. I.
—Mrs. M. A. Dresser and the Misses Milly and Mayola, returned from Maine this week, where they have spent the past two weeks.
—Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Cloutman returned home Sunday. Mr. Cloutman, after a three weeks business trip in the west, and Mrs. Cloutman from Beach Bluff, where she has been spending the summer.
—Mr. T. H. Tyler and family have returned from Bethlehem, N. H., where they have been spending the summer. Mrs. Tyler was one of the many participants of the coaching parade, which took place there recently, and for which Bethlehem has become famous.

Save the Bank lot for Public Use.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:—In common with a large number of citizens, the writer observes with much regret the preparations for removal of the Bank building and excavation of that portion of the lot not already taken by the city for street widening purposes, for the foundations of a new Bank structure. It is generally regarded by thoughtful men as a serious mistake that the city did not take the whole of this lot instead of half of it. It will cost more to do it now than when the seizure was made. The question is not, can the city afford to take this land, but, can the city afford not to take it.
This is an absence of that careful forethought in this matter, which looks beyond the needs of the present moment, to the requirements of the city in the years immediately before it.
With the completion of the great improvements now in progress, with several new streets crossing the Boston & Albany tracks, and uninterrupted travel in every direction, with a double line of electric car tracks traversing Nonantum Square, Galen street and Washington street at intervals of five to fifteen minutes, the additional business travel of the future, and the combined with travel attracted by superior and well kept streets, will quadruple in volume that now existing. As now planned, the improvement of the lot will be narrowest at the most important point, viz., its approach to Nonantum Square. Let the city now take the Bank lot and convert it into an open square, saving and protecting such of the fine old trees thereon as is possible. The result will be apparent at once in the appearance of the section, the greater convenience of the public, the improved business facilities of the square, and enhanced value of all the store property surrounding it.
Newton Bank and its twin institution, the Newton Savings Bank, will build their fine block elsewhere; they cannot hide under a bushel and the locality of their choice will be a gain in a substantial way. The change would prove no detriment to their interests, but a benefit. A year hence this lot and the building upon it will represent a value of \$100,000, and just as surely will arise an imperative demand for its removal.
GOLD.

Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics of dysentery in different parts of the country in which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages; this remedy, however, has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands; B. B. Buck, Newton Centre.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Largest United States Government Food Inspectors.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

FELL 40 FEET.

FROM THE TIN RAILROAD BRIDGE AT UPPER FALLS.

James Forbes, a 12-year old Brookline boy, was the hero of a remarkable escape from death at Newton Upper Falls Sunday afternoon.
He is the son of Charles Forbes of Sewall place, Brookline, and for his years is an expert bicycle rider. He has the fullest confidence in his ability to ride a wheel in all sorts of places, and his foolhardiness nearly cost him his life Sunday afternoon.
With his father and elder brother he had ridden out to Needham to look at some building lots. As they started for home, shortly after noon, they were overtaken by a heavy shower, and it was decided to cross the river from Needham to Upper Falls by the New England railroad trestle, locally known as the "tin bridge."
Mr. Forbes and his elder son dismounted at the bridge and carried their wheels across. The younger boy, however, was some way in advance, and did not heed his father's directions to dismount. He had read of the feats of daring riders, and desired to emulate their exploits in bridge riding.
Accordingly he attempted to ride across on the narrow plank between the rail and the ends of the ties. Half his perilous adventure was accomplished, when suddenly his wheel swerved and he plunged over the edge of the bridge.
The bridge at this point is 40 feet above the Charles, and the water is but 2 feet deep, above a rocky bottom. The father and brother, on seeing the boy disappear over the edge, hastened to the bank, expecting to find him dead.
Their relief can be imagined when they discovered him, apparently uninjured, dragging his wrecked bicycle from the water. He had been clinging to the spokes of the wheel in midair, and so escaped entanglement. The water, shallow as it was, had broken his fall of 40 feet, and he appeared totally unconcerned over his adventure.
He walked without assistance to Dr. Thompson's house on Oak street, where it was found that his only injury was a broken collar bone. The doctor describes the boy's nerve, under the circumstances, as something remarkable. He refused to change his water-soaked garments, and was taken at once to his home in Brookline.
Several years ago a man fell from the "tin bridge" at the same point, and met instant death.

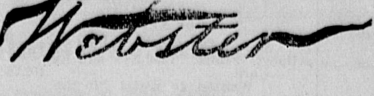
REAL ESTATE.

The demand for real estate has been fairly sustained during the holiday season, recent transactions through Wiley S. & Frank Edmunds comprising, viz.: J. J. Martin to J. W. French, lot of about 4000 feet, corner of Walnut and Beacon streets, Newtonville, for improvement; William E. Field estate corner of Waverley avenue and Durant street, to Mrs. H. E. Hall for occupancy; William Claffin to Geo. W. Bishop, a choice lot of 12,000 feet on Walden street, Newtonville, for erection of residence for occupancy; C. Hingham to Mrs. C. F. Stanton, lot of 12,000 feet on Groveland street, Auburndale, for erection of residence in near future; H. W. Kendall, double house on Thurston place, Newton, to Boston buyer for investment; Rentals—F. H. Butts, Marshall street, Newton Centre, to W. H. Copeland; A. C. Isenbeck to L. Upsher, new house on Ripley terrace, Newton Centre; C. A. Isenbeck to C. B. Pratt, new house No. 17 Oxford road, Newton Centre; M. E. Polsey to H. M. Bisbee, residence on Lake avenue, Newton Highlands; H. D. Parker to R. Gorton, new house on Hyde avenue, Newton Highlands; D. W. Spooner to T. G. Isenbeck, new house just being completed on Elmwood street, Newton Centre; Henry Cobb to H. C. Brinkerhoff, new house on Harrison street, Newton Highlands; Henry E. Cobb to H. A. Wayne, new house on Elmwood street, Newton Highlands; H. M. Field estate on Franklin street, Newton, to W. H. Foss; R. Hannafoe to C. H. Hanson, house No. 150 Newtonville avenue, Newton; E. A. Merrill to J. H. Vose, house on Bradford road, Newton Highlands.
Aban, Trowbridge & Co., report the following recent rentals: The Farrington cottage on Russell road to Mr. Wm. H. Porter of Dorchester; the Ferris house on Cambridge street, to Mr. F. W. Ashcroft of Malden; the Mandell house on Maple circle to Miss M. A. Pierce of Sharon; No. 130 Newtonville avenue to Mr. E. R. Randall of Newton; the Belmont house on Maple street to Mrs. Martha Webster and No. 11 Brook street to Mr. Thomas of Newton.
Alvord Bros. & Co. have sold for Chas. A. Isenbeck, et al., the new ten room house and 7700 feet of land, No. 17 Oxford road, Newton Centre, for investment. The house will be occupied by Mr. C. Barton Pratt of Brookline.
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A number of sales are reported from Auburndale. Mrs. Annie Marr has sold a two family house and 5000 feet of land on Cambridge street, and a house on Chask avenue to Mary A. Toole of Newport. Mrs. A. Warshaw has sold a new 11 room house on Rowe street with 7000 feet of land and a 9 room house on same street to J. W. Wiggin for investment.

A Curious Street Car Accident.

While Conductor Joy's car was going toward West Newton, Wednesday, one end of the feed wire broke near Parsons street, and the wire wound round the trolley pole and the car, making it impossible to stop the car for quite a distance. Many of the passengers jumped, and received slight shocks, while those who remained in the car escaped injury. Two women were quite seriously hurt by falling to the ground and by the shock from the wire, and were taken to Cate's stable in an express wagon and thence taken home in a hack and attended by a physician. They lived in Watertown.
The wire came down from the fastenings from Parsons street, nearly to the car house, and passengers were delayed a half hour, while the power was shut off, and then transferred until the wire was replaced. The break is supposed to have been due to the frequent cutting of the wire the past season. For the removal of buildings, and is a very unusual accident. It caused great excitement among the passengers and all who witnessed it.
There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. The great cure for Catarrh of the bladder, and is a very unusual accident. It caused great excitement among the passengers and all who witnessed it.

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Webster of WALTHAM
makes a specialty of
PHOTOGRAPHING CHILDREN.

Studio: 111 Moody St., over Central Dry Goods Co's store.

PEARMAN & BROOKS, Members of Boston and New York Stock Exchanges.
STOCK AND BOND BROKERS.
Orders by mail promptly executed. Correspondence solicited. Good Bonds and Mortgages on hand for immediate delivery.
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WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 2, AT WATERTOWN.
L. W. Washburn's GREAT ALLIED SHOWS
BIG 3 RING CIRCUS,
Mammoth Museum, Royal Menagerie, Roman Hippodrome, Wild West, More Special Features than any other show on earth.
MORE PERFORMERS, MORE WILD BEASTS, MORE TRAINED ANIMALS
And Superlatively Grand.



THE LARGEST HIPPOPOTAMUS
In Captivity.
FREE! CAPT. THOS. BAILEY FREE!
Will dive headfirst from the top of an aerial hoop and ladder truck 125 feet high to a net below at 1 and 7 P. M., free to all.

Mortgagee's Sale

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Herbert M. Beal to Henry E. Cobb, dated February 25th 1886, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2437 Page 461, for breach of the conditions therein contained, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, on Monday, the twenty-first day of September, 1896, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land situated in that part of Newton in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, called Eliot, on Hineley Road, and being Lots 90, 91, 92, and 93 on a plan of land in Newton, Mass., made by E. S. Smith, dated June 10th 1890, and duly recorded as aforesaid, Book of Plans 64, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—East-ly on Hineley Road, two hundred and forty (240) feet; Northernly on Lot ninety-four, one hundred and twenty (120) feet; Westernly on Lots 100, 101, 102, and 103, two hundred and forty (240) feet; and Southernly on Lot eighty-nine, one hundred and twenty (120) feet, all as per said plan.
Said premises are subject to any and all restrictions mentioned in any deed of said premises from Thomas Weston to said Cobb, dated September 1st 1890, and duly recorded as aforesaid, Book 2908 Page 433, of date of October 7th 1890, and will be sold subject to any lien for taxes.
\$290, at time and place of sale.
HENRY E. COBB, MORTGAGEE.
Boston, August 28th 1896.

Reception Candles

I have added to my stock a variety of Candles; colors, Pink, Green, Violet and White.

CEYLON TEA

I am the Sole Agent in Newton for the Ceylon Tea Planters' Tea, a pure, unadulterated Tea. It has been used and highly commended by some of the first families in this country.

JAMES PAXTON,

Newton and Newton Centre.

WHAT IS X-ODE INHALER?

X-ODE is a product of electricity. It forms on asbestos which being electrically treated in a solution. This asbestos is put up in a glass vial. When the cork of the vial is removed and the air comes in contact with the asbestos, it emits from the inhaler a soothing gaseous substance, which will penetrate any part of the body, and inhaled through the nose or mouth it penetrates every nook and crevice of the mucous surfaces, kills the germ that causes the disease, and gives the tissues a healthy condition, thus effecting a permanent cure. It is unlike snuff, drugs or medicine. X-ode penetrates parts that it would be impossible for drugs or medicines to do.
Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, Coughs, Headache, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc., yield to its influence with marvelous rapidity.
This inhaler lasts from one to three years. Trial size inhaler, 15 cts.; large size inhaler, \$1.00. All druggists or by mail.
The X-ODE CO., 19 Union Square, New York City.

New Firm.

LINNELL & SNOW.

The Best Groceries

Of All Kinds at the Lowest Prices.
At the I. R. Stevens Stand, Cor. of Centre and Beacon Sts., Newton Centre.
Orders answered at once.

Full Line. Finest Quality.

GEO. E. HUSE & CO.

DEALERS IN

MEATS

AND

PROVISIONS.

White's Block, Centre St., Newton Centre
GEO. E. HUSE. LEWIS MURPHY.

W. O. Knapp & Co.

SELL

Fertilizer, Garden and Grass Seed.

Flower Seed, Garden Rakes, Spades, Spade Forks, Hoes, Wheelbarrows, Lawn Flowers, etc., etc.

Also a full line of first-class Groceries, Chase & Sanborn celebrated Coffees, Tetley's India and Ceylon Teas, and the Siva brand of India Ceylon Tea, and a full line of breakfast foods—German, Wheatley, Pettibohn Food, Roalston Health Club Breakfast Food, Granula, Wheatena, and many others.

So please call for anything you may need, and you will be likely to get it at Knapp's.

G. WILBUR THOMPSON,

(Successor to A. W. Snow)

Newton Centre

Roofer, Plumber, Sheet Iron and Tin Plate Worker.

Furnaces, Ranges, Stoves, Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

Special attention paid to plumbing, repairing and cleaning furnaces and ranges. All orders promptly attended to.

Mr. Snow will remain at the old stand to assist.

A. H. ROFFE,

DEALER IN

Hay and Grain, Lime, Cement, and Drain Pipe.

Cypress St., near Centre, N. Centre.

HESSE'S

Newton Centre and Boston Express.

Boston Offices: 14 Devonshire St., 75 Kilby St., 50 Kingston St.
Newton Centre Offices: Linnell & Snow, Linnell Bros., C. O. Tucker & Co.
Leaves Newton Centre at 10 A. M. Leaves Boston at 3 P. M.

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The Assignees of the Nonantum Worsted Co. will continue for a short time to sell dress patterns and remnants of plain and fancy dress goods in quantity to suit the trade.

These goods are equal to the best foreign makes, and have many beautiful novelty designs of the latest pattern, styles and color, in worsted, mohair, and silk mixtures, and will be sold in dress lengths regardless of cost.

Nonantum Worsted Co.,

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Ladies' and Children's Hair Dressing and Shampooing and Human Hair Goods.

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